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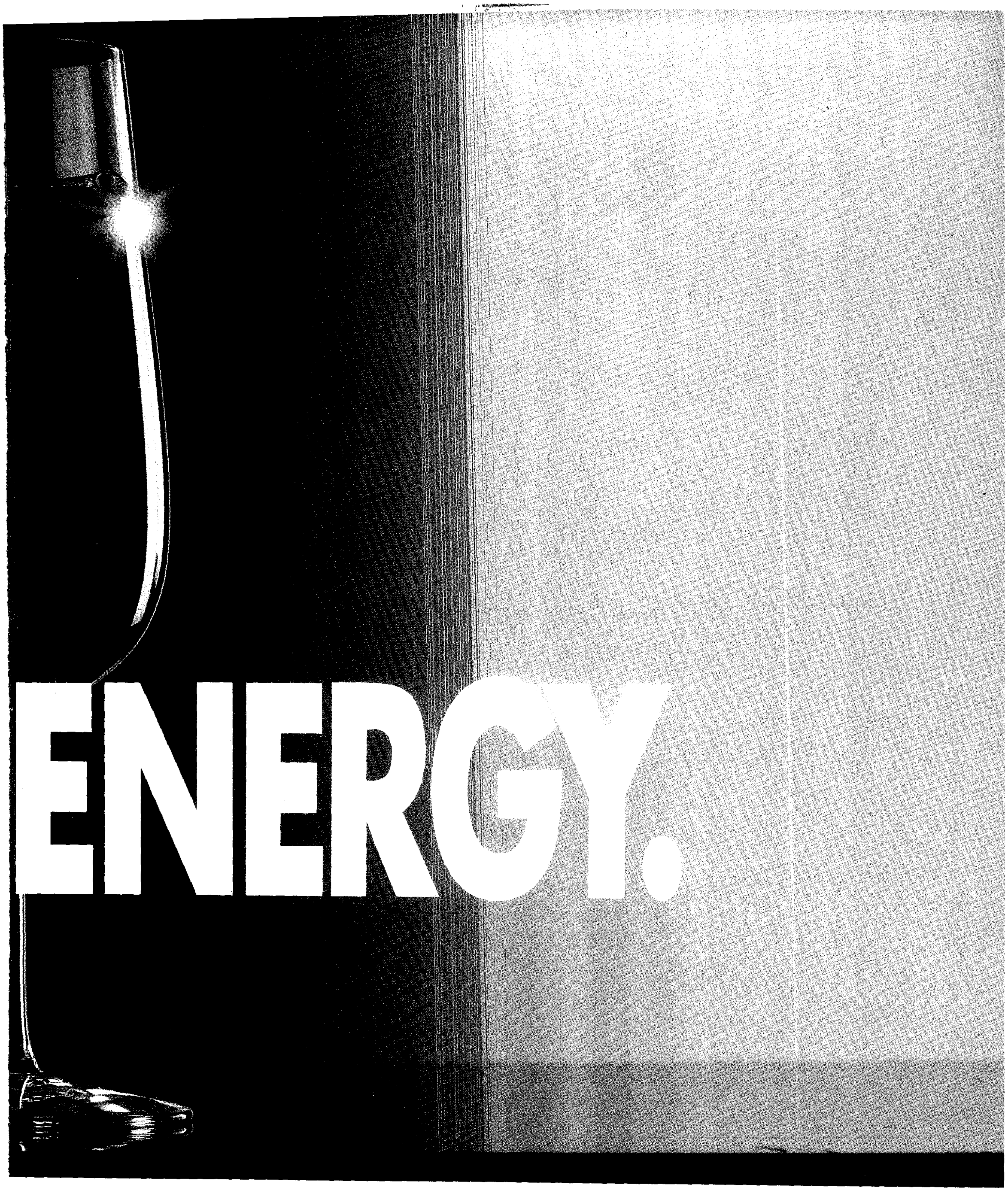

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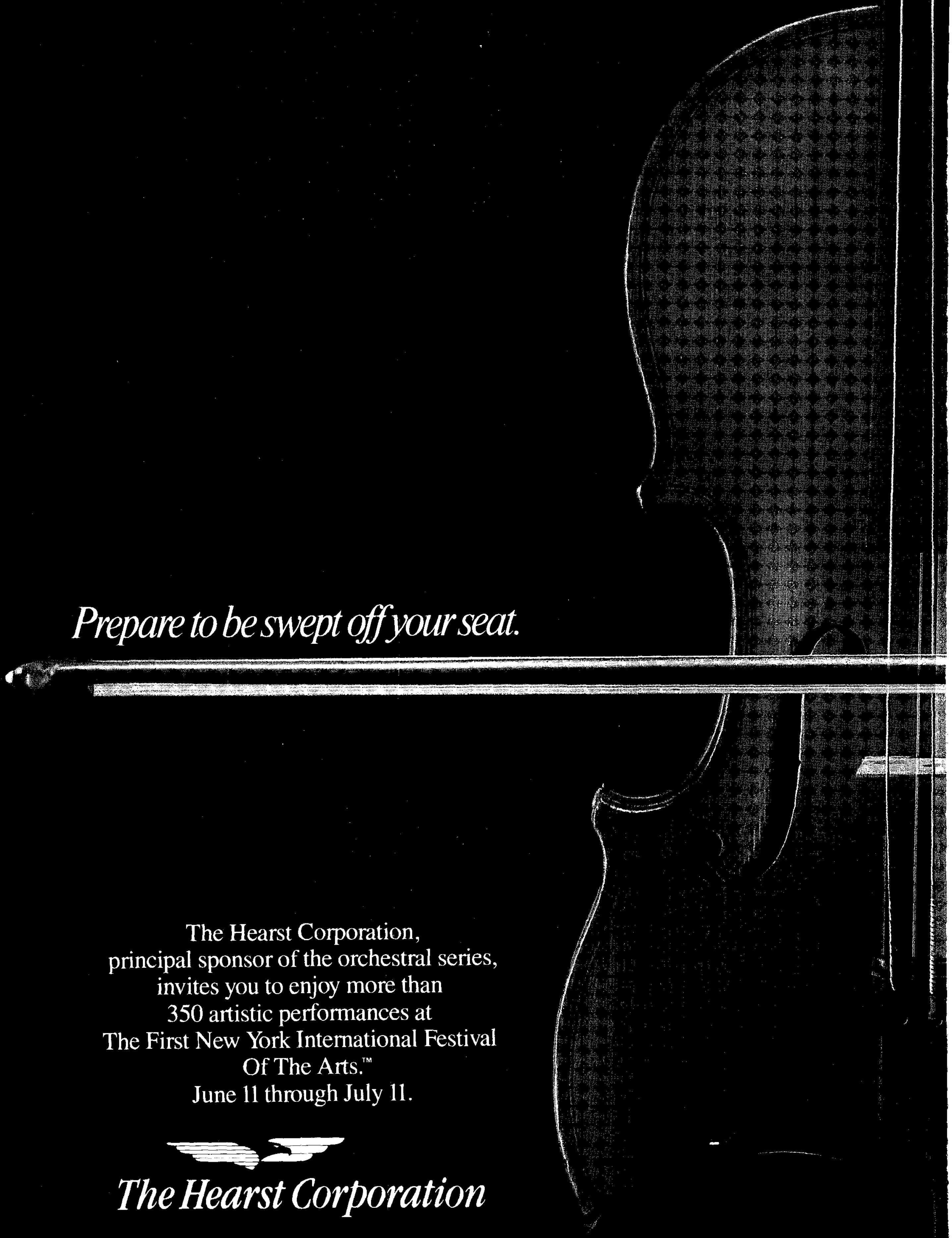

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MORGAN STANLEY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—A play by Lanford Wilson, with Eric Roberts as a foulmouthed restaurant owner who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. With Lisa Emery, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Chess—This noisy rock musical is a British import about an international chess match between a bad-tempered American and a more equable Russian, who falls in love with the American's beautiful second. There is a lot of plot, but beyond the hyperactivity and the electronic blare there is also life on the stage. Judy Kuhn, David Carroll, and Philip Casnoff give splendid performances in the leading roles. Trevor Nunn directed the American company. (5/9/88) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dandy Dick—An unforgivable production—muddled and campy—of a farce that might well have been funny in 1888, when Sir Arthur Wing Pinero wrote it. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

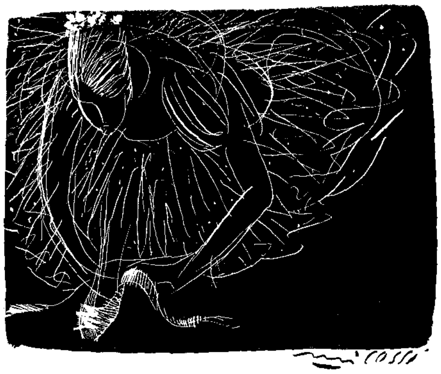
First Class—A play by Candido Tirado. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Carol Kane and Bruce Weitz in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Directed by Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamlet—Shakespeare's tragedy, as directed by Ingmar Bergman. A one-week engagement; in Swedish, with no English translation. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Wednesday, June 8, at 8; Thursday, June 9, at 7; Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, at 8; Sunday, June 12, at 2; and Tuesday through Thursday, June 14-16, at 8.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The cast, which includes Phylicia Rashād and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Joe Turner's Come and Gone—August Wilson's stirring play is set in a Pittsburgh boarding house in 1911. Its principal story is of a man who was captured and enslaved by the white plantation owner Joe Turner and who has been searching for his lost wife ever since he was set free. Delroy Lindo gives a strong performance in the role, sharing the honors with Ed Hall, who, as a benign healer, is the presiding spirit of the show. With Mel Winkler, L. Scott Caldwell, and Angela Bassett, among other good actors. Lloyd Richards was the excellent director. (4/11/88) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)



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Macbeth—The much-talked-about vehicle for Christopher Plummer and Glenda Jackson is not, as one might have been led to expect from the adverse publicity, giggle-makingly bad, merely uniformly and numbingly boring. No one (least of all Shakespeare) is well served by the production, which received "original direction" from Kenneth Frankel, "additional direction" from Zoe Caldwell, and uncredited direction from Robin Phillips. (5/9/88) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies—discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, in the leading role, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (4/11/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mrs. Dally Has a Lover—A revised, expanded version of a 1962 play by William Hanley. With Judith Ivey, Ron Orbach, and Jason Gedrick. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 5. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Presenting the Crossroads Theatre production of **West Memphis Mojo,** a play by Martin Jones. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 19.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson) everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performance of Michael Crawford in the title role. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Road to Mecca—An absorbing, if somewhat elusive, play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, about an aging woman sculptor who is mystical and independent, and who resists the attempts of a local minister to persuade her to go into an old-people's home. The performances, by Yvonne Bryceland, Mr. Fugard himself, and Amy Irving, as a young disciple of the sculptor, are impeccable. Mr. Fugard directed. (4/25/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals that have travelled successfully from Off to Broadway. Scott Bakula and Alison Fraser are as romantic as required in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sarafina!—This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing, and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Saved from Obscurity—A play written by and starring Tom Mardirosian. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. Starting Tuesday, June 14, Tandy Cronyn replaces Miss Rashovich. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. Under Gregory Mosher, Joe Mantegna and Ron Silver give stunning performances as a pair of sleazy producers, and Madonna does well, too, as a wide-eyed secretary. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Spoils of War—Michael Weller's new play about the efforts of a prep-school boy to reunite his divorced parents is tedious, but the production, directed by Austin Pendleton, is as lively as possible under the circumstances. Kate Nelligan is marvellous as the boy's mother. (6/6/88) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays, except June 14, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, and Wednesday, June 15, at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele

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D'Annunzio's villa. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 239-6215. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 5 and 9; and Sundays at 7. The matinée schedule varies; please call ahead.)

Three Ways Home—S. Epatha Merkerson is a welfare mother; Malcolm-Jamal Warner is her unmanageable sixteen-year-old son; and Mary McDonnell is a volunteer social worker assigned to her case. All of them are splendid. The play, by Casey Kurtti, much of it in monologues, is comic and sad and never dull. (6/6/88) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Walk in the Woods—Lee Blessing's absorbing play is set near Geneva and consists entirely of the conversations, over a year or so, of an American and a Soviet diplomat who have gone there to negotiate an arms treaty. No agreement is reached, but a friendship grows and deepens. Under the direction of Des McAnuff, Sam Waterston and Robert Prosky give distinguished performances. (3/14/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Wonder Years—A musical with a score and lyrics by David Levy and a book by Mr. Levy, David Holdgrive, Steve Liebman, and Terry LaBolt. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zero Positive—A play by Harry Kondoleon. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags in a touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Gene Saks directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** This longest of long runs recently celebrated its twenty-eighth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** Billy Dee Williams has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

Le Cirque du Soleil—A circus from Montreal, in its first appearance here. (Battery Park City. Tuesday through Friday, June 7-10, at 8; Saturday, June 11, at 1, 4:30, and 8; and Sunday, June 12, at 1 and 4:30. For information about tickets, call 344-5910.)

National Theatre of the Deaf—Four performances of S. Ansky's play "The Dybbuk." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, June 7, at 8; Wednesday, June 8, at 3 and 8; and Thursday, June 9, at 8.)

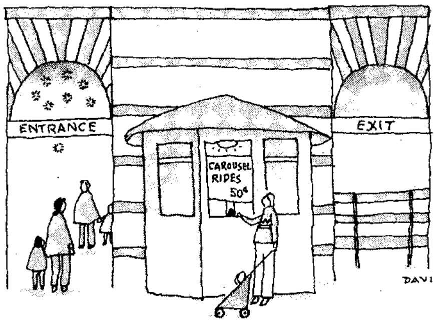
Michael Feinstein in Concert—A program of popular songs of the twenties, thirties, and forties. Feinstein's knowledge of the genre is exhaustive: he knows all the old songs *and* their intros, so the show becomes a meeting place for the timeless and the charmingly dated—a must for lovers of show tunes and the people who wrote them. (5/9/88) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 9:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Kaye Ballard: Working 42nd Street at Last!—Miss Ballard, with her accompanists Arthur Siegel, piano, and Miss Faun, cello. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Monday and Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 5 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Without You I'm Nothing—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—A return engagement of the comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **IOLANTHE.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, June 19.)



Ten Percent Revue—A musical revue by Tom Wilson Weinberg about gay life. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Bittersuite: One More Time—A pleasant revue of songs about middle age by Elliot Weiss (music) and Michael Champagne (lyrics). (Palsson's Supper Club, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 5:30 and 8.)

THE FESTIVAL

(This month-long celebration, formally called the First New York International Festival of the Arts, starts on June 11 and runs through July 11. Events will take place all over the city, and artists will come from all over the world. For recorded information about performances, call 587-1111, or, outside New York, 1-800 782-4396; for reservations, call the individual box offices.)

THEATRE

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Jim Leonard, **V & V ONLY,** directed by Marshall W. Mason. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Green Card—A new play written and directed by JoAnne Akalaitis, presented by the Mark Taper Forum of Los Angeles. (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Monday through Wednesday, June 13-15, at 8. Closes Saturday, June 25.)

Juno and the Paycock—Donal McCann is the drunken, outrageous Paycock in Sean O'Casey's 1924 play; a production of Ireland's Gate Theatre. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Miracolo d'Amore—A theatre piece for fifteen dancers and singers, conceived and directed by Martha Clarke, with music by Richard Peaslee. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

O'Neill Centennial Celebration—Two plays in repertory. **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT:** Colleen Dewhurst and Jason Robards in O'Neill's autobiographical tragedy. Directed by José Quintero. (Saturday, June 11, at 2 and 8; Monday, June 13, at 8; and Tuesday, June 14, at 6.) . . . **AH, WILDERNESS!:** Miss Dewhurst and Mr. Robards in what the playwright called the story of "a boyhood I never had." Arvin Brown directed. (Thursday and Friday, June 9-10, at 8, and Wednesday, June 15, at 2 and 8.) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Also Playing—**CRICOT 2:** An avant-garde theatre group from Poland, presenting "I Shall Never Return," in Polish. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 14-15, at 8. Closes Sunday, June 26.) . . . **ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATRE:** Opening performances of a marathon of twelve one-act plays, running through Monday, July 18. "Neptune's Hips," by Richard Greenberg; "Buster B and Olivia," by Shirley Kaplan; "Something About Baseball," by Quincy Long; and "A Poster of the Cosmos," by Lanford Wilson. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Saturday, June 11, at 5 and 9; Sunday, June 12, at 3 and 7; and Monday, June 13, and Wednesday, June 15, at 7:30.) . . . **GARDZIENICE THEATRE ASSOCIATION:** Another avant-garde troupe from Poland, in "Avvakum" and "Gathering." Both works in Polish. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 14-15, at 9. Closes Saturday, June 25.) . . . **HAWORTH SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL:** Presenting the London Stage Company's production of Jean Genet's 1949 play "Deathwatch," which has been integrated with " 'Adame Miroir," a ballet for which Genet wrote the scenario. With three dancers from the Dance Theatre of Harlem. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 14-15, at 8. Closes Tuesday, June 28.) . . . **INTAR:** Two one-act musicals set in New York—one in the thirties, the other in the present. (421 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Wednesday, June 15, at 8.) . . . **STAGES THEATRE:** Three plays (one in Spanish) by the Argentine playwright-actor-psychiatrist Eduardo Pavlovsky. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesday, June 15, at 7:30. Closes Monday, June 27.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—The Festival's splashy opening-night program consists of the première of "S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A.," accompanied by the Cracker Jacks, a barbershop quartet; "Gaîté Parisienne," with those costumes by Christian Lacroix; "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes;" and "Fandango." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Saturday, June 11, at 8.)

FRANKFURT BALLET—A week-long engagement, with two alternating programs. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, June 14, at 7:30, and Wednesday, June 15, at 8. Through Sunday, June 19.)

MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS—NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Zubin Mehta conducting a Zwilich, Bartók, and Stravinsky program. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, June 13, at 8.) . . . **ENSEMBLE INTERCONTEMPORAIN:** Pierre Boulez conducting works by Donatoni and Stravinsky, and one of his own. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 708-9480. Wednesday, June 15, at 7.) . . . **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA:** Yuri Temirkanov conducting, with André Watts, piano, a Britten-Shostakovich-Rachmaninoff program. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, June 15, at 8.)

RECITALS—CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER: Romantic-leaning compositions by Ravel, Ives, Berg, and Stravinsky. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Tuesday, June 14, at 8.) . . . **JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET:** Playing works by Schuller, Babbitt, and Janáček. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, June 14, at 8.)

POP—"A Cabaret for Cole," with Michael Feinstein, Julie Wilson, Patricia Morison, Mary Martin, and others, singing Cole Porter songs. Miss Martin will reprise "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," which she first sang as the fur-doffing Dolly Winslow in her 1938 Broadway début in "Leave It to Me." (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, June 12, at 7:30.)

PERFORMANCE ART

DANCE THEATRE WORKSHOP—Saturday and Sunday, June 11-12, at 8: Carol Clements, a singer-dancer-comedienne whose work the *Village Voice* has ambiguously called "the theatrical equivalent of finger painting." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Saturday, June 15-18, at 8: Ralf Ralf in "The Summit." (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

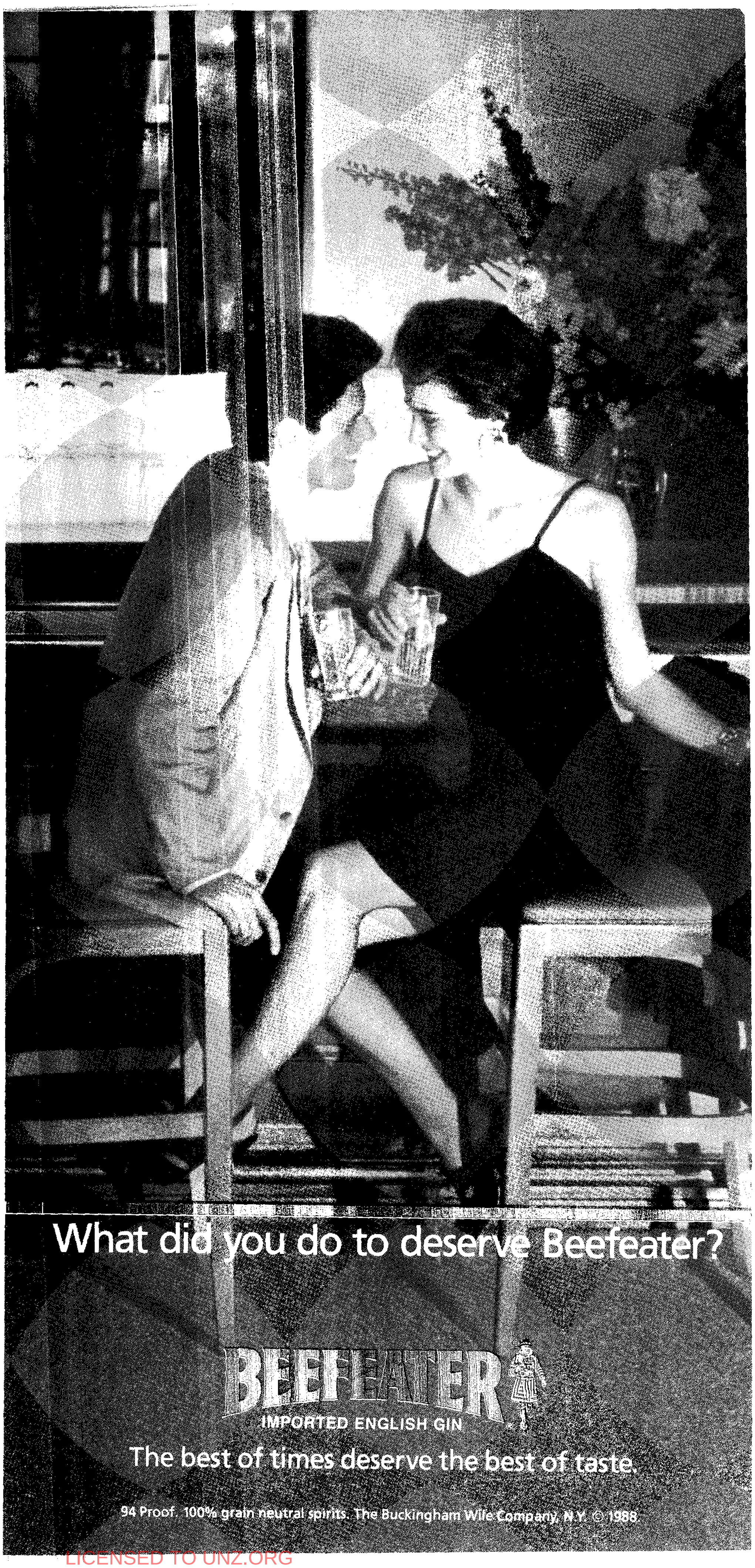
STATION HOUSE OPERA—"Piranesi in New York," presented by a London-based group whose members have been known to hang from their heels and fly through skylights. (Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage, Cadman Plaza and Front St., Brooklyn. Tuesday through Saturday, June 14-18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 619-1955.)

FILM AND VIDEO

"GREAT MASTERS OF THE PERFORMING ARTS"—The Museum of Broadcasting celebrates personalities of dance with television shows from its archive. George Balanchine programs: Tuesday, June 14, at 12:15, 2:05, 4:30, and 5:30. . . . ¶ Fred Astaire programs: Wednesday, June 15, at 12:15, 1:30, 2:45, and 4. (1 E. 53rd St. For detailed program and ticket information, call 752-7684.)

NOT TO MENTION

¶ On Friday, June 10, at 4:30, three Venetian gondolas, steered by three Venetian gondoliers, will glide into the canals of the South Street Seaport, where they will be met by various V.I.P.s and dignitaries. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, June 14, at 2, Andrew Porter will chair a panel discussion called "Does Technology Shape Musical Thought Today?" The other participants will be Luciano Berio, Milton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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE FESTIVAL—Cont'd

Babbitt, John Chowning, and Vladimir Ussachevsky. . . . On Wednesday, June 15, at 11 A.M., Eugène Ionesco, the seventy-six-year-old playwright, will give a lecture, in French, called "Who Needs Theatre Anymore?" (with English translation). Both the lecture and the panel discussion take place at the Kathryn Bache Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Both are free.

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tuesday evening, June 7: "La Sonnambula," "Piano Pieces," and "Black & White." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 8: "Gounod Symphony," "Piano Pieces," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 9: "In G Major," "La Sonnambula," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 10: "Allegro Brillante," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Black & White." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 11: "Gounod Symphony," "Calcium Light Night," "Allegro Brillante," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 11: "In G Major," "La Sonnambula," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 12: "Gounod Symphony," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 12: "Sonatas and Interludes," "The Cage," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 14: "Ivesiana," "Piano Pieces," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 15: "Ivesiana," "Allegro Brillante," "Rhapsody in Blue," and "Brahms/Handel." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 26.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the season—Monday evening, June 6: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 7: "Bruch Violin Concerto No. 1" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 8: "Gala Performance" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 8: "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 9: "Gala Performance" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 10: "Bruch Violin Concerto No. 1" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 11: "Gala Performance," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique." . . . ¶ The Saturday evening, June 11, performance is listed above, under "The Festival." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NYC FESTIVAL OF PERCUSSIVE DANCE—Brenda Bufalino (tap), Manolo Rivera (flamenco), Donny Golden (Irish step dancing), and Ira Bernstein (clogging). With fiddler Pete Sutherland, flamenco singer Dominico Caro, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, June 11, at 8.)

YUNG YUNG TSUAI AND DANCERS—In a program of contemporary dance. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Saturday and Sunday, June 11-12, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS,** a handsome crooner-about-town, is in the Oak Room at nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays, concentrating on the songs of Cole Porter ("Bingo Eli Yale," "Bulldog! Bulldog! Bow, Wow, Wow," "I Get a Kick out of You"). Anne Francine, who plays Mrs. Harcourt in the Lincoln Center revival of "Anything Goes," sings at eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **MARY-CLEERE HARAN,** a singer who grew up in psychedelic San Francisco dancing to the Stones while secretly preferring the music that Fred and Ginger (Mr. and Miss Airborne) glided around to, is here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine, performing famous works by Berlin, Porter, Gershwin, Mercer. She treats these songs not as sacred American music but as expressions of a romantic world that she wanted to inhabit—and that now, for the time it takes her to sing "Embraceable You" or "I Concentrate on You," she does inhabit. In between songs, she's describing herself as a slightly dizzy girl who used to watch "The Loretta Young Show" to pick up pointers on poise and charm.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club, there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art that we know of. A big band directed by **GENE HARRIS**—a pianist who is the central figure on a new Concord recording devoted to Count Basie—and featuring some of the musicians who worked on that recording (**RAY BROWN, HERB ELLIS, JON FADDIS, FRANK WESS**) will be around Tuesday through Sunday, June 7-12. Starting Tuesday, June 14, a quartet run by **JIMMY SMITH,** champion of the Hammond B-3 organ, trades sets with a group led by **MOSE ALLISON,** the pianist and world-weary blues singer. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of **RODNEY CROWELL,** a pretty fair country singer and songwriter as well as Rosanne Cash's main squeeze. He'll be here on Monday, June 13. The rest of the lineup: Monday, June 6, the Zawinul Syndicate, a high-tech jazz-rock operation run by Weather Report keyboardist **JOE ZAWINUL;** Tuesday, June 7, David Benoit; Thursday, June 9, **NEW GRASS REVIVAL,** one of the leading purveyors of souped-up, modernized bluegrass; and Friday, June 10, Special EFX, a fusion band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

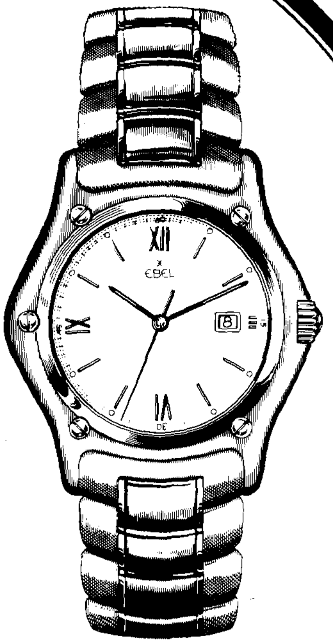
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, horn players compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. A three-piece group made up of **TEX ALLEN** (trumpet), **HARRY WHITAKER** (piano), and **DAVID WILLIAMS** (bass) will be on duty through Saturday, June 11. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **JAY MC SHANN** and **RALPH SUTTON,** pianists of the Old Two-Handed School, are here Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7-8, to prove that four hands are twice as rollicking as two. Their duets and solo flights are accompanied by **MILT HINTON** (bass) and **GUS JOHNSON** (drums). **DOROTHY DONEGAN,** a razzle-dazzle pianist who sometimes plays standing up and one-handed (while hobnobbing with customers), will be here with her loyal sidemen, bassist **ARVELL SHAW** and drummer **RAY MOSCA,** Thursday through Sunday, June 9-12, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 14-15. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, is presiding over the little principality known as the Café Carlyle. **BEVERLY PEER** (bass) and **ROBBIE SCOTT** (drums) are his assistants. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. **QUEST,** a quartet led by soprano saxophonist and Coltrane admirer **DAVE LIEBMAN,** is here Tuesday through Sunday, June 7-12. Mondays are in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be avail-



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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

able in the next world—Chinese food and American jazz—can be found here, under a greenhouse roof giving on to a patch of midtown sky. **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a young stride-piano specialist, leads a trio Tuesday through Thursday, June 7-9; **TERRY WALDO,** an early-jazz enthusiast who learned at the jumping knee of Eubie Blake, performs Friday and Saturday, June 10-11; **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the brilliant Polish pianist whose main man is Art Tatum, takes over on Tuesday, June 14. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. Peter Madsen is on duty Tuesday through Thursday, June 7-9; **BROOKS KERR,** who knows Ellington by heart and is an A student of Jazz Before Bebop, leads a trio Friday and Saturday, June 10-11. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). **JOHN PIZZARELLI,** a guitarist whose models include his easygoing dad, Bucky, and a singer whose inspirations include Nat Cole ("Hit That Jive, Jack" and "Straighten Up and Fly Right" are in his repertoire), is here on Thursdays with his trio. The rest of the schedule: Mondays, June 6 and 13, pianist **DICK HYMAN;** Tuesday, June 7, singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT;** Wednesday, June 8, the Lynn Bernstein trio; Friday, June 10, clarinettist **KEN PEPLOWSKI'S** trio; and Saturday, June 11, the **MICROSCOPIC SEPTET.** Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. **BARBARA LEA,** a fine and easy singer and a whistler who could knock a bird out of a tree, is here on Thursday, June 9; singer-pianist **DARYL SHERMAN** works with bassist **MURRAY WALL** on Friday, June 10; and **JUDY KRESTON** and **DAVID LAHM** perform on Saturday, June 11. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Saturdays. Dining. Extra added attraction: Minnesota, the home of the Twins and the former home of the proprietor, is the theme of the next two Sundays, June 12 and 19; exotic Minnesota dishes will be served and videos made by a Minnesota humorist named Jeff Strate will be shown.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. Ted Rosenthal works out on it, with bassist **JAY LEONHART** at his side, Tuesday through Saturday, June 7-11. **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** a young New Orleans-born pianist (he studied with the father of all the Marsalises) and fashion plate (in the smart tickler tradition), flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

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12	13	14	15			

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, medicinal teas, medicinal beer, and space to think your thoughts in. **ROY NATHANSON,** a saxophonist who's played with the Lounge Lizards, leads a band on Mondays; Pianosaurus, a prankish folk-rock group that uses toy instruments, performs on Friday, June 10; and **CECIL TAYLOR,** a pianist sui generis, enters with his quintet on Wednesday, June 15. Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. The schedule: Monday and Tuesday, June 6-7, **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO,** a Louisiana dance band led by accordionist **STANLEY (BUCKWHEAT) DURAL, JR.;** Wednesday, June 8, Lower East Side soul singer **WILLY DE VILLE;** Thursday, June 9, **YOMO TORO;** Friday, June 10, **ROBERT GORDON;** Saturday, June 11, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL;** Monday, June 13, Chicago bluesmen **PINETOP PERKINS** and **LOUIS MYERS;** and Tuesday, June 14, **JOE (KING) CARRASCO,** the bareheaded king of Tex-Mex bandito rock. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and singers with staying power on the bandstand. **JULIE WILSON,** for instance, is still here—a California big band scheduled to replace her didn't—singing, among other works by Stephen Sondheim, that number ("I'm Still Here") in praise of careering careerists. She and **WILLIAM ROY,** her accompanist and sometime singing partner, perform Tuesday through Saturday, June 7-11. **JOE WILLIAMS,** who is gaining on seventy but still moves from a ballad to a blues as easily as a man crossing the street, begins a three-week run on Tuesday, June 14. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the theatre district, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you happen to have just dropped a week's wages by taking the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. It's a place for people who don't mind taking their rock standing up; the few seats that exist—in the balcony—are reserved for the usual suspects. The **CHURCH,** an Australian band that offers its followers psychedelic washes of sound and the consolations of rock poetry, holds forth on Thursday, June 9; Thomas Dolby & the Lost Toy People perform on Friday, June 10; and **KING SUNNY ADÉ,** the Nigerian pop star whose juju music is all polyrhythmic sweetness and light, comes in on Sunday, June 12. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. The schedule: Tuesday, June 7, the **SKATALITES,** a brassy Jamaican band formed in the pre-reggae sixties; Wednesday and Thursday, June 8-9, Kid Abelha, a Brazilian rock band; Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, **MIKATA;** and Tuesday, June 14, drummer **ERROL PARKER'S** septet. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). **WILLIE NININGER,** a local hero who wrote "I'm Proud to Be a Moose" for Captain Kangaroo and Mr. Moose, and who has sung the national anthem for thousands of Mets fans, performs on Saturday, June 11. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **ART BLAKEY,** the drummer and dean of the school of hard bop, will be here with his Class of '88 **JAZZ MESSENGERS** through Monday, June 13; **SUN RA,** the pianist, synthesizerist, and wobbly vocalist, enters in his robes and space traveller's chapeau and with his **ARKESTRA** on Tuesday, June 14. Shows from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain but functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. The **SURREAL MC COYS,** a New York country band, have the floor on Mondays. Big Time Sarah, a Chicago blues singer, performs Friday and Saturday, June 10-11. Shows from nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, in the gym-size room where hep-cat d.j. Symphony Sid used to spend his Monday evenings hosting Latin-jazz shows, Latin music is still the rule on Mondays. On June 13, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** a distinguished Latinist as well as a mighty trumpeter, will do solo turns with a big band led by his old Cab Calloway running mate **MARIO BAUZA** and with an ensemble led by the Cuban conga drummer **DANIEL PONCÉ.** Activity from nine-thirty. **BABA OLATUNJI** and his African-drumming-and-dancing troupe give two shows (at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty) on Friday and Saturday, June 10-11. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, pianist **HERMAN FOSTER** and bassist Earl May work together nightly, except Mondays, from about ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the

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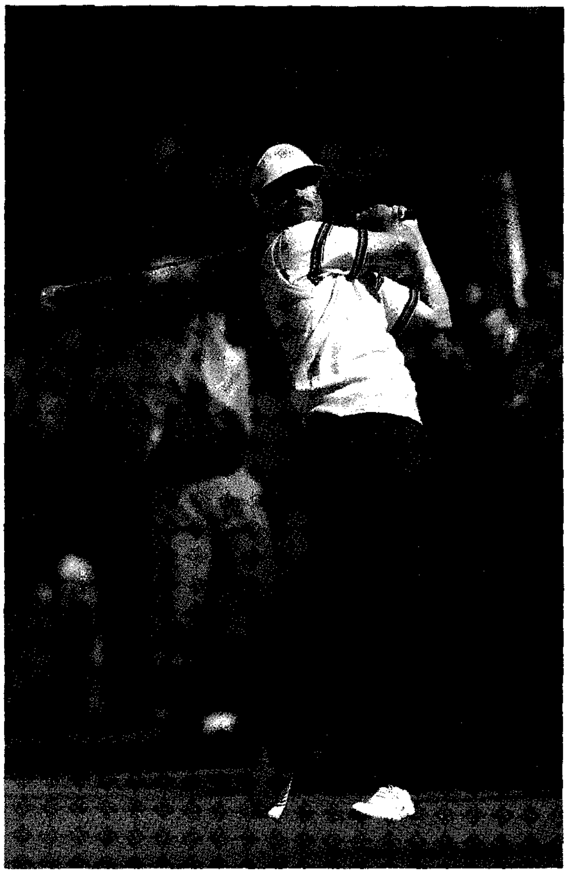

Scott Simpson, winner of the 1987 U.S. Open.

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As the largest open competition in golf and one of the world's most coveted championships, the U.S. Open has become a magnet to professional and amateur players everywhere.

But the renown of today's championship could hardly have been foreseen by the golfers at the first Open.

1988: The Country Club at Brookline, Mass., site of the U.S. Open.

There were just eleven of them that October day in 1895, and only two hundred spectators to cheer them through four rounds of nine holes at Newport Golf Club.

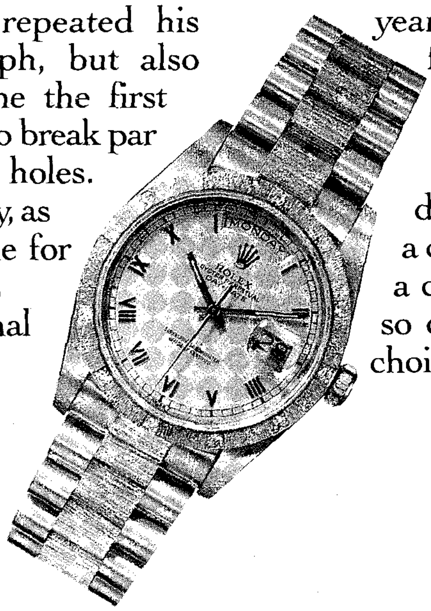
Ten professionals and one amateur competed. British pro Horace Rawlins captured the medal and a modest cash prize.

America had to wait sixteen years for one of its own to take the title. John J. McDermott did it in 1911. The following year he not only repeated his triumph, but also became the first man to break par for 72 holes.

1911: John J. McDermott, first American to win.

Today, as many as 6000 entrants vie for the 156 starting places through local and sectional qualifying rounds. The player with the lowest score for 72 holes claims the Championship Cup for a year and a gold medal. Professionals are also awarded a substantial cash prize. The 1988 purse is $1,000,000.

At a championship so distinguished it has become a classic, it isn't surprising that a classic timepiece is so often the one of choice–Rolex.



ROLEX

Photograph of McDermott reprinted with permission of U.S.G.A.

Oyster Perpetual Day-Date with 12 diamonds on bezel and bark finish President bracelet in 18kt gold.
Write for brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. 456, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022-5383.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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NIGHT LIFE-Cont'd

right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor, and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** a protean modern altoist, leads his quartet Tuesday through Sunday, June 7-12; **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN,** a saxophonist who has served as a sideman to eminent soul and jazz people (Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin), moves in with his quintet on Tuesday, June 14. Mondays belong to **MEL LEWIS'S** big band. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. **BIG NICK NICHOLAS,** a Swing-age tenor man, will be here with his quintet Wednesday through Sunday, June 8-12. Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. **TAL FARLOW,** the North Carolina-born guitarist who is stirring whether he's playing at lightning-fast bebop speed or at a country lope, works with bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** Mondays through Saturdays. On Sunday, June 12, the long-running duo of **GENE BERTONCINI** (guitar) and **MICHAEL MOORE** (bass) have the floor. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

JULIA HEYWARD—The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Wednesday through Saturday, June 8-11, at 8:30.

NANA MOUSKOURI—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Thursday, June 9, at 8.

KAREN FINLEY—With Andy Soma, Monisha Lundquist, and Jennifer Monson & Dancers. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Thursday, June 9, at 9, and Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, at 9 and 11.)

MILLIE JACKSON—With the Manhattans. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. Friday, June 10, at 8 and midnight. For information about tickets, call 757-3100.)

MANHATTAN TRANSFER—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, at 8.

CHRISTY MOORE—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, June 11, at 8.

NEW EARS NEW MUSIC FESTIVAL—Friday, June 10, at 7: Peter Griggs, Iris Brooks, and David Simons; and Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 11, at 7: The Ordinaires and Yelling Beat. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 12, at 3: Elliott Sharp & Carbon and Gamelan Son of Lion. (Tompkins Square Park Band Shell, Avenue A and 7th St. No tickets necessary.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

FRANK W. BENSON (1862-1951)—Impressionist plein-air paintings of the artist's children and grandchildren at their summer residence in Maine. Through Saturday, June 11. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

JACOBO BORGES—New paintings in which explosive color is controlled by a shadowy figure. Through June 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

JOHN CONSTABLE (1776-1837)—Over a hundred paintings and works on paper. Through June 25. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

EDWARD HOPPER (1882-1967)—Fifteen etchings, linocuts, and drypoints, all of which were printed by the artist. Through June 30. (Sheehan, 52 E. 76th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JANE KAPLOWITZ—In such oil-stick drawings as "My Mondrian" and "My Albers," this artist ridicules art collectors by portraying them as empty-headed consumers. Through Saturday, June 11. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

ANTONIO SEGUI—A recent series of gouaches that follows one of the artist's characters through a hectic, skyscraper-filled city. Through June 18. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

VACLAV VYTLACIL (1893-1984) / **JOAN THORNE**—Paintings from the twenties and thirties by this American modernist. / Abstract paintings and pastels. Through Friday, June 10. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ISAAC WITKIN—Recent sculptures in bronze and aluminum. Through June 24. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **CASTELLI GRAPHICS,** 4 E. 77th St.: Prints by Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Eve Sonneman, Roy Lichtenstein, Ellsworth Kelly, and others in an exhibit mounted in memory of Toiny Castelli. Through Wednesday, June 15. . . . **KOUROS,** 23 E. 73rd St.: A show in homage to John Bernard Myers which includes paintings and sculptures by Carl Andre, Mimi Gross, and Elaine de Kooning. Through July 1.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

O. LOUIS GUGLIELMI (1906-56)—Colorful geometric abstractions of fragmented objects and vistas. Through June 30. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

DAVID HOCKNEY/ANTHONY CARO—Drawings. Through July 29. / Seven abstract sculptures in waxed steel that were composed with the temple of Zeus at Olympia in mind. Through Friday, June 10. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

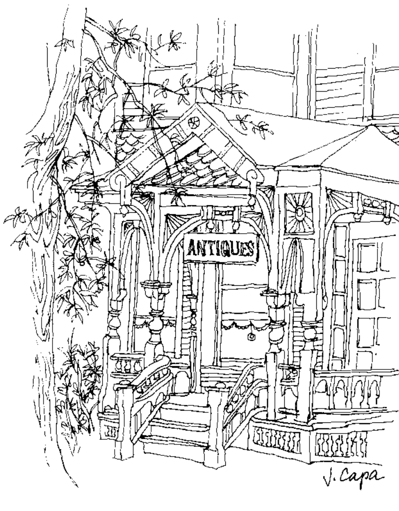
CLAUDE AND FRANÇOIS-XAVIER LALANNE—Sculptures by this husband and wife, many inspired by the animal kingdom—a hippopotamus that is also a bathtub, for instance, and a crocodile that is also a chair. Through June 30. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

KIM MACCONNEL / ROBERT BARRY—New paintings. / Monochromatic paintings. Through July 1. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HENRY MOORE (1898-1986)—Sculptures, drawings, and prints. Through Wednesday, June 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—New bronzes. Through June 25. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER—Recent gouaches prompted by the artist's trip through the Himalayas. Through June 24. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)



PICASSO (1881-1973)—Paintings, sculptures, and prints from 1950 to 1973. Through July 29. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

KENNETH POLINSKIE—Recent watercolors, some on handmade paper. Through June 29. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

MILTON RESNICK—Densely painted abstractions done in the late fifties. Through July 29. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

DAN RIZZIE—New paintings and collages. Through June 25. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

TONY SIANI—A two-gallery show of mixed-medium reliefs. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St. Through Tuesday, June 14. . . . ¶ 48 Laight Street Gallery. Through Saturday, June 11. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Saturdays.)

DOROTHEA TANNING—Lush paintings of amorphous figures. Through June 18. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DE NAGY,** 41 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Philip Guston, André Masson, Melissa Meyer, and Robin Utterback, among others. Through June 30. . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St.: Works in various mediums by Ed McGowin, William Christenberry, Jeanne Duval, and others. Through June 18. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Wood reliefs by Bernard Langlais, paintings in mixed mediums by Charles McGill, and egg-tempera works by Abby Shahn. Through June 24. . . . **TILTON,** 24 W. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings by Joe Andoe, photographs and paintings by John Robertshaw, and a sound-oriented installation by Alvin Lucier. Through June 30. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works by the Nouveaux Réalistes, including Yves Klein, Niki de Saint-Phalle, and Gérard Deschamps. Through July 8. (Open Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—Pieces by Richard Artschwager, Richard Deacon, Luciano Fabro, Claes Oldenburg, Giuseppe Penone, and Richard Serra. Through July 1. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

HERB AACH (1923-85)—Large abstract paintings. Through June 25. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

PETER AMBROSE—Sculptures in various mediums by an artist who reduces hearts, torsos, and feet to blocklike forms. Through June 25. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

ERIC BAINBRIDGE—Sculptures in mixed mediums. Through June 25. (Ala, in a new location at 560 Broadway.)

TOBY BUONAGURIO—Serenely beautiful ceramic heads wearing ceremonial headdresses that could have been borrowed from Carmen Miranda or an Egyptian tomb. Through June 18. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

TERRY LEE DILL—Sculptures. Through June 25. (Ligouri, 93 Grand St.)

ERIC FISCHL—New paintings. Through June 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

CAROL GALLIGAN—Painted torn-paper sculptures. Through June 25. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

MARY GILLIS—Pastel abstractions on gessoed linen. Through Saturday, June 11. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

ARTHUR GONZÁLEZ—Figurative wall sculptures that have nautical motifs. "The Gondolier," a life-size figure, tows a miniature gondola (mounted a few feet away) with a piece of braided line and holds a Japanese paintbrush for a pole. Through June 16. (Sharpe, 152 Wooster St.)

DON GUMMER—Large-scale freestanding wood sculptures. Through Saturday, June 11. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

JOHN HULTBERG—A retrospective of paintings. Through Saturday, June 11. (Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

ILYA KABAKOV—For his first exhibition in the United States, this Russian artist has transformed the Feldman gallery into living quarters for ten fictitious tenants—one of

ART–Cont'd

them has built a catapult to launch himself into space, and another has never thrown anything away. Through Saturday, June 11. (31 Mercer St.)

David Mach—An installation involving fifteen tons of magazines, a cast-iron bathtub, and a stuffed zebra. Through Saturday, June 11. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Patricia Nix—Painted constructions in mixed mediums. Through July 14. (Nerlino-McGear, 96 Greene St.)

Markus Raetz—Works in various mediums. Through Saturday, June 11. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. A larger show is currently on view at The New Museum.)

Edward Ruscha / Frank Gehry—Works on paper. / New furniture designs in corrugated cardboard. Through July 1. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Hunt Slonem and David LaChapelle—Saints from Eastern and Western religions are depicted in paintings by the former and in Cibachromes by the latter. Through June 18. (Trabia-MacAfee, 54 Greene St. Photographs by LaChapelle are also on view at the 56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Peter Solow / David Horsley—Drawings. / Paintings. Through June 30. (Gallery Moos, 133 Greene St.)

Merrill Wagner—New paintings on slate. Through Saturday, June 11. (Pretto, 103 Sullivan St. Opens at 1.)

Group Shows—At the **audiello,** 142 Greene St.: Paintings, including works by Claudia Hart, Josef Ramaseder, and Pat Steir. Through June 25. . . . **brown,** 560 Broadway: White works, mainly, by Ford Beckman, Holt Quentel, Suzan Etkin, Andrew Lord, and others. Through June 18. . . . **the drawing center,** 35 Wooster St.: A selection of sixty-nine drawings that the curator has categorized as art that copies art. Michelangelo, Dürer, Watteau, Cézanne, and Picasso are among the copiers. Through July 23. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **castelli,** 142 Greene St.: A show entitled "Richard Artschwager: His Peers and Persuasion." The peers include Allan McCollum, Malcolm Morley, and Nancy Dwyer. Through Saturday, June 11. . . . **hanson,** 415 West Broadway: Works in various mediums by Carroll Dunham, Michael Hurson, Deborah Kass, Jeffrey Wasserman, and four other artists. Through June 28. . . . **lorence-monk,** 568 Broadway: Paintings, drawings, photographs, and sculptures by artists who have taken a close-up look at the human form. Diane Arbus, Eric Fischl, George Segal, and Willem de Kooning are among them. Through June 25. . . . **marcus,** 578 Broadway: Sculptures, drawings, photographs, and installations by Hannah Collins, Nan Goldin, Gloria Friedmann, Pepe Espaliú, and Tim Hawkinson. Through June 25. . . . **metro pictures,** 150 Greene St.: Two works each by Peter Halley, Jennifer Bolande, and others. Through June 25. . . . **weber,** 142 Greene St.: Photographs by Thomas Joshua Cooper, a conceptual installation by Franz Erhard Walther, and a series of more than two hundred works in plaster by Allan McCollum. Through July 23.

OTHER GALLERIES

Bill Barrette—Constructions centered on daguerreotypes of women. Through June 26. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 155 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays and Sundays.)

Jean-Michel Basquiat—Paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, June 11. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

Zachary Ehrenreich / Robin Parker—Dark, atmospheric paintings; in one, the Williamsburg Bridge hangs in the distance as two men play chess at the edge of the East River. / Bronzes. Through Wednesday, June 15. (Neo Persona, 51 Hudson St. Opens at noon.)

Peter Grass—Recent paintings. Through June 25. (Braathen, 33 Bleecker St., at Lafayette St.)

Yukimura S. Konishi—Two shows of abstract works presented by the Humphrey gallery: oils at 37 E. 7th St., and collages at 242 E. 5th St. Through June 19. (Both places open at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

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Elaine Reichek—An installation that incorporates no fewer than two hundred coconuts. Through June 25. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—Silk screens the artist made from F.B.I. Most Wanted posters. Through June 30. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.) . . . ¶ Early works in *various mediums. Through July 30.* (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Grands Projets—A show promoting nine Parisian architectural projects. Included are drawings, models, and photographs of I. M. Pei's addition to the Louvre and of the Great Arch of La Défense, by Johan Otto von Spreckelsen. Through July 3. (U.S. Custom House, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **cugliani,** 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.: Two small paintings each by Moïra Dryer, Joe Andoe, Michele Zalopany, and others. Through June 30. . . . **klein,** 611 Broadway: Works in various mediums by Pat Steir, Matt Mullican, and Alan Charlton. Through July 2. . . . **p.p.o.w,** 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C: Social and political art of the Lower East Side, dating from the eighteen-nineties to the present; the show includes over a hundred works by Reginald Marsh, David Robbins, Berenice Abbott, Allen Ginsberg, Adam Purple, Anton van Dalen, and others. Through July 15. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Gwen Akin and Allan Ludwig—Photographs by two collaborators who specialize in macabre subjects; for example, freshly killed partridges and skeletons with two heads. Through July 2. (Cadot, 470 Broome St.)

Nan Goldin—Raw, candid photographs concerned with both the expression and the repression of sexual identity. Through June 17. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

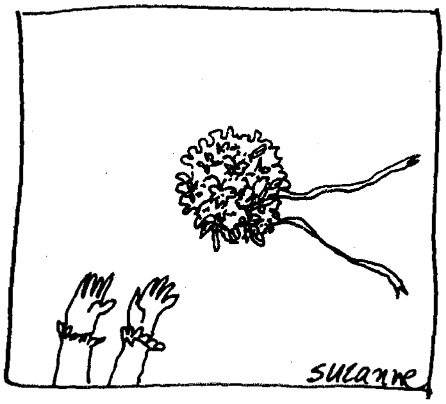
Josef Koudelka—Photographs, including prints of European Gypsies and country people and of the 1968 Prague uprising. Through July 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Neil Maurer / Lois Conner—Photographs of white objects in a white room. / The artist's platinum prints of Chinese landscapes were the source of these eighteen photogravures printed by Thomas Platt Palmer. Through June 30. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Lisette Model (1906-83)—Early prints that include views of New York and Paris. Through Saturday, June 11. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Olivia Parker—Contact prints of still-lifes. Through June 30. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Rosalind Solomon—Seventy-five large-scale works, collectively titled "Portraits in the Time of AIDS." Through July 1. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)



Garry Winogrand (1928-84)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a retrospective of his work; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **laurence miller,** 138 Spring St.: Elvis Presley, Teddy Roosevelt, and Daniel Boone are among the subjects of a show that reconsiders American history and myths; the artists—many of whom incorporate photographs into their work—include Jim Goldberg, Judith Ross, and William Eggleston. Through June 30. . . . **tweed,** 52 Chambers St.: Photographs chronicling the history of New York's lesbian and gay communities. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Museum Mile Festival—Tuesday, June 14, will mark the tenth year for these proceedings, which run from six to nine: Fifth Avenue above Eighty-sixth Street will be open only *to pedestrians and street performers, and the* museums that line the avenue will all be open free of charge (except the Metropolitan, which expects a donation).

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety paintings and drawings by Paul Klee, gifts to the museum from Heinz Berggruen. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Six galleries devoted to the collections of ancient Chinese art have recently opened. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of work by Garry Winogrand, a photographer who sought out crowds and documented them, snapshot style, on city streets and at press conferences, peace rallies, zoos, and rodeos. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Georges Braque. Starts Friday, June 10. . . . ¶ A loan show of sixty modern paintings from the National Gallery in Prague, consisting entirely of works that are in America for the first time. The artists include Cézanne, Chagall, Klimt, Gauguin, and Matisse, and their Czech counterparts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Paintings and drawings from the past twelve years by Elizabeth Murray. Through June 26. . . . ¶ Drawings by the contemporary artists George Condo, Mike Kelley, Ellen Phelan, and Janis Provisor. Through July 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Donald Sultan's paintings and drawings dating from 1981 to 1987. Through Monday, June 13. . . . ¶ A show documenting the work of Gordon Matta-Clark (1943-78), who used abandoned buildings as sculptural material—cutting out arcs, circles, etc., and displaying leftover fragments in galleries. Through July 11. . . . ¶ A drawing and a sculpture each by forty contemporary Israeli artists, including Pinchas Cohen-Gan, Teresa Gejer, and Osvaldo Romberg. Through June 27. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of works by newly elected members (Cynthia Ozick, James Dickey, Raymond Carver, John McPhee, and others) and by recipients of Academy-Institute awards, among them David Bottoms, Andrew Hudgins, Miriam Gideon, Louise Talma, and Alex Katz. Manuscripts, paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs. Through Sunday, June 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show on the contemporary partnership between artists and architects, focussing on the artists' contributions. There will be, for instance, stone seats by Scott Burton that are like those he made for the Equitable Center, and objects in glass by three artists who worked on the redesigned Rainbow Room. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—This institution, built with stones from seven medieval buildings, opened fifty years ago in May and, to commemorate the event, has refurbished the Cloisters Treasury with some late-twentieth-century accessories—climate-controlled cases, which hold the collections of ivories, metalwork, textiles, stained glass, manuscripts, and enamels. (Open daily, except Mondays, 9:30 to 5:15.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Arts and Crafts Movement in America (1875-1920) is represented in a display of about two hundred objects, including stained glass, silver, books, furniture, jewelry, and textiles. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Works by two twentieth-century Japanese artists: Shiko Munakata, represented by, for instance, a series of hanging scrolls made of woodblock prints, and by an ink painting executed while he was on a visit to New York; and Kitaoji Rosanjin, whose ceramics based on traditional Japanese, Chinese, and Korean styles are on view. Through June 24. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A comprehensive exhibit of the work of Beatrix Potter (1866-1943) which includes watercolors of her familiar subjects (Peter Rabbit, Jemima Puddle-Duck) and her not so familiar subjects—insects, plants, and fossils. Through Aug. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Works by the painter-sculptor Arbit Blatas, whose subject is stars of the New York music and theatre worlds, past and present. Appearing in the show are Toscanini and Bernstein, Pavarotti and Sutherland. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, repository of nearly thirteen hundred artists' self-portraits, has sent a selection of thirty—by Andrea del Sarto, Annibale Carracci, Walter Crane, and others—in an exchange show with the National Academy, which sent a selection of its thirteen hundred self-portraits to Florence this spring. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show by the Swiss sculptor Markus Raetz. Through July 10. A complementary exhibit (ending Saturday, June 11) is at Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The sweet pleasures of childhood reading will be revived in an exhibit on children's literature that will have about two hundred items, ranging from first editions to memorabilia. The two Hoods, Robin and Little Red, will be here in drawings by Howard Pyle and by Jean-François Millet; Babar will be seen in a 1931 first edition; and Winnie-the-Pooh and friends will be evoked in five stuffed animals that were A. A. Milne's inspiration. Starts Saturday, June 11. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Berg Collection of English and American Literature is celebrating its jubilee with a show of a hundred and fifty of its prize manuscripts and books, among them a first edition of Poe's "Tamerlane and Other Poems," the notebooks of Eliot and Auden, one of Virginia Woolf's diaries, and the typescript of Robert Lowell's "The Drive from West Street to Danbury." (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 5:45.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of paintings and prints by James Lesesne Wells. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Concordia: A Chamber Symphony—Marin Alsop conducting a program of music by American composers. With vocal soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, June 10, at 8.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir—JoAnn Rice directing, with vocal and instrumental soloists. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, June 14, at 8.)

RECITALS

Organ Concerts—Monday, June 6: Guy Bovet. . . . ¶ Monday, June 13: Donald Joyce and Albert Ahlstrom, playing both the organ and the synthesizer. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Evenings at 8. Admission by contribution.)

North/South Consonance—Max Lifchitz conducting a program of five premières. With Lynn Vardeman, soprano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, June 7, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, June 7, at 8.)

Kenn Hicks—Tenor, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday, June 8, at 7:30.)

Sylvie Gazeau and Alain Planès—Violin and piano, in a concert that marks the opening of a Georges Braque exhibit. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. 360-3503. Friday, June 10, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Monday through Wednesday, June 6-8, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday, June 10, at 7:30; Saturday, June 11, at 3:20; and Sunday, June 12, at 1:30. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Monday through Wednesday, June 13-15, at 7:35.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, June 9-12.)

Racing—At **belmont**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Mother Goose, Friday, June 10; the Belmont, and the Hempstead Handicap, Saturday, June 11. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. . . . **atlantic city race course**, McKee City, N.J.: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15; starting Wednesday, June 8.

Trotting—At **meadowlands**: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **roosevelt raceway**: Nightly at 7:30; through Wednesday, June 15. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

ET ALIA

Talks and Discussions—Garrison Keillor talking about radio and answering questions. (Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. 752-4690. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7-8, at 5:30.) . . . ¶ Natan Sharansky talking about his book "Fear No Evil." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, June 12, at 8.) . . . ¶ Vladimir Feltsman discussing his music, with Joan Rosenbaum. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Tuesday, June 14, at 7. For information about tickets, call 860-1889.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden opens officially Thursday, June 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.)

Walking Tour—A guided tour of the Upper West Side, sponsored by the New-York Historical Society, will be given on Sunday, June 12 (rain or shine), starting in front of the Metropolitan Opera House, at 2. Tickets can be purchased at the time of the tour.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semi-annual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 11-12, from noon until sundown.

"There was a child
went forth every day;
And the first
object he look'd upon,
that object he became;
And that object
became part of him
for the day,
or a certain part
of the day,
or for many years,
or stretching
cycles of years."
Walt Whitman

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through June 9: A program of Brazilian films.
From June 10: (Separate admissions) "Mix-Up" (1986; directed by Françoise Romand) and "Call Me Madame" (1987; Françoise Romand); "Les Rendez-vous d'Anna" (1978; Chantal Akerman; in French), with Aurore Clément, Léa Massari, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Helmut Griem; and "The Killers" (1946 †).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "South of Reno" (Mark Rezyka).
Theatre 2: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 3: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 9: "Colors" (†).
From June 10: "Poltergeist III" (Gary Sherman), with Heather O'Rourke, Tom Skerritt, Nancy Allen, and Zelda Rubinstein.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 9: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
From June 10: "Big Business" (Jim Abrahams), with Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Willow" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: Through June 9: "Crocodile Dundee II." From June 10 (tentative): "The Presidio" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery, Mark Harmon, and Meg Ryan.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Call Me" (Sollace Mitchell).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Big" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through June 9: "The Moderns" (†).
From June 10: "Beethoven's Nephew" (Paul Morrissey).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee II."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 9: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
From June 10: "Poltergeist III" (Gary Sherman), with Heather O'Rourke, Tom Skerritt, Nancy Allen, and Zelda Rubinstein.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal. From June 10: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†). From June 10: To be announced.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Rikky and Pete" (Nadia Tass), with Stephen Kearney.
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Salome's Last Dance" (Ken Russell). From June 10: "Big Business" (Jim Abrahams), with Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "The Wrong Guys" (Danny Bilson). From June 10: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through June 14: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†). From June 15 (tentative): "Bull Durham" (Ron Shelton), with Kevin Costner and Susan Sarandon.
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Moonstruck" (†). From June 10 (tentative): "The Presidio" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery, Mark Harmon, and Meg Ryan.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Aria," ten episodes by ten directors.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Willow" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 9: "The Drifter."
From June 10: "The Presidio" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery, Mark Harmon, and Meg Ryan.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Big" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "The Wrong Guys" (Danny Bilson). From June 10: "Big Business" (Jim Abrahams), with Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through June 14: "Welcome in Vienna" (†). From June 15: "Rights and Reactions: Lesbian and Gay Rights on Trial" (1987; directed by Phil Zwickler and Jane Lippman) and "Oscar Wilde: Spendthrift of Genius" (1986; Sean O'Mordha), both documentaries.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (1987; Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.
Theatre 2: "Tampopo" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Hairspray" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "The Beat" (Paul Mones), with John Savage. From June 10: "Big Business" (Jim Abrahams), with Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Big" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: "White Mischief" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Aria," ten episodes by ten directors.
Theatre 2: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 9: "Mondo New York" (Harvey Keith). From June 10: "Candy Mountain" (Robert Frank and Rudy Wurlitzer), with Kevin J. O'Connor.
Theatre 4: "Stormy Monday" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†).
Theatre 2: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Willow" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Powaqqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"White Mischief" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"History" (Luigi Comencini; in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Da" (Matt Clark), with Barnard Hughes, Martin Sheen, and William Hickey.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 9: "Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta.
From June 10: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Willow" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dragon Chow" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Taxing Woman" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Babette's Feast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Big" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Stormy Monday" (†). From June 10: "Big Business" (Jim Abrahams), with Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†). From June 10 (tentative): "Poltergeist III" (Gary Sherman), with Heather O'Rourke, Tom Skerritt, Nancy Allen, and Zelda Rubinstein.
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: Through June 14: "Moonstruck" (†). From June 15 (tentative): "Bull Durham" (Ron Shelton), with Kevin Costner and Susan Sarandon.
Theatre 4: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 5: "Rambo III."
Theatre 6: Through June 9: "Crocodile Dundee II." From June 10 (tentative): "The Presidio" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery, Mark Harmon, and Meg Ryan.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†). From June 10: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Stand and Deliver" (†). From June 10: To be announced.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through June 9: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson). From June 10: To be announced.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Aria," ten episodes by ten directors. From June 10: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Beetlejuice" (†). From June 10: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Rambo III" (directed by Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: "Rambo III."
Theatre 3: Through June 14: "Maniac Cop" (William Lustig). From June 15: "Bull Durham" (Ron Shelton), with Kevin Costner and Susan Sarandon.
Theatre 4: "Bloodsport" (Newt Arnold), with Jean Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 5: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).
Theatre 6: Through June 14: "The Drifter." From June 15: "Bull Durham."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through June 9: "Colors" (†).
From June 10: "Big Business" (Jim Abrahams), with Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 8: "Friday the 13th Part VII—The New Blood" (John Carl Buechler). June 9: Theatre closed. From June 10: "The Presidio" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery, Mark Harmon, and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 3: Through June 8: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†). June 9: Theatre closed. From June 10: "The Presidio."
Theatre 4: Through June 8: "The Wrong Guys" (Danny Bilson). June 9: Theatre closed. From June 10: "The Presidio."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: "Big" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks.

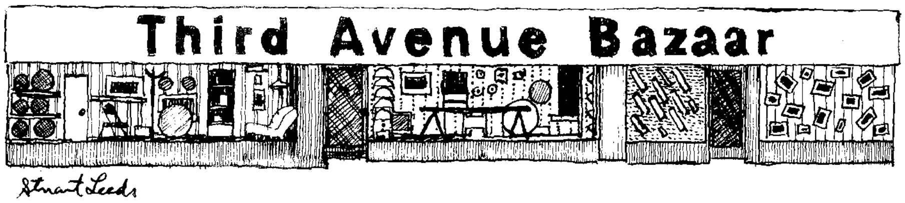
Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through June 9: "American Gothic" (John Hough).
From June 10: "Poltergeist III" (Gary Sherman), with Heather O'Rourke, Tom Skerritt, Nancy Allen, and Zelda Rubinstein.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, *225 W. 57th.* (582-4582)
Through June 7: "The Last Tycoon" (1976; directed by Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence; and "A Face in the Crowd" (1957; Elia Kazan), with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa.
June 8-9: "Viva Zapata!" (1952; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn; and "Wild River" (1960; Elia Kazan), with Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick, Albert Salmi, Jay C. Flippen, and Jo Van Fleet.
June 10-11: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.
June 12-13: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "The Country Girl" (1954; George Seaton), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden.
June 14-15: "Alfie" (†); and "If . . . " (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 7: "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright; and "Aliens" (1986; James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.
June 8-9: "Housekeeping" (1987; Bill Forsyth), with Christine Lahti; and "Stacking" (1988; Martin Rosen), with Megan Follows, Frederic Forrest, and Christine Lahti.
June 10-11: "Hail Hazana!" (1988; Jose Samano; in Spanish); and "La Gran Fiesta" (1987; Marcos Zurinaga; in Spanish and English).
June 12: "Blind Trust" (1987; Yves Simoneau; a Canadian film, in French); and "Péril" (1985; Michel Deville; in French), with Nicole Garcia and Michel Piccoli.
June 13-14: "Five Corners" (1988; Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster; and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.
From June 15: "Wish You Were Here" (1987; David Leland), with Emily Lloyd; and "Personal Services" (1987; Terry Jones), with Julie Walters.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 6: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel; a short silent film), with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel himself.
June 7: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; "Winter Light" (1963; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Silence" (1964; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.
June 8: "The Ladykillers" (1956; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom; and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951; Charles Crichton), with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.
June 9: "Mephisto" (1982; István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer; and "Adoption" (1976; Márta Mészáros; in Hungarian), with Kati Berek.
June 10-11: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
June 12: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.
June 13: "Nanook of the North" (†); "Tabu" (1931; Robert Flaherty and F. W. Murnau; a silent film); and "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings.
June 14: "Kanal" (1956; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Zbigniew Cybulski.
June 15: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Do-



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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

nat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

June 6: "Danger: Diabolik" (1968; Mario Bava), with John Phillip Law; and "Judex" (1963; Georges Franju; in French).

June 7: "The Horn Blows at Midnight" (1945; Raoul Walsh), with Jack Benny, Alexis Smith, and Margaret Dumont; and "The Meanest Man in the World" (1943; Sidney Lanfield), with Jack Benny and Priscilla Lane.

June 8: "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945; John M. Stahl), with Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, and Vincent Price; and "Night and the City" (1950; Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney.

June 9: "The Killing" (1956; Stanley Kubrick), with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards; and "Killer's Kiss" (1955; Stanley Kubrick), with Frank Silvera.

June 10-11: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953; Roy Rowland), with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Hans Conried, and Tommy Rettig; and "Pee-wee's Big Adventure" (†).

June 12: "El Amor Brujo" (1986; Carlos Saura; in Spanish); and "Los Tarantos" (1964; Rovina Beleta; in Spanish), with Carmen Amaya.

June 13: "Radio Days" (1987; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow; and "The Great American Broadcast" (1941; Archie Mayo), with Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, and John Payne.

June 14: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio); and "The Secret Life of Plants" (1978; Walon Green).

June 15: "The Mating Season" (1951; Mitchell Leisen), with Gene Tierney, John Lund, and Thelma Ritter; and "Rings on Her Fingers" (1942; Rouben Mamoulian), with Gene Tierney, Henry Fonda, Laird Cregar, and Spring Byington.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 6: "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French); "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

June 7: "I Could Go On Singing" (1963; Ronald Neame), with Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon; and "The Star" (1953; Stuart Heisler), with Bette Davis and Sterling Hayden.

June 8: "Remember My Name" (1979; Alan Rudolph), with Geraldine Chaplin, Anthony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn; and "Mickey One" (1965; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty.

June 9: "Forever Amber" (†); and "Centennial Summer" (1946; Otto Preminger), with Jeanne Crain, Cornel Wilde, Linda Darnell, William Eythe, and Walter Brennan.

June 10-11: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

June 12: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Paradine Case" (1947; Alfred Hitchcock), with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd.

June 13: "Kameradschaft" (†); and "Westfront 1918" (1930; G. W. Pabst; in German).

June 14: "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings; and "Spies" (1929; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).

June 15: "Marked Woman" (1937; Lloyd Bacon), with Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, and Eduardo Ciannelli; and "Kid Galahad" (1937; Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis, Edward G. Robinson, and Humphrey Bogart.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Theatre closed.

Theatre 2: June 6 at 6:30: A program of films by Abigail Child, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 7 at 3: "The Two Feodors" (1958; directed by Marlen Khutsiev; in Russian). . . . ¶ June 7 at 6:30: "Your Son and Brother" (1966; Vasily Shukshin; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 9 at 3: "The Red Snowball Tree" (1974; Vasily Shukshin; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 9 at 6:30 and June 10 at 3: "Call Me from Afar" (1977; Stanislav Lyubshin; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 10 at 6: "The Two Feodors." . . . ¶ June 11 at 2:30: "Happy-Go-Lucky" (1972; Vasily Shukshin; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 11 at 5:30: "The Red Snowball Tree." . . . ¶ June 12 at 2:30: "Your Son and Brother." . . . ¶ June 12 at 5:30: "Alyenka" (1962; Boris Barnet; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 13 at 6:30: A program of films by Willie Varela, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 14 at 3 and 6:30: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A program of comedy films. June 10 at 6:30 and 8:30: "A Full-Up Train" (1957; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hiroshi Kawaguchi.

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—June 6 at 8: "Teorema" (1968; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. . . . ¶ June 7 at 8: "Ruthless" (1948; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Zachary Scott and Sydney Greenstreet; and "Club Havana" (1946; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Tom Neal. . . . ¶ June 8 at 8: "Thundercrack" (1975; Curt McDowell) and "Playboy" (1985; Tessa Hughes-Freeland). . . . ¶ June 9 at 8: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" (1972; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German, with English subtitles), with Irma Hermann. . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: A program by Chris Kraus, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 11 at 8: A program of films by Gunvor Nelson. . . . ¶ June 12 at 8: A program of films by San Francisco filmmakers. . . . ¶ June 13 at 8: "Pigpen" (1970; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi and Jean-Pierre Léaud. . . . ¶ June 14 at 8: "The Cavern" (1966; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Rosanna Schiaffino, John Saxon, Brian Aherne, and Larry Hagman. . . . ¶ June 15 at 8: A program of films by George Méliès, from 1899 to 1912; and "The Loom" (1987; Stan Brakhage).

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—June 8-10 at 8: "The Phantom of the Opera" (1925; Rupert Julian; a silent film), with Lon Chaney and Mary Philbin. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Alfie (1966)—Michael Caine gives us Alfie, the swaggering Cockney Don Juan, as he sees himself. Alfie doesn't know his own limitations; that's what makes it possible for him to charm so many "birds." Bill Naughton adapted his own material (it had already been a radio play, a stage play, and a novel—in that order) for this British picture, directed by Lewis Gilbert. Alfie addresses us, narrating his own story, and his sexual encounters are used as illustrations of his character. But Caine brings out the gusto in Naughton's dialogue and despite the obvious weaknesses in the film, he keeps the viewer absorbed in Alfie. With Julia Foster, Jane Asher, Vivien Merchant, Millicent Martin, Eleanor Bron, Shirley Anne Field, Shelley Winters, and Denholm Elliott. (Biograph Cinema; June 14-15.)

Au Revoir les Enfants (Goodbye, Children)—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

Babette's Feast—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. In Danish and French. —T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Beetlejuice—Set in an idyllic New England town, this farce about the afterlife is a variant on "Topper" (1937) and "The Old Dark House" (1932). A devoted, home-loving young couple (Alec Baldwin and Geena Davis) are drowned in a car accident, and when they return to their house as ghosts they are miffed by the redecorating of the New Yorkers who have bought it. Too mild to scare these intruders away, they call upon the services of the rutty little demon Betelgeuse (pronounced Beetlejuice). Michael Keaton plays the part, and his uninhibited comic performance is like an exploding head. He isn't onscreen nearly enough—when he is, he shoots the film sky-high. The story is bland

and the movie is slow to get going, but with crazy comedy you settle for the moments of inspiration, and this picture has them. The young director, Tim Burton, takes stabs into the irrational and the incongruous; the film's blandness is edged with near-genius (and some great special effects). The smudge-faced blond Catherine O'Hara, who's the possessor of the freakiest blue-eyed stare since early Gene Wilder, is brilliant as the madwoman who is the new lady of the house. (4/18/88) (Olympia; through June 9.)

Colors—With Sean Penn and Robert Duvall, directed by Dennis Hopper. (5/2/88) (Gramercy, and Embassy 1; through June 9.)

Dragon Chow—This first film by the German director Jan Schutte is a low-key vignette about a pair of immigrants, one Pakistani and one Chinese, trying to open a restaurant in Hamburg. The movie is almost unbelievably modest: it's shot in black-and-white; it's only seventy-five minutes long; and the script, by the director and Thomas Strittmatter, confines itself to a handful of clearly defined characters and a couple of simple issues. All Schutte seems to want is to show us how Asian workers survive—or fail to—on the margins of Europe's economy: they take jobs as flower peddlers and kitchen helpers, live in seedy dormitories, hold on to the comfort of their native languages, and fear the whims of immigration officers. His cool, restrained style keeps the material from becoming heavy and obvious: he makes his political points glancingly and does his best to avoid sentimentality. (He slips only toward the end, in a scene involving a photo and a postcard.) The most effective passages are silent, documentarylike explorations of the immigrants' everyday landscape—the treeless streets, bustling ethnic restaurants, and overlit sandwich bars of run-down urban neighborhoods. "Dragon Chow" is just good enough to make us wish that Schutte were a little more adventurous, that this thin slice of life would occasionally surprise us with a fresh sensation, a hint of exotic flavors. With Bhasker (as the Pakistani), Ric Young (as his Chinese partner), and Buddy Uzzaman. The lovely cinematography is by Lutz Konermann. In German, Mandarin, Urdu, and Sanskrit. (Subtitles appear only when the characters speak German.)—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Forever Amber (1947)—This bowdlerization follows Kathleen Winsor's novel as if her narrative line had been carved in sacred stone; maybe the literalness is what does it in, despite the efforts of the director, Otto Preminger, to be colorful and gamy. In this view of the Restoration, all males are so sex-starved that a sudden glance from a female reduces them to gibbering lust. Linda Darnell is rounded and enticing but she doesn't have the flash or variety to carry off the starring role. With Cornel Wilde, Richard Greene, George Sanders as Charles II, Richard Haydn, Jessica Tandy, Glenn Langan, Anne Revere, Leo G. Carroll, and Robert Coote. Music by David Raksin; the less than scintillating script is by Philip Dunne and Ring Lardner, Jr. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 9.)

Hairspray—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corny Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag. With Ruth Brown, Debbie Harry, Sonny Bono, Jerry Stiller, Shawn Thompson, Ric Ocasek, Pia Zadora, Jo Ann Havrilla, and Waters himself as a sicko psychiatrist. (3/7/88) (Waverly.)

Kameradschaft (1931)—Based on an actual incident in which German miners crossed the border to go to the assistance of French miners trapped by an explosion, G. W. Pabst's study of disaster and rescue is a powerful and imaginative re-creation of a high moment in human comradeship. Technically a brilliant achievement, "Kameradschaft" is famous among film craftsmen for the experimental use of sound, and for magnificent creative editing. The subterranean scenes have a nightmarish authenticity. The cast of French and German players includes Alexander Granach and Elizabeth Wendt. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 13.)

The Killers (1946)—Ernest Hemingway's short story about the man who doesn't try to escape his killers is acted out tensely and accurately, and, for once, the gangster-thriller material added to it is not just padding but is shrewdly conceived (by Anthony Veiller and the uncredited John Huston) to show why the man didn't care enough about life to run away. Under the expert direction of Robert Siodmak, Burt Lancaster gives his first screen performance (and is startlingly effective), and Siodmak also does wonders with Ava Gardner. With Charles McGraw and William Conrad in the opening sequence, and Edmond O'Brien, Albert Dekker, Sam Levene, Donald MacBride, Vince Barnett, and Jeff Corey. (Public Theatre; starting June 10.)

The Last Emperor—With John Lone, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. (11/30/87) (Eastside Cinema, 8th St. Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A daring, funny, and far-out thriller about political extremists. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. This picture may be the most sophisticated political satire ever made in Hollywood. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, and James Gregory. (23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through June 9. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through June 14.)

The Milagro Beanfield War—The story is about a conflict over water rights in New Mexico between the struggling Hispanic community and a bunch of powerful developers who are buying up the surrounding land. Robert Redford's film of John Nichols' novel treats the material as an occasion for Capra-like populist comedy, and the feel-good, triumph-of-the-little-guy stuff overwhelms the jokes—the same thing often happened to Capra, who knew how to direct comedy, so it's not a surprise that it also happens to Redford, who doesn't. But he's assembled a lively, talented cast here, and their little bits of business keep the movie watchable. John Heard, Rubén Blades, Julie Carmen, James Gammon, Daniel Stern, and M. Emmet Walsh all seem to be having a good time, and Redford's direction is best when it simply relaxes and lets their vitality carry the movie.—T.R. (Coronet, and Metro Cinema; through June 9.)

The Moderns—The big subject of Alan Rudolph's new movie, a comic reverie on Americans in Paris in the twenties, may have got the better of him: the tough-guy romanticism is ridiculous, the jokes are self-conscious and mostly dumb, and Rudolph's eccentric vision seems not so much audacious as merely adolescent. The few sequences that show the director at his best are ones without dialogue: a boxing match between the down-and-out artist-hero (Keith Carradine) and a rich, evil art collector (John Lone), and a lovely montage in which Carradine forges a Cézanne, a Modigliani, and a Matisse. Despite these moments, and despite Carradine's finely shaded performance, the movie feels phony. With Linda Fiorentino, badly miscast as an elegant siren desired by both Carradine and Lone, and Geraldine Chaplin, Geneviève Bujold, Wallace Shawn, and Kevin J. O'Connor, as a callow, aphorizing Hemingway. Script by Rudolph and Jon Bradshaw.—T.R. (Plaza; through June 9.)

Moonstruck—A rose-tinted black comedy, with its own special lushness. Cher is devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful as a widowed bookkeeper who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. When the bookkeeper and her fiancé's brother, a baker (Nicolas Cage), start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF–Cont'd

moon lights up the movie. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the opera-buffa structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he can look stupefied while he smolders. And the director, Norman Jewison, working from John Patrick Shanley's script, stylizes the ethnic performances given by the husky-voiced Olympia Dukakis, the great, leering Julie Bovasso, Vincent Gardenia, Danny Aiello, John Mahoney, and Anita Gillette. The picture is slender, but it's an original: its mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. (1/25/88) (23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through June 9. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through June 14.)

Nanook of the North (1921)—Robert Flaherty, who began as an explorer and anthropologist, once remarked that in the usual travelogue the filmmaker looks down on and never up to his subject. By looking up, Flaherty created a new genre. He began to record the life of a people with a camera, and then, in editing, to distill the meaning—the heroic beauty in simple everyday experience. Instead of going to a culture with a story, he developed his stories out of what he observed. His feature-length study of the Eskimo Nanook, who lives where nothing grows and who depends on what he can kill, was made in 1920 and 1921. Two years later, while people all over the world were applauding this smiling man in his cold and hostile environment, Flaherty's hero died of starvation. (Film Forum 2; June 13.)

Pee-wee's Big Adventure (1985)—This slapstick novelty starring the grown-up yet prepubescent Pee-wee Herman—a Peter Pan of the shopping-mall era—is somewhere between a parody of kitsch and a celebration of it, and it has the bouncing-along inventiveness of a good cartoon. It's set in a candy-colored period of its own—a fifties-eighties Twilight Zone, where you might not be surprised to bump into Harry (the baby) Langdon or Steve Martin as the Jerk. When Pee-wee's bike—the love of his life—is stolen, his search to recover it takes him from L.A. to Texas (to the Alamo) and back. Hitching rides, he encounters a series of American-movie archetypes (an escaped convict, a waitress out of "The Petrified Forest" who dreams of going to Paris, truckers, hoboes, rodeo riders, a mean, wild motorcycle gang), and the director, Tim Burton, who was twenty-six when he made this movie, shows his flair for the silly-surreal. With Jan Hooks, who has a juicy comedy routine as the tour guide at the Alamo, Mark Holton, Judd Omen, Elizabeth Daily, Alice Nunn, and Diane Salinger. Pee-wee Herman shares the writing credit (with Phil Hartman and Michael Varhol) under his own name, Paul Reubens. (Thalia SoHo; June 10-11.)

Stand and Deliver—Strictly speaking, this educational-inspiration story about a wizardly math teacher in a poor East L.A. high school isn't much of a movie: it's clumsily directed (by Ramon Menendez) and predictably virtuous (it's an American Playhouse production). Yet it's fairly enjoyable—painless, at least. The screenplay, by Menendez and Tom Musca, is based on the true story of Jaime Escalante (Edward James Olmos), who arrived at dispirited Garfield High, which was on the brink of losing its accreditation, and managed to get his students excited about learning his subject—an entire class of these disadvantaged kids eventually took and passed the advanced-placement exam in calculus. Olmos, who's best known as the super-cool Lt. Castillo on "Miami Vice," does a spectacular turn. With thinning hair and a wardrobe of those grotesque shirts that scream "math teacher" to the world, he plays Escalante as a benign psycho, an impassioned nerd whose humor and energy are plausibly inspiring. Also with Lou Diamond Phillips, Rosana de Soto, and Andy Garcia.—T.R. (Metro Cinema; through June 9.)

Stormy Monday—This first feature by the British director Mike Figgis is the sort of thriller that's usually called "stylish"—perhaps because it doesn't have much substance. Roger Deakins' cinematography is heavy on *noir*-ish atmosphere—rain-slick streets, neon signs, gloomy bars—and Figgis, who also wrote the screenplay, has given the characters a familiar aura of low expectations and weary integrity. He isn't a bad director, but the movie doesn't have a potent enough sense of *danger:* the hero and heroine (Sean Bean and Melanie Griffith) seem too young to have developed the properly resigned, don't-give-a-damn attitude, the self-destructive edge that really makes us fear for *noir* protagonists; and the villain (Tommy Lee Jones), though ruthless and mean, lacks the obsessive quality that would convince us that he'd track his enemies for the rest of their lives, for the sheer fun of exacting his revenge. Sting, of all people, gives the liveliest performance (as a harried night-club owner).—T.R. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through June 9.)

Tampopo (1986)—With Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki, directed by Juzo Itami. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

A Taxing Woman—The third film written and directed by Juzo Itami is his first dull one. It's a comedy about tax evasion, pitting a dishonest and very clever businessman (Tsutomu Yamazaki) against the awesome forces of Japan's national tax office, whose relentless spirit is most purely incarnated in a tiny, dogged female inspector named Mrs. Itakura (Nobuko Miyamoto). This sounds like fun, but, despite some clever notions and a handful of inventive scenes, the movie feels tentative, not fully worked out; it's as if Itami got bogged down in research and forgot about the jokes. For whatever reason, "A Taxing Woman" is much more conventional than the director's previous films, "The Funeral" and "Tampopo." Here, he plods along competently, but rarely finds an opportunity to show off his explosive, eccentric visual wit—money just doesn't inspire him the way death, food, and sex do. The movie runs an extremely slow two hours and seven minutes. In Japanese.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. (2/8/88) (23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Embassy; through June 8. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through June 9.)

Welcome in Vienna—Axel Corti's film, the final installment of a trilogy called "Where To and Back," is about the condition of Austria immediately after the Second World War. In its restrained way, it's a devastating portrait of a culture without values. The hero, Freddy Wolff (Gabriel Barylli), a young Viennese Jew who emigrated to the United States in 1938 and is now returning to his home city as part of the American occupation forces, wanders through a landscape of cynicism, opportunism, and unrepentant anti-Semitism. It's as if he were seeing the city of his youth for the first time, and recognizing that all the qualities he (and we) thinks of as "Viennese"—worldliness, irony, an air of cultural superiority—are thin, insubstantial, like layers of flaky pastry with nothing nourishing inside. The screenplay, by Corti and Georg Stefan Troller (who based Freddy's experiences on his own), is lucid and intelligent, and the movie sustains a disquieting mood of compromise and grinning corruption. The direction, however, is ponderous. Corti seems to share his young hero's earnestness and dogged naïveté: we get the idea very early and become, unfortunately, impatient with both Freddy's reluctance to understand and the director's refusal to vary the tone. The movie has the odd effect of shocking us without ever having really surprised us. With Nicolas Brieger, Claudia Messner, and Karlheinz Hackl. Filmed in black-and-white by Gernot Roll. In German and English.—T.R. (Film Forum; through June 14.)

White Mischief—At first, Michael Radford's film about upper-class English settlers in Kenya in the nineteen-forties seems bracingly sardonic: there isn't a hint of the sneaky romanticism and nostalgia for Empire that colonial dramas so frequently succumb to. As one aristocratic viper after another is introduced, and each member of the large and familiar cast (Greta Scacchi, Charles Dance, Joss Ackland, Sarah Miles, John Hurt, Trevor Howard, Geraldine Chaplin) makes his distinctively peculiar entrance, the movie promises to be wicked fun. Amazingly, though, as the action gets nastier the picture gets duller. The screenplay, by Radford and Jonathan Gems, is based on the real-life murder of Josslyn Hay, Earl of Errol (Dance), a colonial Casanova who conducted a flagrant affair with young Lady Diana Broughton (Scacchi), to which their jaded social set reacted with a mixture of amusement and jealousy. As the movie concentrates more and more on the unsavory triangle of Errol, Diana, and her creepy middle-aged husband (Ackland), we begin to get the uneasy feeling that the director has lost track of his own intentions. For all the melodramatic complications, the characters remain static, as if they'd been frozen in place after their initial scenes—T.R. (Art Greenwich Twin, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Willow—The evil sorceress Queen Bavmorda (Jean Marsh) is killing all the newborn babies in the Daikini domain, because of a prophecy that an infant born with a special mark will bring about her downfall. Placed on a raft of rushes, the savior baby girl drifts downriver into the land of a peaceful, elflike people, the Nelwyns. A young Nelwyn farmer, Willow (Warwick Davis), tries to protect her, and eventually, with the help of an outlaw Daikini swordsman, Madmartigan (Val Kilmer), and a rebel Daikini, Airk (Gavan O'Herlihy), Willow storms the evil queen's black castle. This tale involves trolls, vicious black boars, nine-inch-tall men called Brownies, platinum-wigged Tinker Bells, a two-headed dragon, and some four hundred special-effects shots. Before it's over, you feel as if you'd fallen into a pile of mixed metaphors. Produced by George Lucas, who also wrote the story, the movie seems to be one stale idea after another. The director, Ron Howard, shows his gentle talent only in his handling of the three-foot-four-inch Willow, whose sweet-faced humility could make parts of the movie appealing to kids. (Adults may observe that Lucas, who underwent a costly divorce, has made a sword-and-sorcery epic in which all the power is in the hands of women.) With Billy Barty—triumphant as usual—as the High Aldwin of the Nelwyns, and Joanne Whalley, Julie Peters, and Patricia Hayes. Made in England, Wales, and New Zealand. (5/30/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Guild, and Loews Paramount.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, had a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child," stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. The dim whimsy, the recitations of prose poetry that recall the Beats—it all produces a blissed-out stupor that feels vaguely avant-garde. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Cinema Studio.)

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A charming country inn with comfort and cuisine in fine southern tradition. 14 rooms.
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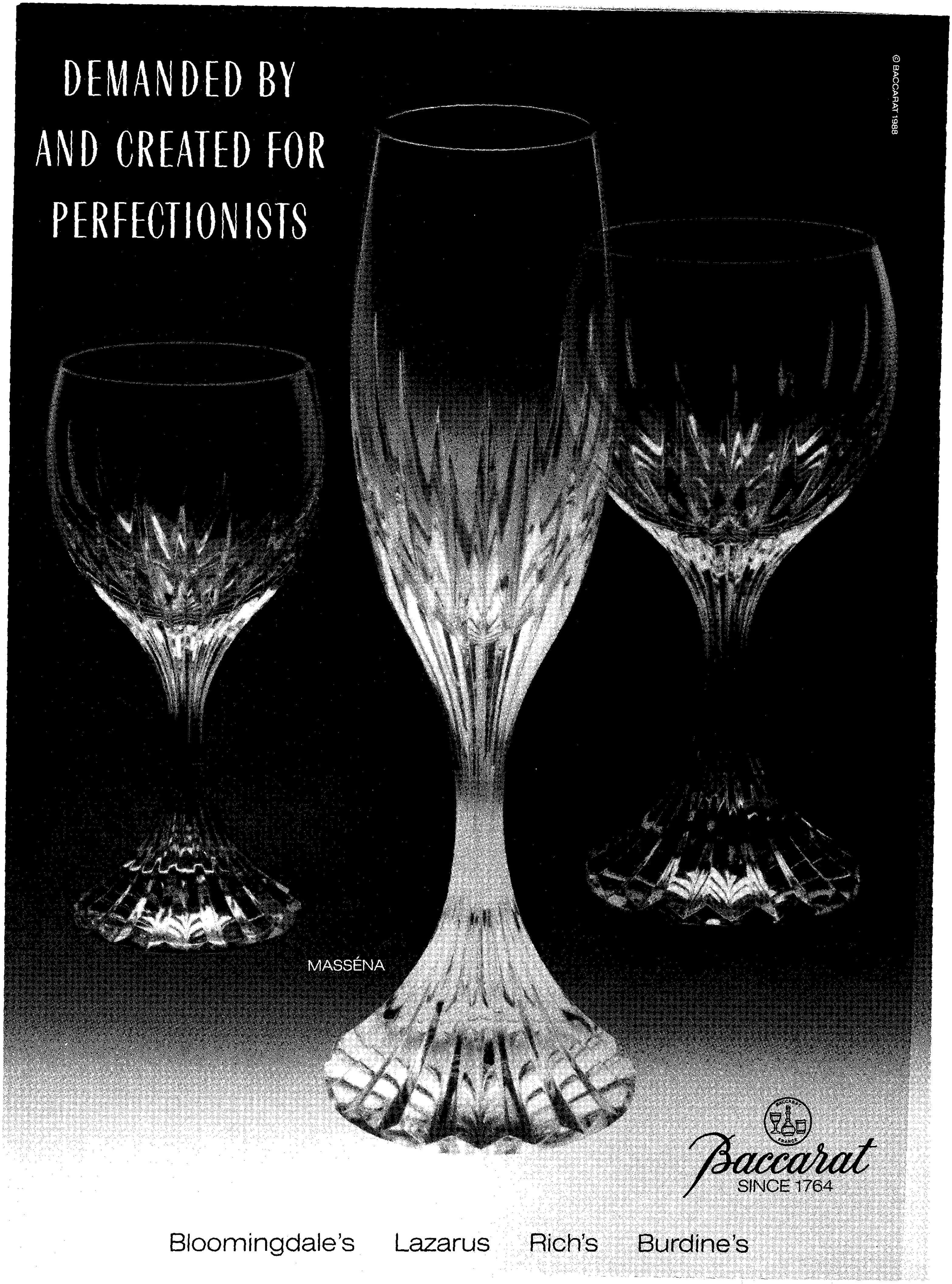
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

When the weather got warm and the rain let up, I went to my favorite coffeehouse—Giotto Cafe according to the phone book, La Locanda di Giotto Caffè as the maroon awning more sonorously proclaimed—and found that it was gone. What made it special? Not the location. Giotto's block was equidistant from Little Italy and LoBro, and felt like neither. One building across the way, occupied by P. Zaccaro Co., Inc., Real Estate & Insurance, had its moment in the sun when P.'s daughter-in-law ran for Vice-President. But the moment passed, and daughter-in-law and neighborhood sank into obscurity.

Food is closer to the answer. The specialty of the house was a dessert called Chocolate Mouse: a small oval of chocolate-coated butter cream with sliced-almond ears and a little icing tail. This was considered unusual enough to be mentioned once in the *Times*. It tasted like a hundred other Italian desserts, but the presentation made it memorable.

Entering Giotto, you passed under the awning into a small front room with a handful of tables. A neon cat sat in a window, a live one patrolled the premises. On the windowsills lay copies of the *Times*, the *Voice*, and various oversized downtown publications. Were there reproductions of Giottos on the walls? It seems logical, but I can't recall.

In season, you went through the snug little room in front, past a restroom door, out the back, and into a long, narrow yard. Here there were maybe a dozen more tables. Those toward the front had umbrellas; those in the rear didn't need them, because they were sheltered by a grape arbor. In mid-yard stood a fountain, its basin decorated with submerged pennies. The sides of neighboring buildings were covered with ivy, which, when a breeze blew, rippled like feathers or hair. You ate your mice and studied the clouds or, at night, the stars. It was a slightly seedy place, and very charming, and it gave you the feeling that it was all and only yours, even when it was filled with people. When you left, you knew you would come back, and when you did, it was always the same.

The Romans worshipped Lares, which were private deities of the household. In the seventeenth century, Robert Herrick wrote a charming poem, "To Larr," addressed to the spirit inhabiting his home. Herrick had a house, we have rent checks. In a metropolis of apartments, that vestigial pagan feeling of relation to a personal place attaches itself, as often as not, to public spaces: to parks, museums, libraries—to coffeehouses. This diffusion enlarges us, but it also makes us more vulnerable—for "our" places are not in fact ours, and may vanish without warning.

When I went to Giotto this spring, the first thing I thought was, It's been repainted. It had. The outside was white, with red trim. The door was shut; a hole in a glass panel was plugged with a rectangle of plasterboard. A Japanese lantern shaped like a pagoda hung in the window, indicating a change of cuisine, although, to judge from the state of the front room, the change may have been abandoned in mid-course. There were cardboard cartons on the floor; a refrigerator unit had been pushed out of position and sat where the *Voice* readers used to sit. The awning remained, misleadingly. The cats were nowhere to be seen. Through the dark room, out the open back door, you could see a corner of the arbor, sheltering no one. When I told some friends, they said they'd been by Giotto and seen it closed weeks earlier. So I had lost a room of my expanded urban house without knowing it.

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Issan Dorsey

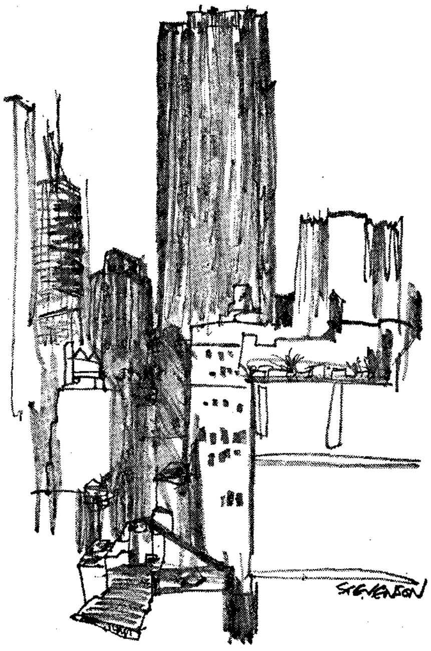
AND a woman we know who lives in San Francisco has written:

Shortly after I became interested in Buddhism, eight years ago, I saw a photograph of one of America's first Zen teachers, a Japanese sculptor and monk named Sokei-an. The photo, taken in his Manhattan apartment in the late thirties, showed Sokei-an sitting on an ottoman before an elaborately carved desk, with a tabby cat in his arms. In this domestic American milieu, Sokei-an, with his shaved head, meditation beads, kimono, and finely sewn leather loafers, was the only foreign object. From 1906, when he worked on America's first Zen commune, an unsuccessful strawberry farm outside San Francisco, until his death, in 1945, not long after he was released from an American internment camp, Sokei-an offered Zen to just about anyone who would listen, including the residents of his apartment house and also the writer Alan Watts, who later introduced him to a wider American audience. Sokei-an once said that bringing Buddhism to America was like holding a lotus to a rock and waiting for it to take root.

I thought of Sokei-an recently when I went to visit my friend Issan Dorsey, the head priest of the Hartford Street Zen Center, formerly known as the Gay Buddhist Club, which occupies a white frame house in the Castro neighborhood here. Issan (his given name is Thomas, and his Buddhist name means One Mountain) is in his mid-fifties. He never spent much time in the closet—in fact, he was a female impersonator in the nineteen-fifties—but he missed out on most of the gay-liberation movement because by then he was living in a monastery near Big Sur or in the San Francisco Zen Center's temple-residence. This relatively cloistered life started to change seven years ago, when he left the residence to visit a gay man dying of a then unnamed disease at the San Francisco General Hospital. Two fellow Zen students have since died of AIDS, and Issan kept them company during their illnesses and washed their bodies with sweet tea after they died. Last year, at the request of its members, he moved into the Hartford Street Zen Center—it's the first time he has lived in a gay neighborhood—and he has conducted more than fifty funeral and memorial services there. He has also founded a small hospice called Maitri, which means "friendliness" in Sanskrit.

When I visited Issan, he was standing at an ironing board in the Center's living room, pressing pleats into a wide-sleeved black net meditation robe. He has a shaved head, bright eyes, fine features, and the toes-out duck walk of a ballet dancer; he was wearing Birkenstocks, drawstring pants, and a white T-shirt, and he was smiling. "We've got a busy weekend ahead," he said when I asked him how things were going. "We sit three periods of *zazen* a day, we'll have an ordination here on Saturday, and we're taking care of one person with AIDS upstairs. At the end of the month, we're moving another man in—a man from Martinique who had the reputation of being a very good hospice attendant and now needs twenty-four-hour care himself. Just establishing a Buddhist presence in the Castro would have been enough; with AIDS on top of it, I'm overwhelmed. Sometimes I think we've bitten off more than we can chew, but it's nothing I want to get out of." He held up the robe, which was torn at both shoulders. "Look at this," he said. "It's almost as bad as the one I'm going to cut up to make the patches." He went on, "If I hadn't been practicing Buddhism, I wouldn't have been so deeply involved in the AIDS crisis. Before, I didn't like uncomfortable situations. Now it seems that I can't stay away."

He gathered up his robe and led the way upstairs to a bedroom where a small, convivial lunch party was taking place: on a low sofa, two men dressed in T-shirts and black Levi's were eating hamburgers; at a bed in the center of the room, a hospice attendant with a full, patriarchal beard and a Harley-Davidson motorcycle cap was gently feeding quarter-sections of a bacon-and-cheeseburger to a man Issan introduced as J. D. Kobezak, whose hands were fluttering like butterflies. J.D. told me that he used to work as a sign-interpreter for the deaf, and one of the men in Levi's asked, "Hey, J.D., how do I say 'What do you want'? " There was a pause—it was almost as though a time-delay loop were going through J.D.'s brain—and then the tremors stopped and he raked the fingers of his right hand across his left palm and pulled his hands toward his heart as though tugging on reins. The man who had asked the question—he was a bartender, he said, and sometimes had trouble communicating with deaf customers—thanked J.D. and asked, "How do I say 'strong'? " There was another pause in the fluttering, and J.D. made a fist and raised it in the air.



"Last week, J.D. said he wanted to die, and wanted us to help him die," Issan told me a little later, as he sat down at a table in the next room and took out a sewing kit. "Now he doesn't say that. He's appreciating just breathing, just being alive until he dies." Issan threaded a needle and said that he came to Buddhism in 1968, when, after fifteen years of heavy drinking and drug use, he took some LSD and saw, by chance, a photograph of the Indian saint Ramana Maharshi. "I saw myself in that picture," he said. "I recognized a fundamental urge to evolve, and I remembered that when I was a child I'd wanted to become a Catholic priest. I made a little altar by my window, and I put Ramana Maharshi's picture on it, and a champagne glass for my works—my hypodermic needle. I'd shoot speed and stare for hours at that picture. Then I stopped shooting speed. I don't remember how—I just stopped. It was a big surprise to everybody—especially to the people I used to shoot speed with. I started meditating to deal with the depression that hit after I stopped. First once a day, then twice, then a one-day sitting, then five days, then seven days, and then a three-month practice period in the monastery at Tassajara, near Big Sur. I just kept going on to the next thing, which is the same thing I'd done with drugs." He laid his robe flat on the table and began to stitch. "Half of the people in this community are going to die within the next five years. That's what's happening to everybody. It's just our daily life. It's nothing to get out of or wish wasn't happening—it's happening." He smiled. "This truth is so close to us that it makes it easier for us to take our energy glue out of our plans and ideas, and reside instead in our breathing—in what I like to call our breath-minds. More and more certainly I know I'm going to die. Of course, I've always known this, but in the back of my mind I used to think maybe I'd be excused. Now it's clear—the rug has been pulled out from under me. I know many people who are taking courses in the Tibetan Book of the Dead, but I think it's too late for a crash course in dying. This is your preparation for dying." He put down his robe.

"Right now. Just to live your life more completely in each moment. The way I get ready for my death is by sewing these things and talking to you."

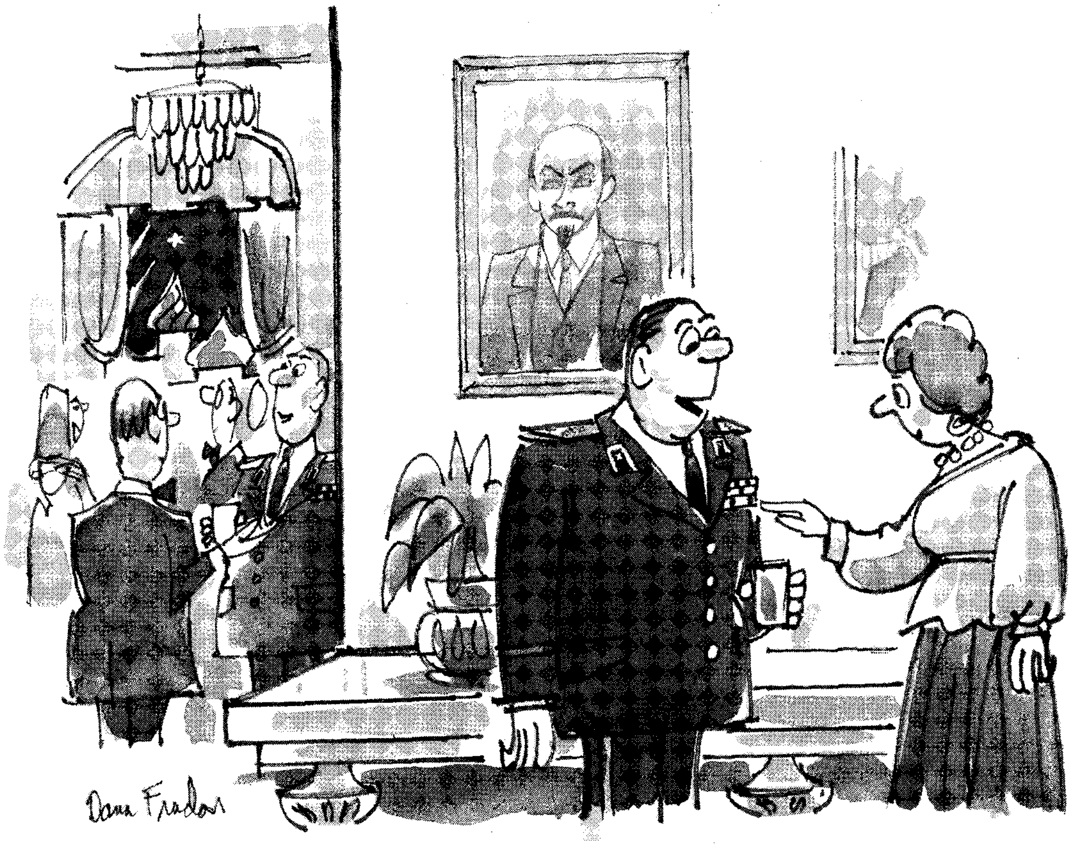
Artbreak Hotel

EIGHT years ago, Ed Ryan—waiter, bartender, construction worker, writer, Bronx-born world traveller—took on the job of managing a rundown single-room-occupancy hotel called the Carlton Arms, on East Twenty-fifth Street. A new outlook was installed: Ed's. Gradually, the hotel became a staging ground for a series of environmental-art shows. When Ed Ryan invited us to his most recent show at the Carlton Arms, which had been dubbed Artbreak Hotel for the occasion, we went down, and discovered a crowd clogging the entranceway. Eventually, we were able to shuffle inside and ascend the staircase, which is decorated with a mural of human figures in many colors, to the fourth floor, the site of the show. People were milling in and out of open rooms (a few rooms remained mysteriously closed) that had been given over, presumably in a sad state, to various artists, who had then applied to them an organized theme or a particular aesthetic, or, at least, fresh paint and furnishings. One room, by Jonathan Quinn, was devoted to the theme of the Titanic: the walls were covered with Xeroxed pages of Walter Lord's "A Night to Remember," including passenger lists and menus of the second-class lunch on the day before the sinking; there was a crystal chandelier and, mounted on the bathroom wall, a realistic painting of an iceberg seen through a porthole. Then, there was the Hindu Temple Room, by Will Adler (he works at the hotel), which was a meditative retreat painted in panels of brilliant orange, yellow, and red, with golden figures of deities on them. Another room, by Bruno Tanquerel, was nightmarish—seemingly turned on its side, with a dresser and a chair bolted in a skewed position to one wall, plaster sculptures of dogs on the ceiling, and a bed that was covered to look like a portal to the black abyss. We rested for a few moments in the friendlier confines of Room 4C, and met Julius Klein, the artist who had worked on it. His room featured gilded moldings, pieces of Lucite covering artfully jagged holes in the walls, stacks of painted coffee cans attached to the bathroom doorway to suggest Roman columns, bird sculptures, and, adorning intact sections of wall, collages of stock certificates from defunct companies. The centerpiece of the room was the bed—an enormous, cushiony mattress with a white sculptured headboard rimmed in gold lamé. While Mr. Klein reclined on his handiwork, we asked him how he had come to be involved with the Carlton Arms.

"One of the hotel people had seen my work at an opening last fall, and he called me up, and I brought him my portfolio," said Mr. Klein, who is in his late twenties. "He recommended me to Ed Ryan. I was given two weeks to do the room, and I had a budget of a hundred and fifty dollars. Seventy went for paint alone. When I got here, it was a depressing room. There was an exposed light bulb in the middle of the ceiling and a sagging plastic accordion door by the bathroom. I stayed here overnight and came down with a bad case of flu. I started thinking that I didn't want my paintings and sculptures to be where people *slept*. But I stuck it out for the two weeks. It kind of felt like 1967."

Ed Ryan walked in. A tall and ruggedly handsome man of about forty, Ed has a patchy mustache and a tiny beard, and he was wearing a black suit jacket over an old-fashioned undershirt. He was smoking a cigar, and switched it to his left hand when he greeted us. Ed took us up to a room on the fifth floor which had been painted to look like the engine room of a submarine (for a previous show) but now contained a bouncy double bed. We sat on the edge of it while he talked to us about the Carlton Arms.

"I came here eight years ago," he said. "The residents then were people who received checks for social disabilities, and it was a last stop for them. There were prostitutes who didn't even bother renting rooms. The place was painted in a morgue green, and it reeked of sickness. I looked at it and



"That one is for learning the lesson of Afghanistan."

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I thought, If we put in new beds and paint it in fresh, bold colors, we could offer rooms at a cheap daily rate to young travellers, and that's what we've been doing. When we got seven empty rooms, we made arrangements to move some of the tenants, so we'd have all seven of the rooms on one floor, and we decided to put a little personality in them. I don't know exactly how the ball got rolling from there. We had a couple of shows, and then Gil Dominguez was invited to decorate a room, and he took it upon himself to do some murals in the hallways as well. Gil started as a guest, became a staff member, then a room artist. Friends, or guests, like Brian Damage, who did this room, began making requests or recommendations. Brian showed us some work he'd done before, and we just gave him a key. He got so absorbed in what he was doing that we had to peel him out of here."

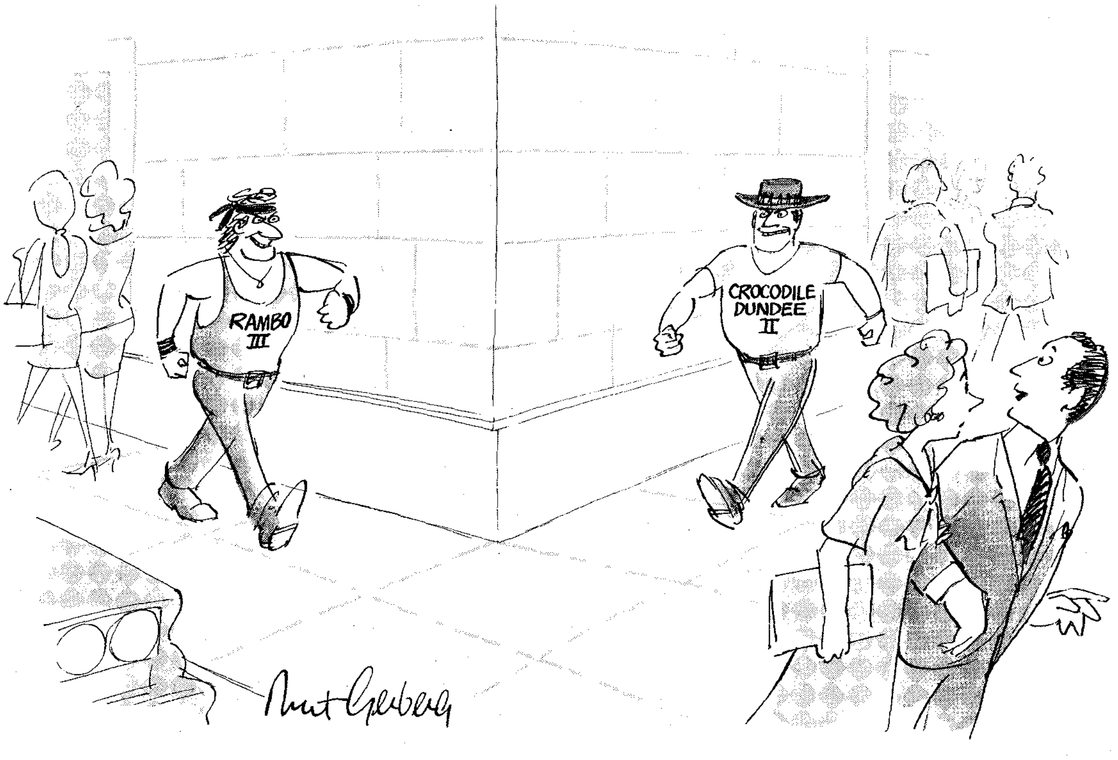
A boy with spiked hair in the style of the Statue of Liberty ducked his head into the room and rasped, "Got any mail?" Ryan excused himself and disappeared into the crowd outside, and we went back to the show and visited a room that had been painted a stark white and festooned with plaster body casts. A woman in her twenties with very blond hair and wearing a forest-green party dress introduced herself as Michele Confredo and told us she had made the casts. The room turned out to be filled with Confredo family members, enjoying the first public exhibition of Michele's works. "They're made of Pariscraft—I did them right on the models," she explained to us, and she went on to say that she had met Ed Ryan at a boxing match. "When he found out I was an artist, he asked me if I'd be interested in this show," she said. "I have a business doing patinas—bronze finishes—on sculptures, but this is the first show of *my* art. This is why I left Bensonhurst at eighteen. I didn't want to be barefoot and pregnant and making gravy all day." A man who had been introduced as Michele's father squeezed behind us and arranged some Polaroids of the room on a dresser top. "I used to be the black sheep of the family, but now that I'm making money I'm golden," Michele said. "What a difference a decade makes!"

Inspirational Story

A MAN we know—a man who has reached the age at which he feels neither young nor old—took a walk in midtown Manhattan on a recent evening. The sky was a delicate blue and the air was unusually clear, but this man was nevertheless feeling downcast and unsure of himself. In his pocket he carried an engraved invitation to a black-tie event at the Waldorf-Astoria: a ninetieth-birthday-party dinner for Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, the author of "The Power of Positive Thinking" and thirty-four other books, a man who some seventy years ago suffered from an inferiority complex but later managed to profitably transcend this handicap. The downcast, unsure-of-himself man was remembering how, the last time he had to put on black tie, his six-year-old son humiliated him by saying "Ooh, Daddy, you look just like a magician!" and how the black shoes he wore on that occasion and was now wearing again had a tendency to rub blisters on his big toes.

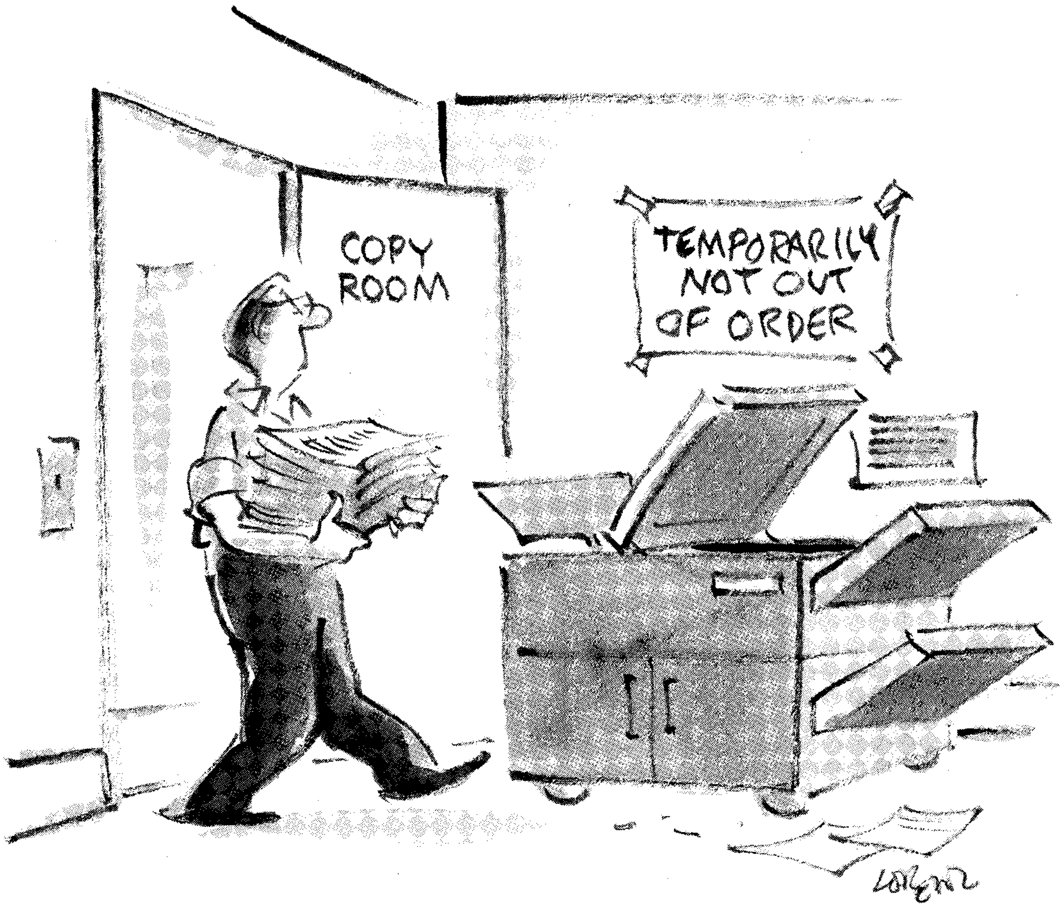
At Forty-sixth and Madison, the man passed the windows of the Jean Louis David Quick Service salon, which revealed dozens of beautiful women in white robes who had come for twenty-one-dollar blow-dries. He tried picturing what his life would be like if these beautiful women came to him for their needs instead of to Jean Louis David, but this was an unmusterable image. Turning a corner, he saw another downcast, unsure-of-himself man standing in the doorway of the Roosevelt Hotel and eating a street pretzel, and, twenty paces farther on, another such man, this one walking with a cane and eating what looked like the remains of a turkey club sandwich. On Park Avenue, the man in the black tie and the uncomfortable shoes noticed, and felt diminished by, a parade of self-confident guys wearing Italian three-piece suits and carrying squash racquets. His thoughts grew darker. As he crossed the avenue, a mail truck—one of the big white ones, travelling at a speed that would probably maim but not kill—almost clipped him.

Inside the Waldorf, the man boarded an elevator with a bunch of people in evening dress and noticed that his fellow-passengers had great golf tans while he still wore his winter pallor.



"Hold it a second. I want to watch this."

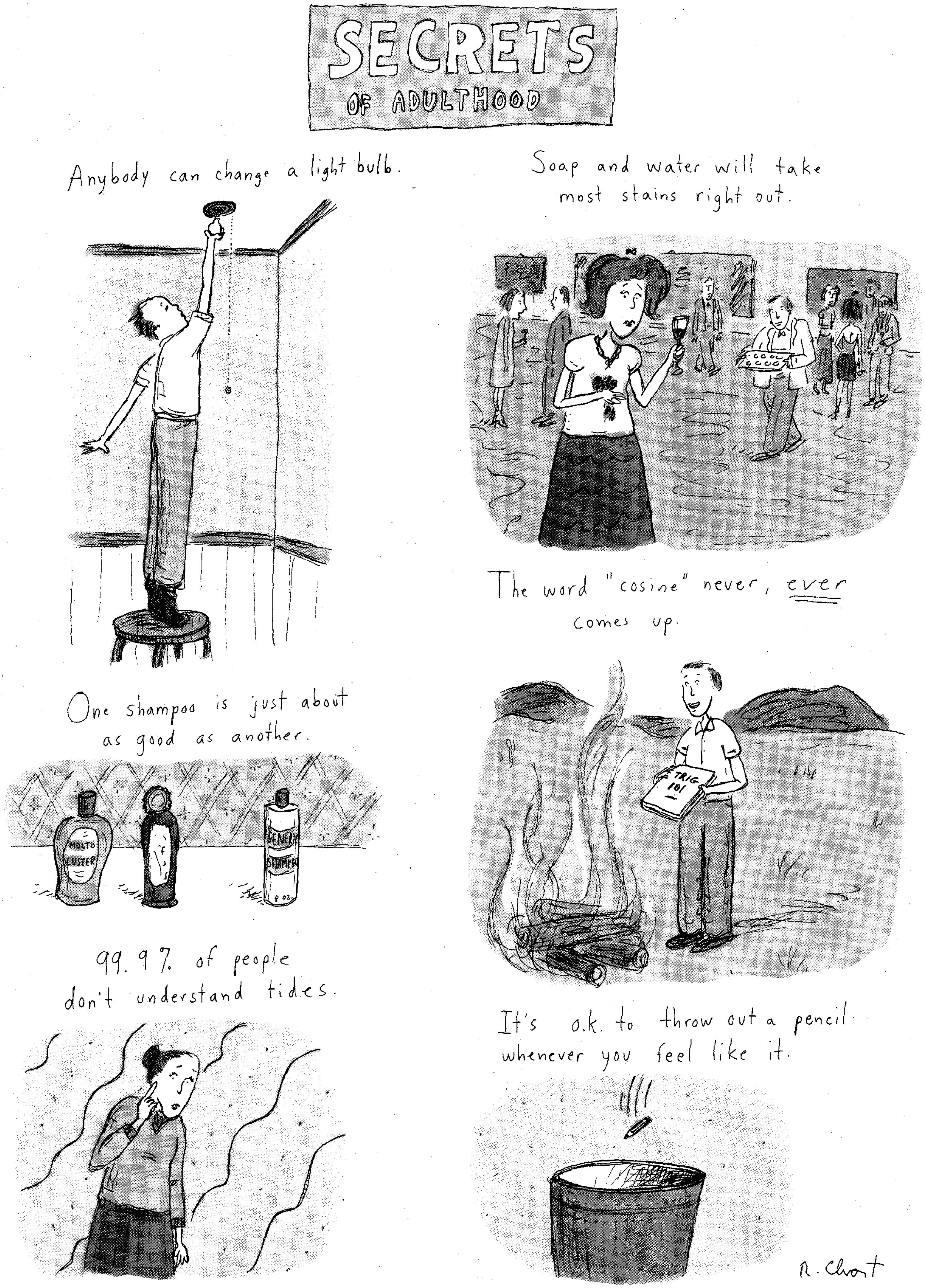
They rode to the third floor. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale was in a reception room there, along with Ruth Stafford Peale, his wife of fifty-eight years, and a bunch of paparazzi. The occasion had a purpose beyond honoring Dr. Peale on his ninetieth birthday. It also celebrated the Center for Positive Thinking, a new Dr. Norman Vincent Peale institution, which was scheduled to open the next day in Pawling and would augment such existing Dr. Peale institutions as *Guideposts*, which is the country's largest paid-circulation inspirational magazine, and the Foundation for Christian Living, which publishes *Plus: The Magazine of Positive Thinking* and has as one of its goals "winning people to the Christian way of life."


COPY ROOM
TEMPORARILY NOT OUT OF ORDER

Dr. Peale's birthday party was one of those gatherings where, if a Christian wanted, he could get a drink. The downcast, unsure-of-himself man remembered a quotation from Dr. Peale: "To eliminate abnormal worry, empty the mind daily. . . . Upon emptying the mind, practice refilling it. Fill it with thoughts of faith, hope, courage, expectancy." The man found the bar, took a glass of white wine and then another, and began to feel a bit better. He ate a cheese straw, and suddenly didn't feel so hot. Then he realized he didn't know a single soul in the room, and felt better again. Art Linkletter arrived. The man didn't know Art Linkletter personally, just knew who he was, so Art Linkletter's arrival didn't register on any meaningful scale. The room began to tingle with the presence of people—Donald and Ivana Trump, Phyllis George Brown and John Y. Brown, Jr., Mariette Hartley—whose responsibility it was to be photographed with Dr. Peale. These people did the right thing: they stood together in the center of the room, near Dr. Peale, a pink-faced little fellow with a lambent built-in smile.

To several successive arriving celebrators, John Y. Brown, who, along with Donald Trump and Dr. Armand Hammer, was a co-chairman of the birthday dinner, said "Hey, how ya doin'?" and "What's goin' on?" and "Gooda seeya." Glen Campbell arrived. Before Glen Campbell could experience the feeling of having John Y. Brown look him in the eye and say "Hey, Glen, how ya doin'?" and before he could go over and be snapped with Mariette Hartley and Dr. Peale, he winked and nodded at the downcast, unsure-of-himself man.

When it was time for dinner, the man found himself seated at a table with someone he knew, but it was someone he had met only the day before. Phyllis George Brown was the m.c. She stood in a spotlight and said, "*Norman*—and you thought no one would come." At one point, Phyllis George Brown said, "You know, everyone in this room has a special relationship with Dr. Peale—not only as a friend and a minister but as a neat guy." Then, a minute later, she went back to referring to Dr. Peale as *Norman*. The man felt himself backsliding into downcastness and unsureness of self, because he was nowhere close to being on a first-name basis with Dr. Peale. Phyllis George Brown said, "I'm now going to interview a few people and have them give you their testimonials about the effect that Norman has had on their lives." When Phyllis George Brown moved in the direction of his table, the man began to panic, thinking that she might call on him. He pondered his butter knife, wondering whether he might have to make a dishonorable exit. But Phyllis George Brown called on Bernadette Castro, the convertible-sofa queen, instead, and then it was time to move on with the evening's program. This narrow escape gave the man a renewed will to live. When Ruth Stafford Peale addressed the gathering, she reported that every morning she says to her husband, "Let's be happy today," and Dr. Peale replies, "We *will* be happy. We *are* happy!" Then Dr. Peale spoke for twenty or twenty-five minutes, in the mode of the uplifting sermons that are his homiletic trademark, and, even before he finished, the once-but-never-again-downcast-and-unsure-of-himself-man was feeling not only better but happy. At least, he thought he *might* be happy. It occurred to him that maybe it was the wine, but for the moment he wasn't complaining.


SECRETS
OF ADULTHOOD
Anybody can change a light bulb.
Soap and water will take most stains right out.
One shampoo is just about as good as another.
MOLTO LUSTER
GENERIC SHAMPOO
8 OZ.
The word "cosine" never, ever comes up.
TRIG 101
99.9% of people don't understand tides.
It's o.k. to throw out a pencil whenever you feel like it.
R. Chast

COYOTES

Cobb's fiancée, Lynnette Johnson, wasn't interested in bridal magazines or china patterns or any of that girl stuff. Even when he brought up the subject of honeymoons she would joke about some impossible place—Bulgaria, Hong Kong, Lapland, Peru.

"I just want to go no-frills," she said. "What kind of wedding do *you* want?" She was sitting astride his lap in a kitchen chair.

"I want the kinky-sex, thank-God-it's-Friday, double-Dutch chocolate special," he said, playing with her hair. It smelled like peppermint.

She was warm and heavy in his lap, and she had her arms around him like a sleepy child. It bothered him that she hadn't even told her folks yet about him, but he had put off taking her to meet his mother, so he thought he understood.

It was the weekend, and they were trying to decide whether to go out for dinner. They were in Paducah, at his apartment, at Orchard Acres—two-fifty a month, twice as much as he had paid for his previous apartment. His new place was nice, with a garbage disposal and a patio. He had moved out of his rathole when he began working with the soil-conservation service, but now he wished he had saved to buy a house instead of splurging on an expensive apartment with a two-year lease. She kept clothes in his closet and in the chest of drawers, and the bathroom was littered with her things, but she was adamant about holding on to her own place for the time being. Lynnette had such definite ways. She always got up early and ran six or eight miles, even in the winter. She ate peanut butter for breakfast—for protein, she told him. She claimed weeds were beautiful. She had arranged some dried brown weeds in a jug on the dining table. She had picked the weeds from a field when they went pecan hunting back in the fall. Wild pecans were small, and the nuts were hard to pick out. Cobb still had most of them in a cracker box.

"You wouldn't believe the pictures I saw today," she said a bit later when they were lolling in bed, still undecided about going out to eat. Cobb was trying to lose weight.

Lynnette worked in a film-developing place that rushed out photos in twenty-four hours. The pictures rolled off the chain-drive assembly and through the cutter, and she examined and counted them before slipping them into envelopes.

"There was a man and a woman and a dog," she said. "A baby was asleep in a bassinet at the foot of the bed. Some of the pictures were of the man in bed with the dog—posed together like they were having breakfast in bed. The dog was sitting up on its haunches against the pillow. And in some of the pictures the woman was in bed with the dog. You couldn't really tell, but I don't think either of these people had a stitch of clothes on. They were laughing. The dog, I swear, was laughing, too."

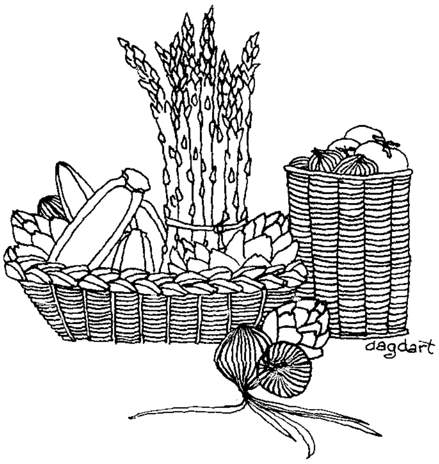
"What kind of dog?"

"A big one. Blond, with his tongue hanging out."

"Sounds like a happy family scene," said Cobb, noticing that he and Lynnette were sitting up against their pillows the way she said the people in the photos were. "It was probably Sunday morning," he said. "And they were fooling around before the baby woke up."

"No, I think it was something really weird." She held her wrist up near the lamp and studied her watch. Getting out of bed, she said, "I saw the woman come in and pick up the pictures. A really nice woman—middle-aged, but still pretty. You'd never suspect anything. But she was too old to have a baby."

Some of the pictures Lynnette told him about frightened her. She saw people posing with guns and knives, grinning and pointing their weapons at each other. But the nudes were more disturbing. The lab wasn't supposed to print them, but when she examined negatives for printing she saw plenty of nude shots, mostly closeups of private parts or couples photographing themselves in the mirror in much the same pose they would have struck beside some monument on their vacation. Once, Lynnette saw a set of negatives that must have been from an orgy—a dozen or more naked people. One was a group shot, like a class picture, taken beside a barbecue grill. Cobb suggested that they might have been a nudist society, but Lynnette said nudists were too casual to take photographs of this kind. Those people weren't casual, she said.



Cobb was his real name, but people assumed it was a nickname—implying "rough as a cob." Rough in that sense, he thought, meant prickly, touchy, capable of great ups and downs. But Cobb knew he wasn't really like that. He guessed he hadn't lived up to his name, or grown into it, as people were said to do, and this left him feeling a little vague about himself. Cobb was twenty-eight, and he had had a number of girlfriends, but none like Lynnette. Ironically, he first met her when he took in a roll of film to be developed—his trip to Florida with Laura Morgan. He had dated Laura for about a year. They had driven down in her Thunderbird, spending a week at Daytona and then a couple of days at Disney World. They took pictures of the motels, the palm trees, the usual stuff. When he went to get the pictures, he struck up a conversation with Lynnette. From something she said, he realized she had seen his photos. He suddenly realized how trite they were. She saw pictures like that come through her machine every day. He felt his life take a turn, a hard jolt. They started going out—at first secretly, because it took Cobb a few weeks to work matters out with Laura. Laura wouldn't speak to him now when he ran into her in the hall at work. She was the type who would have wanted a wedding reception at the Holiday Inn, a ranch house in a cozy subdivision, church on Sunday. But Lynnette made him feel there were different ways to look at the world. She brought out something fresh and unexpected in him. She made him see that anything conventional—Friday-night strolls at the mall or an assortment of baked-potato toppings at a restaurant—was funny and absurd. They went around town together trading on that feeling, finding the unusual in the everyday, laughing at things most people didn't see the humor in. "You're just in love," his older brother, George, said when Cobb tried to explain his excitement.

Cobb went to his mother's for supper on Tuesdays, when his stepfather, Jim Dance, an accountant, was out at his Optimist Club meetings. Their house made Cobb uncomfortable. The furnishings defied classification. He hadn't grown up with any of it; it was all acquired after his mother, Gloria, married Jim. The walls were covered with needlepoint scenes of castles and reproductions of paintings of Amish families in buggies. The dining room had three curio cabinets, as well as Gloria's collection of souvenir coasters, representing all fifty states. In the living room, Early American clashed with low modern chairs upholstered with fat pillows. The room was filled with glass paperweights and glass globes and ashtrays, all swirling with colors like the planet Jupiter.

Cobb had come over to tell her he was going to marry Lynnette. His mother was overjoyed and gave him a hug. He could feel the flour on her hands making prints on his sweater.

"Is she a good cook?" she wanted to know.

"I don't know. We always eat out. I don't want any ham," he said, indicating the platter of ham on the table. "Do you want me to marry a good cook who will fatten me up or a lousy cook who'll keep me trim? What's your standard, Mom?"

Gloria forked a piece of ham onto his plate. "What are her people like?" She tore into the ham on her own plate.

"They're not in jail. They're not on welfare. They don't walk around with knives. They're not cross-eyed or anything."

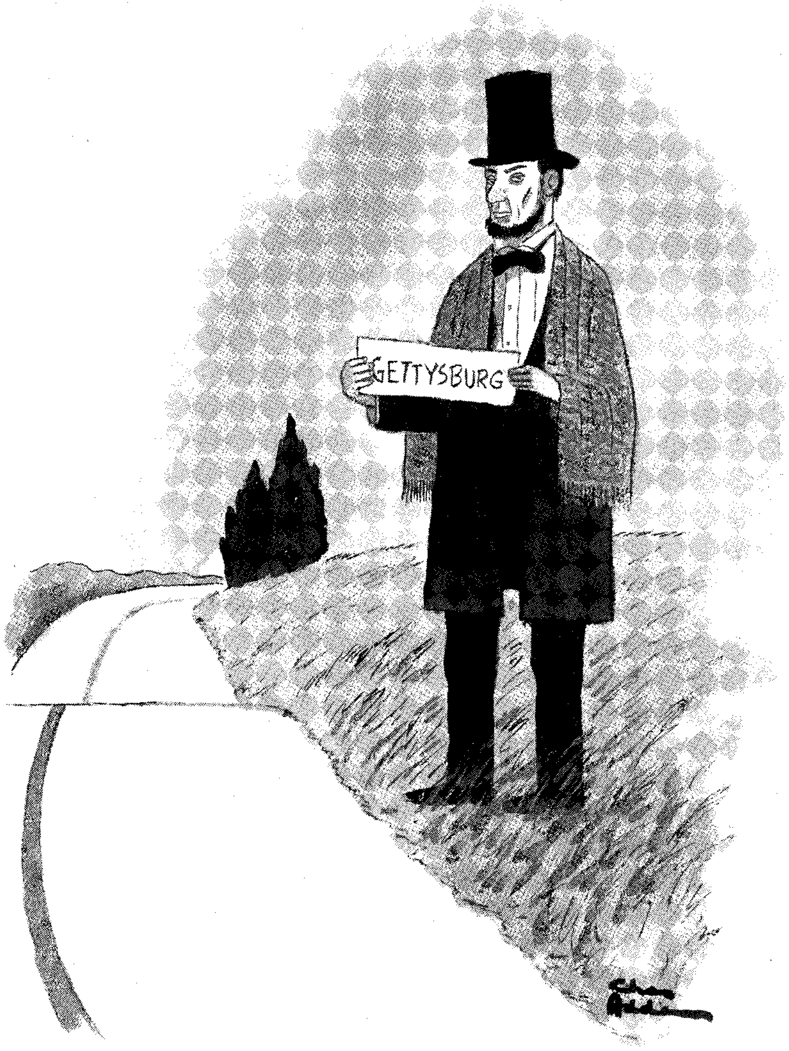
"Why am I surprised?" she said.

"I don't even know them," Cobb said. "They're not from around here. She moved down here from Wisconsin when she was in high school. Her daddy worked at Ingersoll, but now he's been transferred to Texas."

Gloria smiled. "It'll be awful hot in Texas by June. Are they going to have a big shindig?"

"I don't think we'll get married there." Hesitantly, he said, "Lynnette's different, Mom. She's real serious and she doesn't like anything fancy."

"You ought to learn something about her people," Gloria said anxiously. "You never know."



"She's real nice. You'll like her."

Gloria poured more iced tea into her tall blue glass. "Well, it's about time you married," she said. "You know, when you were a baby you walked and talked earlier than any of the others. I had faith that you'd turn out fine, no matter what I did. But when you were about thirteen you went through a stage. You got real moody, and you slept all the time. After that, you never were the same lively boy again." Gloria bowed her head. "I never did understand that."

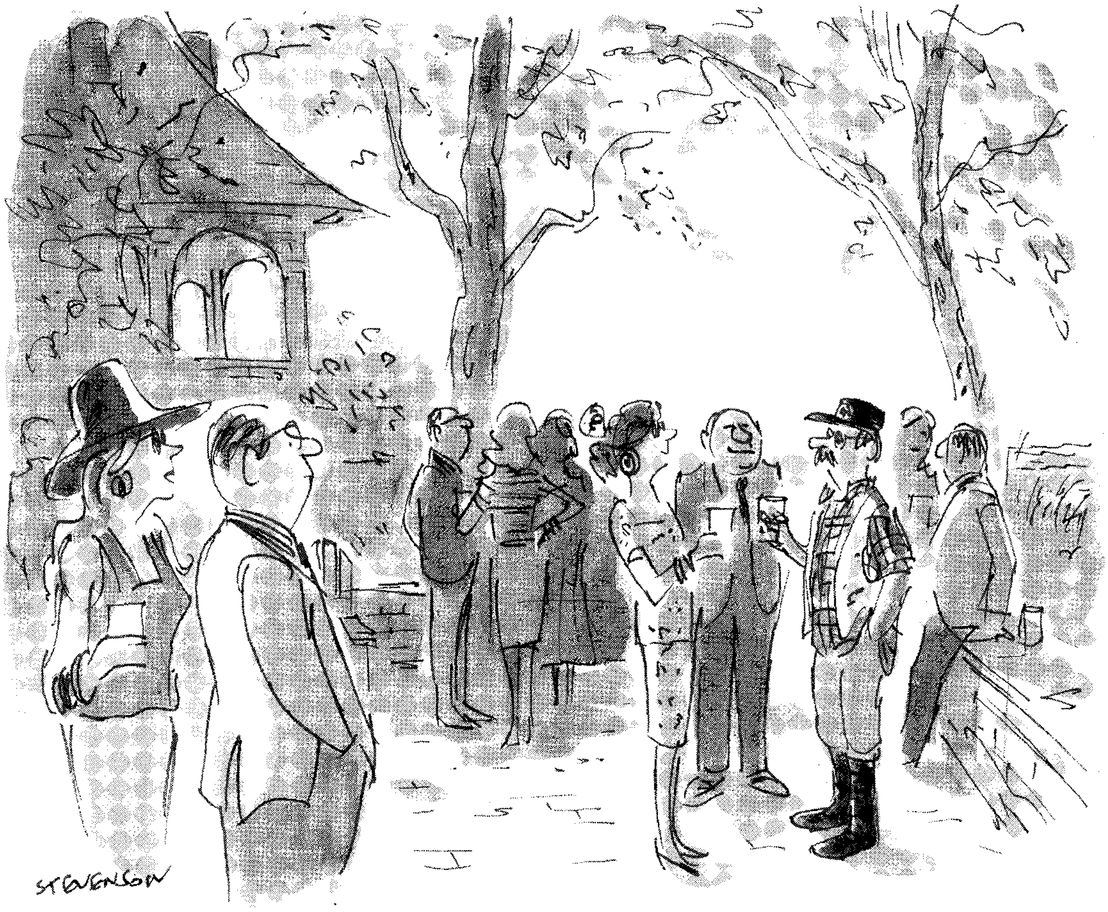
"That was probably when I found out about nuclear war. That's a real downer when it dawns on you."

"I never worry about nuclear war and such as that! The evil of the day is enough to keep me busy." Sullenly, she chomped on a biscuit.

"The evil of the day is where it's at, Mom," said Cobb.

After supper, when he returned from the bathroom, she was standing by a lamp, consulting the *TV Guide*, with the magazine's cover curled back. "On 'Moonlighting' they just talk-talk-talk," she said. "It drives you up the wall."

He flipped through her coffee-table books: "The Book of Barbecue," "The Art of Breathing," "The Perils of Retirement." Everything was either an art or a peril these days. When he was growing up, his mother didn't read much. She was always too tired. She worked at a clothing store, and his dad drove a bread truck. There were four children. Nobody ever did anything especially outrageous or strange. Once, they went to the Memphis zoo, their only overnight family trip. In a petting-zoo area, a llama tried to hump his sister. Now his sister was living in Indiana and his daddy was in Chicago with some woman.



"As far as I know, Rudy is the first person in East Hampton to wear Cajun."

Cobb noticed how people always seemed to be explaining themselves. If his stepfather was eating a hamburger, he'd immediately get defensive about cholesterol, even though no one had commented on it. Cobb never felt he had to explain himself. He was always just himself. But he was beginning to think there was a screwy little note, like a wormhole, in that attitude of his. He had a sweatshirt that said "PADUCAH, THE FLAT SQUIRREL CAPITAL OF THE WORLD." Lynnette was giving him a terrible time about it. The sweatshirt showed a flattened squirrel. It wasn't realistic, with fur and eyes and a fluffy tail or anything; it was just a black abstract shape.

"It's in extremely bad taste," Lynnette said. "I can't even stand to mash a bug. So I can't begin to laugh at a steamrollered creature."

It was the first thing that had really come between them, so he apologized and stopped wearing the sweatshirt. The shirt was just stating a fact, though. Driving down Broadway one day in the fall, Cobb counted three dead squirrels in three blocks. It was all those enormous oak trees.

"You're sweet," Lynnette said, forgiving him. "But sometimes, Cobb, you just don't think."

The incident made him wonder. It startled him that he had done something others would instantly consider so thoughtless. He wondered how much of his behavior was like that, how much Lynnette would discover about him that was questionable. He felt defenseless, in the dark. He didn't know how serious she was about getting married. She told him she couldn't ask her folks to throw a big wedding. It would make them nervous, she said. He figured they couldn't afford it, so he didn't press her. She never asked for much from him, but her reaction to the sweatshirt seemed blown out of proportion. He did not tell her he'd been out rabbit hunting a few times with his brother George.

Cobb saw a strange scene in the Wal-Mart. He had gone in to buy rubber boots to wear hunting on George's property, which was certain to be muddy after the recent thaw. Cobb was trying to find a pair of size-9 boots when he noticed one of the clerks, a teen-ager, calling to a couple over in the housewares aisle. "I've got something to tell y'all," she said. The boy and girl came over. They were about the same age as the clerk and were dressed alike in flannel shirts and new jeans. The clerk had on a pale-blue sweater and jeans and pink basketball shoes. She wore a work smock, unbuttoned, over her sweater.

"Well, we got married," she said in a flat tone, holding her hand up to show them her ring.

"I thought y'all were going to wait," said the girl, fiddling with a package of cassette tapes she was holding.

"Yeah, we got tired of waiting and we were setting around and Kevin said why not, this weekend's as good as any, so we just went ahead and did it."

"Kevin never could stand to wait around," said the boy, smiling faintly.

His girlfriend asked, "Did y'all go anywhere?"

"Just to the lake. We stayed all night in one of those motels." She pushed and pulled at her ring awkwardly, as if she was trying to think of something interesting to say about the trip. The boy and girl said they were going to Soul Night at Skate City, even though it was always so crowded. Another explanation, Cobb realized. They drifted off, the girl tugging at the boy's belt loop.

Cobb momentarily forgot what he had come for. His eyes roamed the store. A bargain table of snow boots, a table of tube socks. His mother and the C.P.A. had been to Gatlinburg, where they saw tube socks spun in a sock store. She said it was fascinating. At a museum there, she saw a violin made from a ham can. Cobb was confused. Why weren't these three young people excited and happy? Why would anybody go all the way to Gatlinburg to see how tube socks were made?

George's place used to be in the country, but now a subdivision was working its way out in his direction, and a nearby radio transmitter loomed skyward. When Cobb arrived, the dog, Ruffy, greeted him lazily from a sunny spot on the deck George had built onto the back of his house. Above a patch of grass beside a stump, a wind sock shaped like a goose was bobbing realistically, puffed with wind.

"Hey, Cobb," said George, opening the back door. "That thing fooled you, didn't it?" He laughed uproariously.

George worked a swing shift and didn't have to go in till four. His wife, Ceci, was at work, waitressing at the Cracker Barrel. Toys and clothes and dirty dishes were strewn about. Cobb stepped around a large aluminum turkey-roasting pan caked with grease.

After George put on his boots and jacket and located a box of shotgun shells, they headed through the fields back to a pond where George had set some muskrat traps. It was a biting, damp day. Cobb's new boots were too roomy inside, and the chill penetrated the rubber. Tube socks, he thought.

"I hate winter," George said. "I sure will be glad when it warms up."

Cobb said, "I like it O.K. I like all weather."

"You would."

"I like not knowing what it's going to be. Even when they say what it's going to be, you're still not sure."

"You ain't changed a bit, Cobb. I thought you were getting serious about that Johnson girl. I thought you were ready to settle down."

"What does that mean? Settle down?"

George just laughed at Cobb. George was nine years older, and he had always treated him like a child.

"If you're going to get married, my advice is not to expect too much," George said. "It's give-and-take. As long as you understand that, maybe you won't screw it up."

"What makes you think I might screw it up?"

George whooped loudly. "My God, Cobb, you could fuck up an *anvil*."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence."

A car horn sounded in the direction of George's house. "Hell. There she is, home early, wanting me to go after that shoulder we had barbecued at It's the Pits. Well, she can wait till we check these traps."

There was nothing in the traps. One of them had been sprung, apparently by a falling twig. Cobb felt glad. He thought he would tell Lynnette how he felt. Then he wondered if he was trying too hard to please her.

George said, "I was half expecting to catch a coyote."

MY NAME WAS CALLED

I didn't know what would be done with me.
When my name was called. As when baptized
for the first time. A stiff black four-
cornered hat on. Afraid it would fall off.
My ears stuck out but couldn't grab to keep
it steady on my head slippery and small.
Wet and white the slick enamelled chair,
its pattern of holes in the metal seat
where the water drained. My spotted hand
went up to try to help to bring the velvet
investiture over my square-hatted head.
Awkward. Old bobble with straight short
hair, lashless eyes and smileless mouth.
My name was called. Heavy medallion on wide
blue ribbon hung swinging from my neck.
The Elder's white robe sloshed at his knees,
he held my wrists to my chest, backwards
pressed me under, dipped me blind in the
marble font under green-veined water.
My name was called. My eight-year-old head
didn't know what would be done.

Old teetering monkeylike babylike head
under black gold-tasselled stiff platter-
like hat, sixty years later, the naked ears
stick out. My name is called. Pulled up,
out of the deafening bubbles, boosted up
to sit in the white chair. Murmured over
my head the rapid redundant prayer. Wet
head bowed beneath the hands laid heavy there.
Warm, suggestively wet, my white ruffled
panties streamed in the slick seat.
The silk and velvet lifted. My spotted
hand went up. Awkward. Huge in merciless
light my face on screen in front of my
actual face. My little ignorant ugly patient
helpless head on screen, the freshest horror.
The greatest honor. Forced to confront,
but not forced to smile. Child eyes behind
old pouched lashless eyes, never again able
to soften the truth of my future face.
Face immersed, but still afloat over the years.
Head pressed under and blessed. Pulled up
and invested. I didn't know what would be
done, in the white dress or in the black,
when my name was called.

—May Swenson

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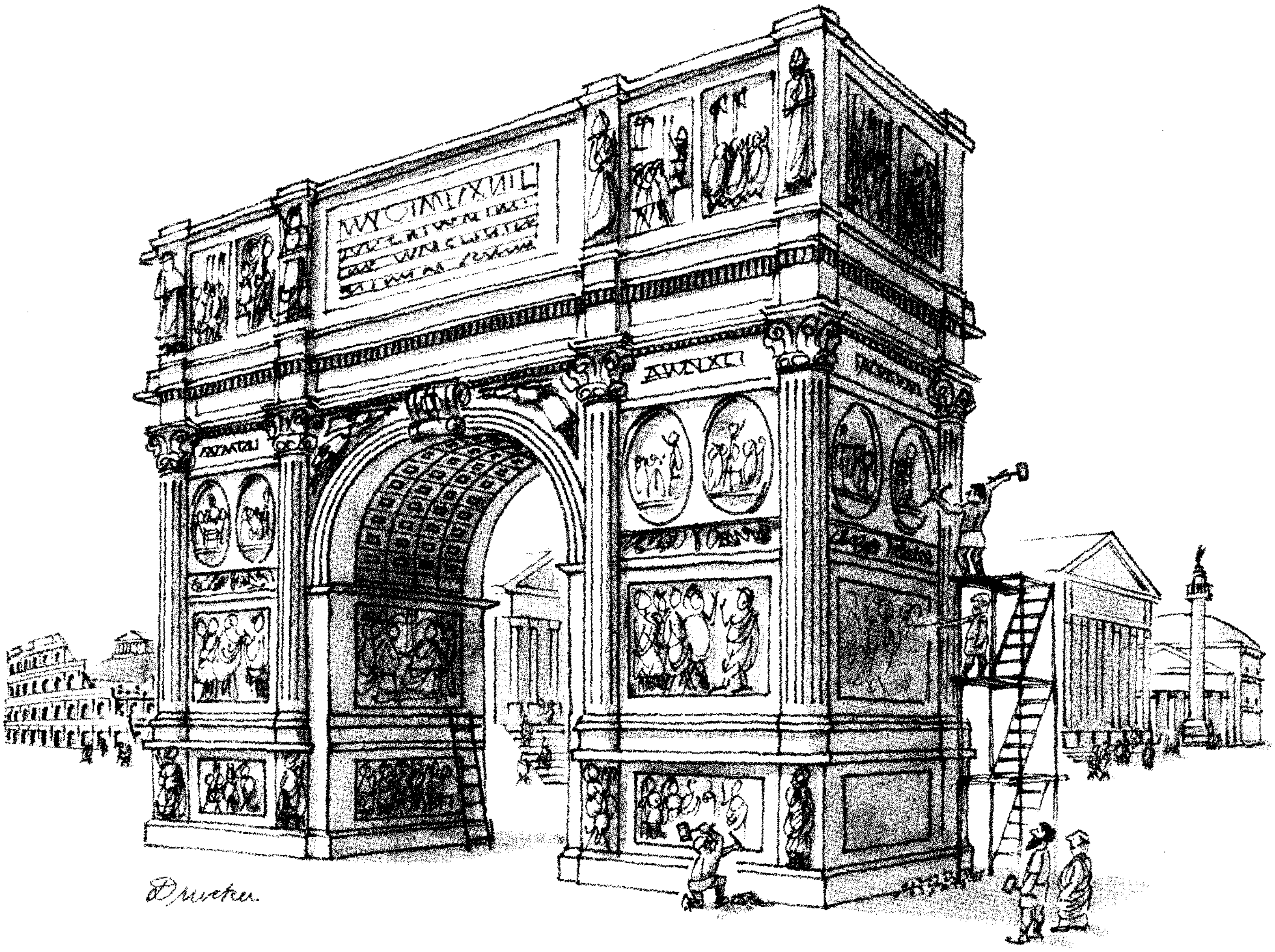


"*So far so good. Let's hope we win.*"

• •

"I thought coyotes lived out West." George pronounced "coyote" like "high oat," but Cobb pronounced the "e." He didn't know which was right.

"They're moving this way," George said. "A fellow down the street shot one, and there was one killed up on the highway. I haven't seen any, but when an ambulance goes on they howl. I've heard 'em." George formed his lips in a circle and howled a high "woo-woo" sound that gave Cobb chill bumps.

Cobb couldn't stop thinking about the teen-age bride at the Wal-Mart. He invented some explanations for the behavior of those three teen-agers: Maybe the girl wasn't great friends with the couple and so she was shy about telling them her news. Or maybe the guy was her former boyfriend and so she felt awkward telling about her marriage. Cobb remembered the smock she was wearing and the gray-green color of the cheap boots lined up on the wall behind her. When he told Lynnette about the girl and how empty she had seemed, Lynnette said, "She probably doesn't get enough exercise. Teen-agers are in notoriously bad shape. All that junk food."

Lynnette was never still. She did warmup and cool-down stretches. Even talking, she used her whole body. She was always ready to make love, even after the late movie on TV. At his apartment that weekend, they watched "The Tomb of Ligeia." She wanted to make love during the scary parts.

It was almost one in the morning when the movie ended. She got up and brought yogurt back from the refrigerator—blueberry for him, strawberry for her. He liked to watch her eat yogurt. He shook his carton up until the yogurt was mixed and liquefied enough to drink, but she ate hers carefully—plunging her spoon into the cup vertically, all the way to the bottom, then bringing it up coated with plain yogurt and a bit of the fruit at the tip. He liked to watch her lick the spoon. George would probably say that this was a pleasure that wouldn't last, but Cobb felt he could watch Lynnette eat yogurt every day of their lives. There would be infinite variety in her actions.

Each of them seemed to have an off-limits area, a place they were afraid to reveal. He couldn't explain to her what it felt like to get up before dawn to go deer hunting—to feel for his clothes in the dark, to fortify himself with hot oats and black coffee, and then to plunge out in the cold, quiet morning, crunching frost with his hard boots. Hardly daring to breathe, he crouched in the blind, listening for a telltale snort and quiver, leaves rustling, a blur of white in the growing dawn, then a sudden clatter of hooves and a flash of joy.

There were some new pictures from work that Lynnette was telling him about now. "It was a Florida vacation," she said. "Old couple. Palm trees, blue water. But no typical shots—no Disney World, no leaping dolphins. Instead, there are these pictures of mud, pictures of tree roots and bark. Trees up close. And all these views of a small stucco house. Pictures of cars at motels, cars on the beach, cars in a parking lot at a supermarket. A sort of boardwalk trail in the woods. Then a guy holding up something small. You can't tell what it is."

"How small?" Cobb was trying to follow her description with his eyes closed.

"Like a quarter he's about to flip."

"Tell me one of your stories about the pictures."

"Let's see, they used to live there long ago. They raised their kids there, then moved far away. Now . . . they're retired now and so they go back, but everything's changed. The trees are bigger. There are more cars. The old motels look—well, old. Someone else owns their house, and the crêpe myrtle and the azaleas she planted have grown into monsters. But she recognizes them—the same shade of purple, the same place she planted them by the driveway. They go and spy on the house and get chased away. Then they go to one of the parks where there's a boardwalk through the woods. A man raped her there once, when she was young and pretty, but after all these years going back there doesn't mean much. Then she loses her wedding ring and they retrace their steps, looking for it. They look through cracks in the boardwalk. They take all these pictures, in case the ring shows up in the pictures and they'll be able to tell later. Like in that old movie we saw, 'Blow-Up'? Then they find the ring and she photographs him holding it up. But it doesn't show up in the picture."

"That didn't happen to you, did it?"

"What?"

"Getting raped."

"No. I just made it up."

Turning over and opening his eyes, he said, "The way you do that, make up stories—you wouldn't change that, would you? When we're old, you should still do that."

"I hope I have a better job by then."

"No, I mean the way you can look at something and have a take on it. Not just take it for granted."

"It's no big deal," she said, squirming.

"It is to me."

She set her yogurt on the lamp table and suddenly pounded her pillow. "You know what I hate the most?" she said. "Those spread shots guys take of their wives or girlfriends. I think about those whenever I do my stretches for running." She shuddered. "It's disgusting—like something a gynecologist would see. It's not even sexy."

"Maybe you shouldn't look at them."

She ate some yogurt, and a strange look came on her face, as though she had just tasted a spot of mold. "You don't expect a nurse or a doctor to go to pieces when they see blood, so I should at least be able to look at those negatives. It's not personal. It's not my life—right?"

"Right. It's like TV or movies. It's not real." Cobb tried to comfort her, but she wriggled out of his grasp.

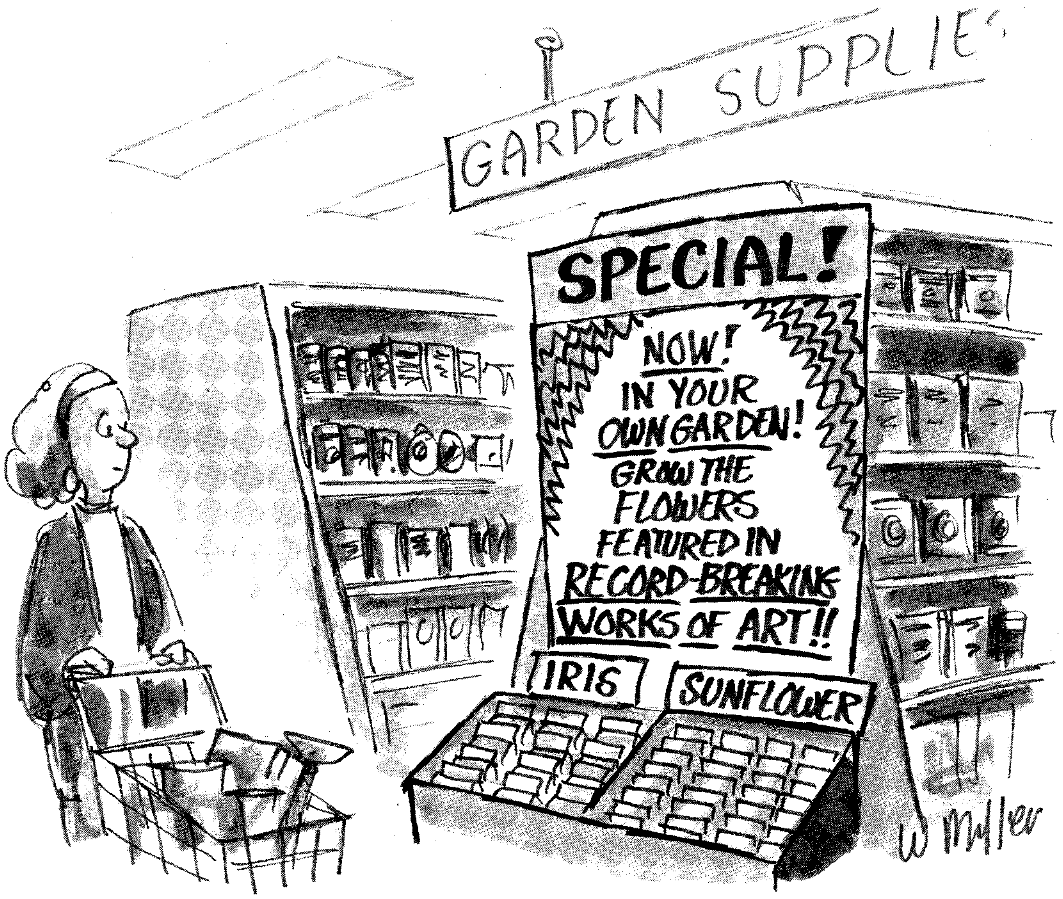
"It *is* real," she said.

Cobb kicked at the bedspread, rearranging it. "I don't always understand you," he said, reaching for her again. "I'm afraid I'll screw things up between us. I'm afraid I'll make some mistake and not know it till it's too late."

"What are you talking about?"

"I don't know, something my brother said."

"It's a mistake to listen to your relatives," she said, spooning the last of her yogurt. "They always believe the worst."

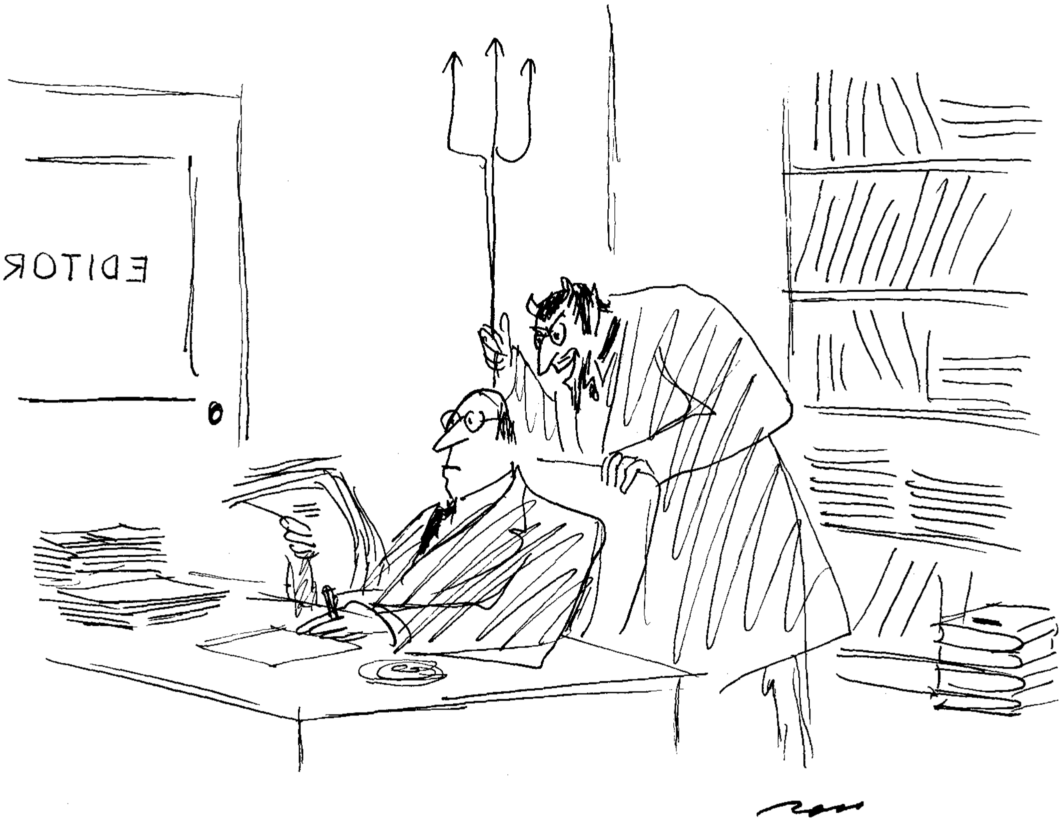

GARDEN SUPPLIES
SPECIAL!
NOW! IN YOUR OWN GARDEN! GROW THE FLOWERS FEATURED IN RECORD-BREAKING WORKS OF ART!!
IRIS
SUNFLOWER

THAT weekend, he took Lynnette to his mother's for Sunday dinner. His mother would have liked it better if he had taken her to Sunday-morning church services first, but he couldn't do that to Lynnette. And he didn't want to start something false he'd have to keep up indefinitely.

"You're not going to believe her house," said Cobb on the way.

Lynnette was wearing a black miniskirt, yellow tights, short black boots, a long yellow sweater. She looked great in yellow, like a yellow-legged shorebird with black feet he'd sometimes seen at the lake.

"Why are you so nervous about her house?" she asked. "All women have a unique way of relating to



"Damn it with faint praise."

• •

their house. I think it's interesting."

"This is more than interesting. It's a case study."

His mother was in the kitchen frying chicken. She wore an apron over her church clothes, a gray ensemble with flecks of pink scattered all over it. She said, "I would have stayed here this morning and had dinner ready for you, but we had this new young man at church giving a talk before the service. He came to work with the youth. He was so nice! The nicest young man you'd ever want to meet. He's called a Christian communicator." She laughed and rolled her hands in her apron.

Cobb tried to see his mother's house through Lynnette's eyes. All the glass objects made him suddenly see his mother's fragility. She was almost sixty years old, but she had no gray hair. It dawned on him that she must have been dyeing it for years. His mother didn't look at Lynnette or talk to her directly. She spoke to Lynnette through Cobb—a strange way to carry on a conversation, but something he had often noticed that people did.

Jim, the C.P.A., shooed them into the living room while Gloria cooked. Smoking a pipe, he fired questions at Lynnette as though he were interviewing her for the position of Cobb's wife: "Are you related to the Johnsons out on Jubilee Road? What does your daddy do? Who does your taxes?"

"I always do my own taxes," Lynnette said. "It's pretty simple."

"She's not but twenty-three," Cobb said to his stepfather. "You think she's into capital gains and tax shelters?"

At the table, Cobb remarked, "George called this morning and said he saw one of those coyotes out at his place. We're going out this afternoon."

"We're going to look for coyotes," Lynnette said enthusiastically. She pronounced "coyotes" with an "e" at the end, the way he did, so Cobb figured that was the correct way.

"Lynnette likes to go walking out in the fields," Cobb said. "She's a real nature girl."

Gloria said, "George is after me every summer to go back on that creek and look for blackberries, but now I wouldn't go for love nor money—not if there's wild coyotes."

"George says they're moving in because of all the garbage around," Cobb explained. "They catch rabbits out in the fields and then at night scoot into town and raid the garbage cans. They've got it made in the shade."

"Y'all better be careful," Gloria said.

"They don't attack people," Lynnette said. During the meal, she talked about her job. She said, "Sometimes I'll read about a wreck in the paper and then the pictures show up and I recognize the victim. The sheriff brings a roll in now and then when their equipment isn't working."

"I sure would hate that," said Gloria.

Lynnette, spearing a carrot slice, said, "We get amazing pictures—gunshot wounds and drownings, all mixed in with vacations and children. And the thing is, they're not unusual at all. They're everywhere, all the time. It's life."

Jim and Gloria nodded doubtfully, and Lynnette went on, "I couldn't sleep last night, thinking about some pictures that came in Friday—a whole roll of film of a murder victim on a metal table. The sheriff brought the roll in Friday morning and picked them up after lunch. I recognized the body from the guy's picture in the newspaper. I couldn't keep from looking."

"I saw that in the paper!" said Cobb's stepfather. "He owed money and the other guy got tired of waiting for it. So he got drunk and blasted him out. That's the way it is with some of these people—scum."

Lynnette dabbed her mouth with a mustard-yellow napkin and said, "It was weird to see somebody's picture in the newspaper and then see the person all strung out on a table with bullet holes in his head, and still be able to recognize the person. The picture they ran in the paper was a school picture. That was really sad. School pictures are always so embarrassing."

"Would you like some more chicken?" Gloria asked her. "Cobb, do you mean you're eating squash? I thought I'd never see the day."

THAT afternoon was pleasant and sunny, still nippy but with a springlike feel to the air. Cobb and Lynnette drove out to George's, stopping at Lynnette's apartment first so that she could change clothes. Cobb was glad to get out of his mother's house. He thought with a sinking feeling what it might be like in the coming years to go there regularly for Sunday dinner. He had never seen Lynnette seem so morbid, as though her whole personality had congealed and couldn't be released in its usual vivacious way.

George popped out on the deck as soon as they pulled up. The dog barked, then sniffed Lynnette.

"Ruffy was barking last night about eleven," George told them, before Cobb could introduce Lynnette. "I turned on the outside light, and Ruffy come running up to the deck, scared to death. There was this damned coyote out in the yard stalking that goose! It was fluttering in the wind and the coyote had his eye on it. Ruffy didn't know what to think." George pointed at the wind sock and made hulking, stalking motions with his body. He laughed.

"The goose looks absolutely real," Lynnette said, stooping to pet the dog. "I can see why a coyote would make a mistake."

"I tell you, it was the funniest thing," George said, overcome with his news. He stood up straight, containing his laughter, and then said, "Damn, Cobb, where'd you get such a good-looking girl?"

"At the gittin' place," Cobb said with a grin.

Ceci was there, along with the three kids. "Don't look at this mess," Ceci said when they went inside. "I gave up a long time ago trying to keep house." Ceci shoved at her two-year-old, Candy, who was tugging at her elbow. The little girl had about ten rubber bands wound tightly around her arm. As Ceci methodically worked them off, she said, "We're still eating on that shoulder, Cobb. I'll fix y'all a sandwich to take back to the creek if you want me to."

Cobb shook his head no. "Mom just loaded us up with fried chicken and I can't hardly walk."

Lynnette, who must have spotted the gun rack in the den, asked George, "Are you going to shoot the coyote?"

George shook his head. "Not on Sunday. I can't shoot him with a shotgun anyway. I'd need a high-powered rifle."

MANTISES

After beauty has had its way with us
we confront the grotesque.
Three praying mantises turn their spade-shaped heads,
their stony eyes toward us.
Who are aliens in this garden? Not they,
ambulatory leaf and twig and stem. Not they,
brittle as seedpods, front legs burred and cocked.
One grows silent before them,
as if having walked into a strange church.
O marigolds, zinnias, petunias,
all that we wanted was you.
The watchers watch us. They do not start or flee.

—Jane Flanders

• •

"I'd love to see a coyote," Lynnette said.

"Well, you can have him," said Ceci. "I don't want to see no coyotes."

"Maybe we'll run into one back at the creek," Cobb said to Lynnette in an assuring voice. He caressed her back protectively.

"They're probably all laying up asleep at this time of day," said George. "If I could get out there about six in the morning, then I might see one. But I can't get out of bed that early anymore."

"Lynnette gets up and runs six miles at daylight," Cobb said.

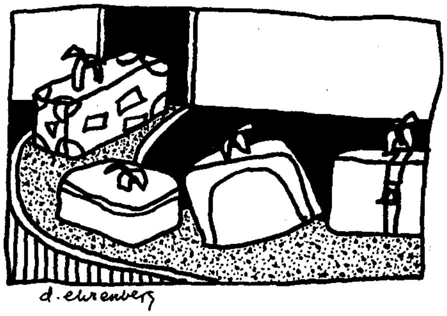
"That must be why she's so skinny," said George to Cobb, grinning to include Lynnette but not looking at her.

Ceci said, "I couldn't run that far if my life depended on it."

"You have to work up to it," said Lynnette.

Ceci finished removing the rubber bands from Candy's arm and said to the child, "We don't want to see no old coyote, do we, sugar?"

Ceci's tone with Lynnette bothered Cobb. It implied that Ceci felt superior for *not* being able to run six miles. Cobb hated the way people twisted around their own lack of confidence to claim it as a point of pride. Agitated, he hurried Lynnette on out to the fields for their walk.



George yelled after them, "Be sure to keep count of how many coyotes y'all see."

Lynnette hooked her hand onto Cobb's elbow, and they started out through a bare cornfield spotted with stubble. "I wish we'd see one," she said. "I'd talk to it. I bet you could tame it if you were patient enough. I could see myself doing that."

"I wouldn't be surprised if you could." He laughed and draped his arm around her shoulders.

Lynnette said, "I used to know a family that had a tame deer that came to a salt lick they put out. The deer got so tame it would come in the house and watch TV with them."

"I don't believe you!" Cobb said. "You're joking."

"No, I'm not! During hunting season they'd tie a big red ribbon around her neck."

The mud from earlier in the week had dried, but Cobb was wearing his new rubber boots. Lynnette had changed into black high-top shoes and jeans. She wasn't wearing a cap. He loved her for the way she could take the cold.

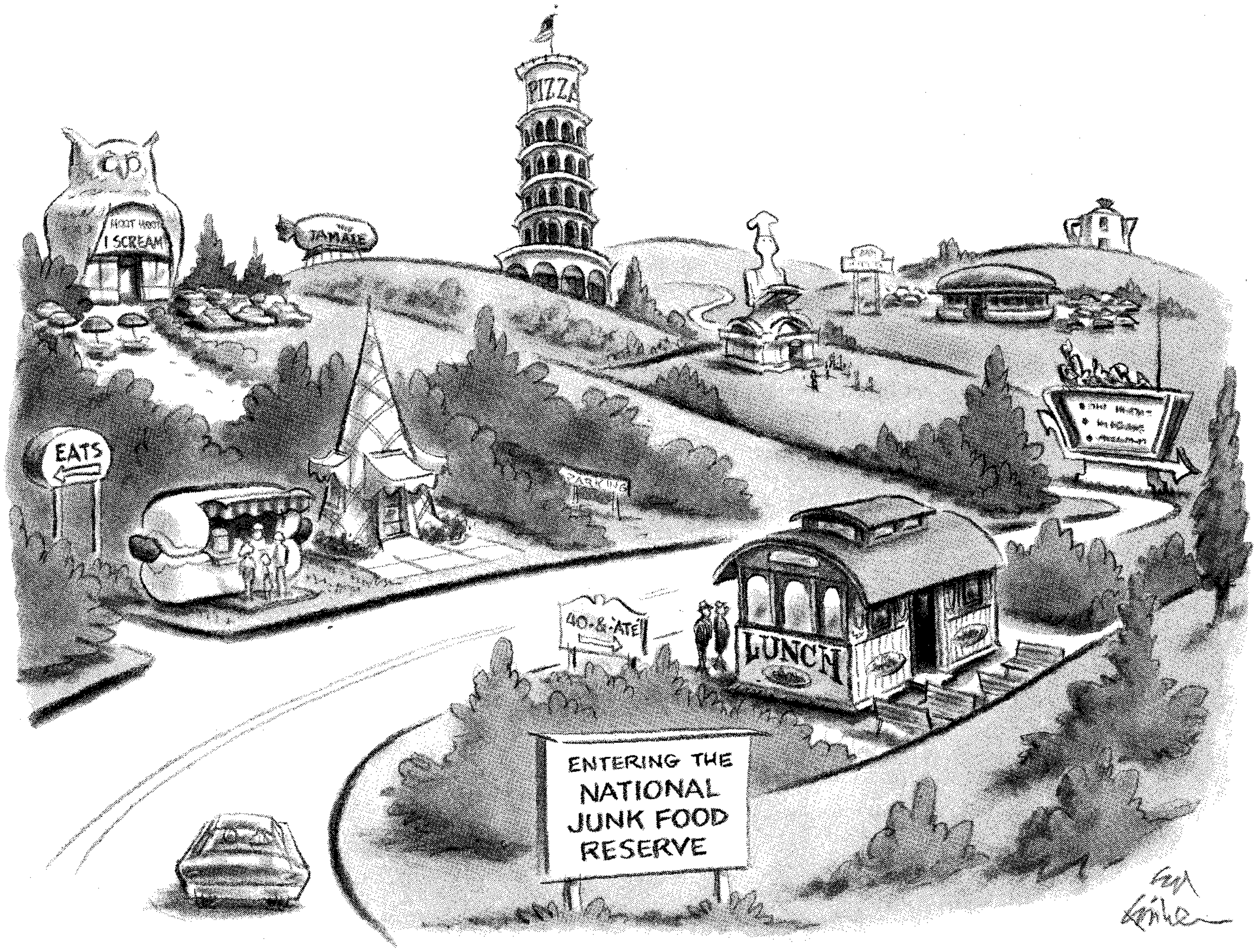
"Are you O.K.?" he said. "Is it too windy?"

"It's fine. It's just—" She gave a sigh of exasperation. "I shouldn't have talked about those pictures at your mother's."

"Yes, you should. It was exactly what she needed to hear."

"No, I should've kept my mouth shut. But her house brought out something in me. I wanted to shock her."

"I know what you mean. I always



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want to break all that glass." He booted a clod of dirt. "Families," he said disgustedly.

"It's all right," she said. "It's just one of those things." She bent to pick up a blue-jay feather. She twirled it in her fingers.

George had bush-hogged a path along the creek, and they followed it. When they started down into the creek, Cobb held on to Lynnette, drawing aside branches so they wouldn't slap her face. The water had subsided, and there were a few places of exposed gravel where they could walk. They made their way along the edge of the water for a while, then came to a part of the creek where the water was a few inches deep. Cobb carried Lynnette across, piggyback. She squealed and started to laugh. He sloshed through the puddle and carefully let her loose on the other side. She took a few steps, then squatted to examine some footprints.

"A coyote has been here!" she said excitedly. "Or maybe a fox."

The prints, like dog-paw rosettes, were indistinct. Cobb remembered seeing a red fox running through a field of winter wheat one spring when he was a child. The wheat was several inches high, and the fox made a path through it, leaving a wake like a boat. All Cobb could see was the path through the wheat and the tail surfacing occasionally. He had never seen a small animal travel so fast. It was like watching time, the fastest thing there was.

They sat down on a fallen log next to an animal den in the bank, beneath the exposed roots of a sycamore tree. Dried, tangled vines hung down near the opening, and a dirt path led down the bank to the creek bed.

"What did you really think of my mom?" Cobb asked, taking Lynnette's hand.

"The knickknacks made me sad." Lynnette pulled at some tough vines on the ground. Cobb made sure the vine wasn't poison ivy; he watched her slender fingers worry and work with the flexible stems as she spoke. She said, "I don't want my mom to have to deal with a wedding."

"Why not?"

"She couldn't handle it."

"We don't have to have anything big."

Lynnette pulled away from him. "She's one of these people who have to make lists and check and recheck things," she said. "You know—the type of person who has to go back and make sure they turned off the oven when they left the house? She's that way, only real bad. It prevents her from functioning. She can't make a phone call without checking the number ten times."

Lynnette's mother sounded nuts, Cobb decided. He had seen her picture. She was pretty, with a generous smile. Cobb had imagined her, somehow, as a delicate woman who nevertheless had strong ideas. Her smile reminded him of Dolly Parton before she lost all that weight.

Lynnette said, "When I was a senior in high school, my mom tried to kill herself. She took a lot of Valium. I was at band practice and I got a call at the principal's office to go to the hospital. It was a total surprise. I never would have imagined she'd do that." Lynnette was still twiddling the feather as she talked, even though Cobb had her hand, squeezing it.

"Why did she do it?" he asked.

"For a long time I blamed myself. I thought I hadn't shown her enough love. I was always so busy with band practice and all that teen-age shit. And I remembered that I had upset her once when I said something mean about Dad. But then only a couple of years ago I found out my dad was shacking up back then with some woman from the country club. And, looking back, I realized that all Mom had was that house. She used to work before we moved here, but then she couldn't get a job, and she didn't have many friends, and her house was all she had. I remember coming home and she'd be dusting all her knickknacks or pasting up wallpaper or arranging artificial flowers. I used to make fun of it, and I'd never help out. That's when it started, the way she'd pick over things and count them and try to keep track of them. I didn't think it was strange then." Lynnette shuddered in disgust. "I remember when the Welcome Wagon came—these two grinning fat women. They brought us some junk from the stores, coupons and little things. There was a tiny cedar chest from a furniture store. Your mother has one something like it, on that whatnot in the hall."

"One of her Gatlinburg souvenirs," Cobb said.

"I hated the Welcome Wagon. I thought they just came to check us over, to see if we were the country-club type. And we weren't. And then to think my dad would fool around with one of those country-club women—a golfer. I could have died of shame."

Cobb held Lynnette closely. "Every day I get to know you better," he said. "This is just the beginning." He flailed around for some comparison. "This is just the yogurt on top and there's the fruit to come."

She giggled. "That's the silliest thing I ever heard! That's why I care about you. You're not afraid to say something that ridiculous. And you really mean it, too." She dropped the blue-jay feather, and it swirled in the water for a moment, then caught on a leaf. "But I'm afraid, Cobb. I'm afraid I might do something like she did—for different reasons."

"What reasons?"

"I don't know."

"But you're not like that."

"But I might get like that."

"No, you won't. That's crazy." Cobb caught himself saying the wrong word. "No, that's ridiculous," he said. "You won't get like that."

"When I started seeing those pictures at work I'd imagine pictures of my—if my mother had succeeded that day."

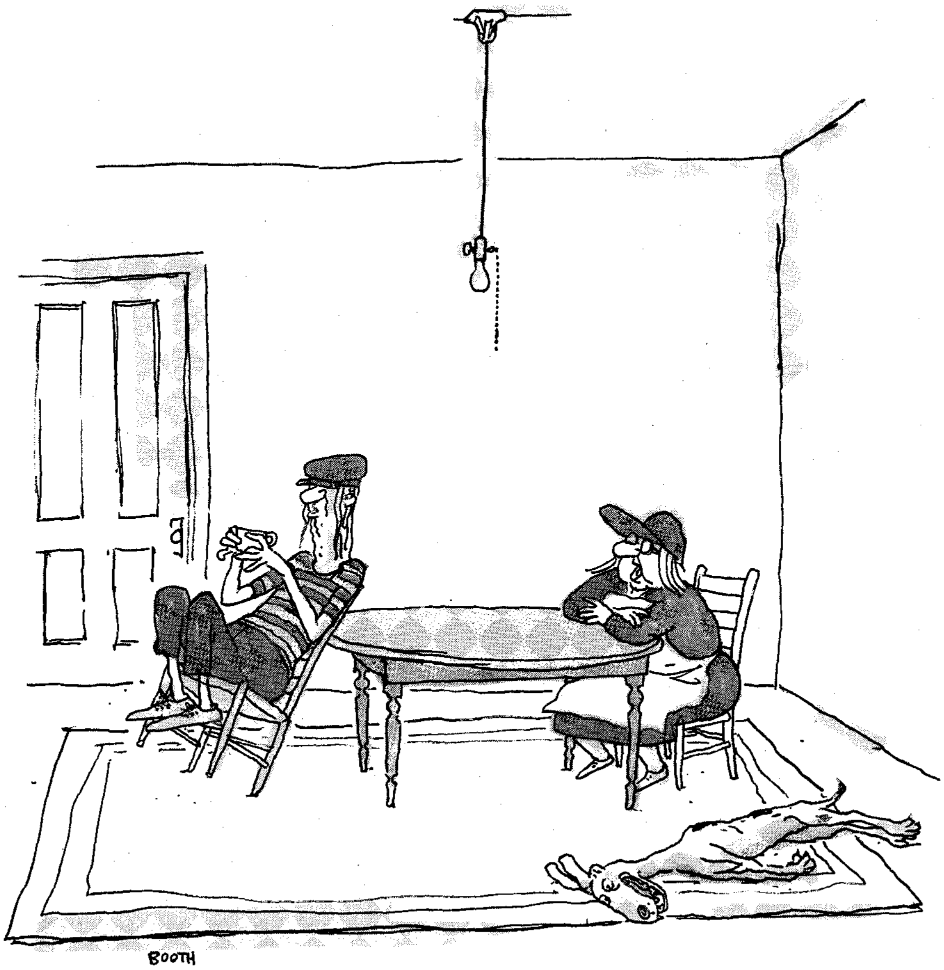
Cobb watched the feather loosen from the leaf and begin to float away in the little trickle of water in the creek bed. He tried to comprehend all that might happen to that feather as it wore away to bits—a strange thought. In a dozen years, he thought, he might look back on this moment and know that it was precisely when he should have stopped and made a rational decision to go no further, but he couldn't know that now.

She said, "Do you have any idea how complicated it's going to be?"

Cobb nodded. "That's what I like," he said confidently. "Down here, we just call that taking care of business."

Tufts of her hair fluttered slightly in the breeze, but she didn't notice. She couldn't see the way the light came through her hair like the light in spring through a leaving tree.

—Bobbie Ann Mason



"Leon, do you think that when the Cree do the Prairie-Chicken Dance they make contact with the Great Spirit?"

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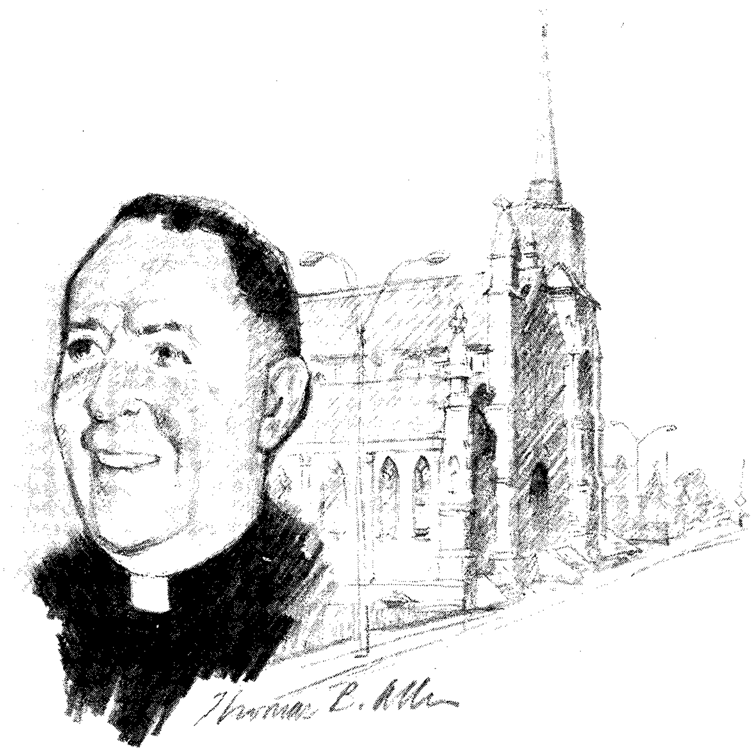
CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Oakland* (*Calif.*) *Montclarion*]

April 20: A citizen reported that a red-haired man in a dark coat in the vicinity of Somerset Road wanted money for nuclear weapons. Police contacted the man and advised him that he needed a permit.

PROFILES

PARISH PRIEST

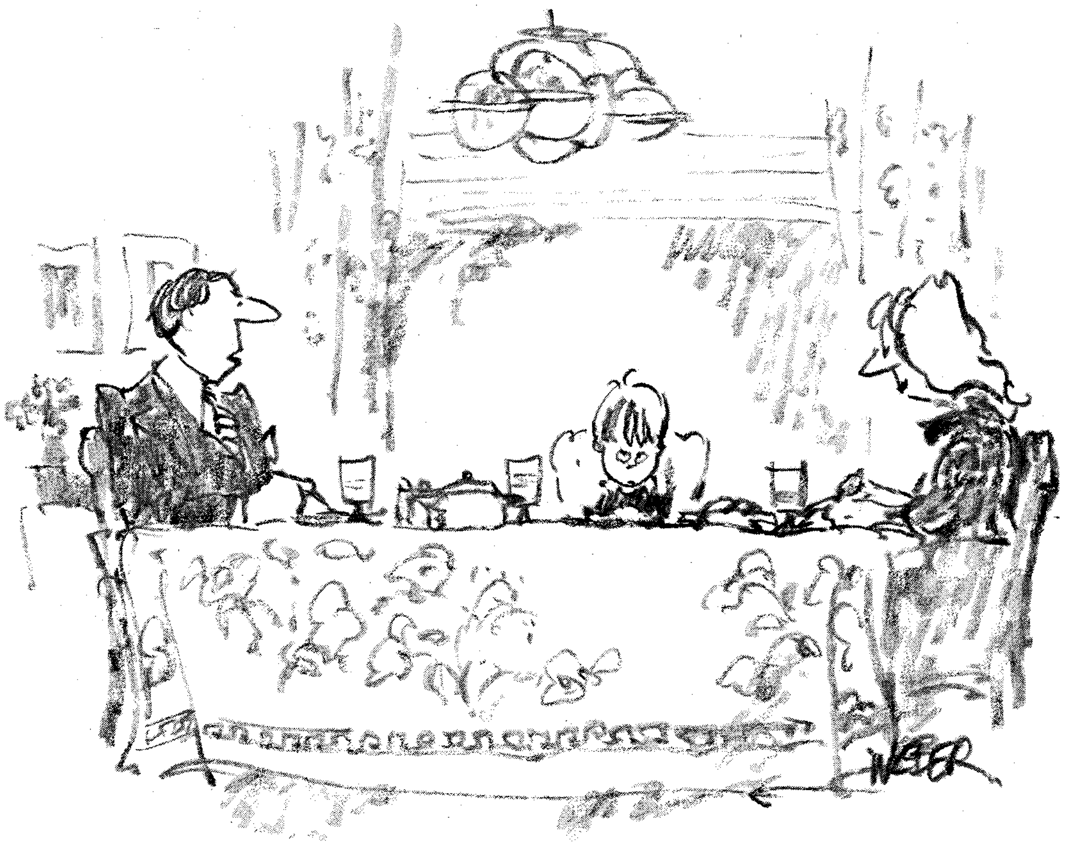


THE Roman Catholic parish of St. Patrick—Father Joseph Greer's parish—covers almost four square miles of the town of Natick, and, with eighty-five hundred parishioners, is one of the larger Catholic communities in suburban Boston. Its church, which consists of a main sanctuary and a smaller church below ground level, seats eleven hundred. In addition, there is a sixteen-acre cemetery, a huge elementary-school building and adjoining hall, an eighteen-bedroom convent, and a twenty-seven-room rectory, converted from a Civil War-era roadhouse. St. Patrick's, which was itself founded in 1860, is the mother Catholic church of Natick, and was at one time considered a dream assignment. For decades, the pastor of St. Patrick's had five assistant priests, and commanded the kind of respect enjoyed by Boston's upper class. But in the years since 1962, when Pope John XXIII convened the Second Vatican Council and threw open the windows of an airtight Catholic Church, the winds have blown harshly over St. Patrick's. Today, Natick is booming, thanks to its proximity to the high-technology areas around Route 128 and Interstate 495—where such giants of the industry as the Digital Equipment Corporation, Data General, and Raytheon are situated—and to Route 9, where two huge local shopping malls are planning to double in size. St. Patrick's has fared less well. The school is closed, and Father Greer has no idea how to make use of the building. The old parish clubhouse, in back of the church, has been remodelled into a house for the homeless—a seeming anomaly in this well-kept town inhabited primarily by Italian and Irish immigrants and their offspring. Father Greer still has two curates to assist him, but the number of available priests in the diocese is decreasing, and he has been told he will soon lose one of them.

Father Greer is fifty-six years old. His face is handsome, ruddy, and relatively free of wrinkles, and his neatly trimmed dark hair shows only the tiniest flecks of gray. His age—about the median age of American priests today—and the state of his parish are indicative of the current situation (some would call it a crisis) within the Catholic Church in this country. The number of Catholics in the United States has risen sharply in the past twenty years. A Gallup poll taken in 1987 found that twenty-eight per cent of the population—or about seventy million people—calls itself Catholic. The figure in 1967, when the precedent-shattering effects of Vatican II were beginning to be felt, was about fifty million. This increase—during years when many Catholics professed to be leaving the Church—is due chiefly to a huge influx of Catholic immigrants from Central America, the Caribbean, Mexico, and Asia, and it coincides with a dramatic decline in the number of priests. The *Official Catholic Directory* listed 59,892 priests in 1967 and 53,382 in 1987, but it appears that retired and inactive priests, along with those who have unofficially left the priesthood, are still carried as active; independent surveys indicate that as much as seventeen per cent of the American priesthood resigned in that twenty-year period. The likely number of active priests today is about forty-five thousand.

Moreover, the average age of the nation's priests rises yearly, and when the men of Father Greer's generation—the most prolific in priestly ordinations—reach retirement age the drop will be precipitous. In 1967, more than forty-five thousand men were training for the priesthood, whereas in the 1987-88 school year there were fewer than ten thousand in seminaries, and this number represents a drop of almost ten per cent from the year before. American seminaries, which once not only produced enough priests to satisfy domestic needs but were able to send thousands off as missionaries, have closed or are consolidating because of the scant numbers of students. Although St. John's, the Boston archdiocesan seminary, has managed in recent years to produce from twelve to fifteen priests for the archdiocese annually, next year only three will be ordained. It is estimated that by the year 2000 there will be no more than one active priest to serve each of the archdiocese's four hundred and eight parishes.

Today, according to the *Catholic Directory*, the nation has more than nineteen thousand parishes in a hundred and eighty-five dioceses. The average parish is twenty-three hundred



“Michael, do your dinner.”

people—gigantic compared with Protestant parishes, the majority of which have no more than five hundred members. As the sociologist Dean Hoge points out in his recently published book, “The Future of Catholic Leadership,” there were in 1985 in the Episcopal Church two hundred and forty-five lay persons for each priest; in the Lutheran Church in America, there were three hundred and seventy-two. For the Catholic Church, the figure was nine hundred and twelve. There is another and key difference between the Catholic and the Protestant clergy: the Catholic priest usually lives next door to his church. As a celibate, he has no family to shield him from whoever may call upon him or from whatever unpleasant tasks he may have to perform. His parish is his family, and his life. He has to be available twenty-four hours a day to baptize, wed, bury, advise, preach, teach, preside, officiate, console, and counsel. A modern-day pastor like Father Greer may find himself at once outmoded and overwhelmed. As a seminarian, he was trained to give until he dropped, but now psychologists tell him that this is unhealthy. He was told to keep a tight check on his emotions, but now he is expected to “feel.” He looked forward to becoming a pastor, to having an authority akin to that of a captain aboard ship, but Vatican II and the liberal social currents of the nineteen-sixties and seventies changed that prospect. In addition, the accession of John Paul II, who is a conservative and activist Pope, and the increasing centralization of diocesan bureaucracy have meant that more and more is being asked of American pastors. They are point men in the Church’s battles against the enemies of moral standards, such as the advocates of abortion and birth control, and against those who ignore Church law—for example, by arguing that non-Catholics or Catholics not in a state of grace should be allowed to receive Holy Communion. Father Greer and his fellow-priests are expected to revitalize the half to two-thirds of their flocks (nominal Catholics) who do not attend church regularly; to run an efficient parish; and, at the same time, to neglect neither their spiritual growth nor their health—all this without the prerogatives once enjoyed by the clerical aristocracy. For priests of this generation, the life of a pastor has become something of a juggling act.

WHEN Father Greer first drove into Natick, in the summer of 1984, to see the parish he had been asked to take, he stopped at the corner of Central and Main Streets, the town’s principal intersection, looked around him, and headed toward a towering steeple covered with glistening slate shingles and topped by what appeared to be a majestic, gleaming gold cross. The church he pulled up in front of was Congregationalist, and the “cross” was a weathervane. He was directed farther down Central. Two blocks to the east, he came upon another church—this one with a large billboard advertising Thursday-night bingo but with no identifying signboard. The steeple, which was actually higher than the Congregational church’s, was awkwardly proportioned, over-scale, and finished in tarnished copper. Beneath this embarrassing excess was a sturdy Gothic structure of brick and brownstone. The exterior was badly weathered: gaps were visible between the bricks, and slates were missing from the roof, while those that remained were mostly cracked or broken. This was St. Patrick’s, and it was just as dilapidated inside. In the main church, the paint was dull with age and the aisle carpeting was tattered. The tall stained-glass windows had been repaired with no regard for the original colors. In the lower church, where the weekday Masses are celebrated, acoustical tiles covering the steam pipes in the ceiling were mottled with rusty stains, and the vinyl wallpaper was scaling like the skin of a molting animal.

Administratively, in Father Greer’s view, St. Patrick’s was in chaos; it had no parish secretary. Fiscally, it was a disaster. The average weekly offering was about two dollars per congregant—enough to meet the monthly bills, but not enough to finance badly needed repairs, which had been put off for years. Parishioners were asked to con-

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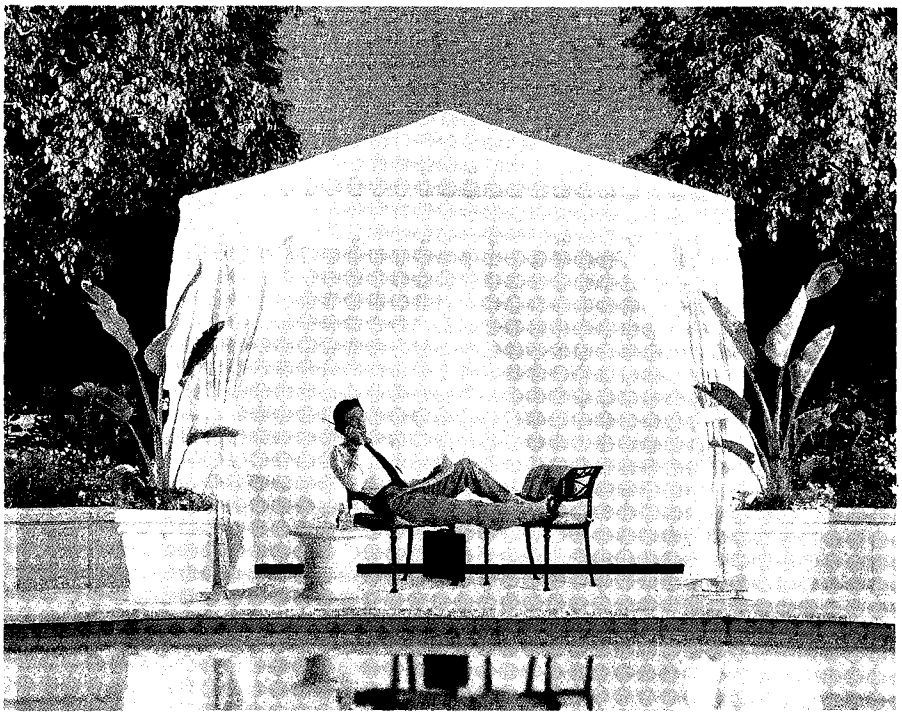
tribute a seat offering of twenty-five cents as they arrived for services, and there was a second collection for fuel oil on selected Sundays in winter, but these had a minimal effect on the budget. Sunday Mass was a lifeless ritual; people hurried out through the vestibule, their heads down, even before it was over. No homily was delivered—though mandated by Vatican II reforms—at the weekday Masses. This was a parish in extremis, and Father Greer sensed that its physical appearance reflected its spiritual condition, despite assurances by his future parishioners that Natick was the "home of champions."

"I had just cleaned up a mess in my previous parish, and I wasn't looking to do it again," Father Greer told me one morning last August as we were talking in the sacristy of the lower church, after Mass. "These days, the ideal parish is simply that—a parish, and a small one at that; no cemetery, no school, no local hospital to cover. St. Patrick's had them all. These huge parishes used to be sought after—great promotions. Today, everybody's trying to duck them."

After his visit to St. Patrick's, Father Greer told Father Thomas Oates, the archdiocese's personnel director for clergy, that he would prefer to stay where he was. This is not a rare occurrence in today's Church. No longer are priests assigned by fiat and given a few weeks or days to conclude all their business and duties at one parish before they arrive at the next, as used to be the case. They are asked. Some senior priests have gone as far as to refuse consistently to be named pastor, turning down what was once the crowning achievement of diocesan clerical life. Father Oates appealed to Father Greer to reconsider.

"I'm not the most loyal son of the Church, but we did promise something called obedience, even though it's a little out of fashion these days," Father Greer told me. "And the Church had been pretty good to me. I was one of the youngest men in the archdiocese to get a pastorate. I had been granted a three-month sabbatical to go to a seminary in Menlo Park, California, and study. I was making seven hundred and fifty-five bucks a month—just about top salary. I felt it was time to give something back."

Two months later, he came to St. Patrick's to stay. Parishioners told him



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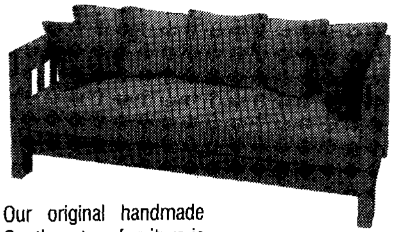

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how fortunate he was to be in Natick, the town that gave Doug Flutie to football and Joe Coleman to baseball, and regularly propelled the high-school Redmen to state sports championships. Father Greer responded to their civic pride in his first Sunday homily by telling them he had not asked to come. "But now that I'm here," he said, "I want it clear that it is not that I won't listen to all of you—because I will—but I have come to lead you, and not be led by you. That may cause some disagreements now and again." Some of those who regularly attended weekday Mass started grumbling not long afterward, when the new pastor initiated daily homilies, thus lengthening a twenty-minute service by five minutes. Father Greer asked his two curates to be in the vestibule or on the church steps before and after every Sunday Mass to greet worshippers. He banished to the church cellar six majestic but obtrusive candlesticks and a lectern, and moved the other lectern far to the side, in response to liturgical reforms specifying that in the new Mass the altar should be left bare and the readings from Scripture and the intercessory prayers done apart from it, so that when the bread and wine were brought to the altar for the Liturgy of the Eucharist they would be the focus of attention. He announced that the parish needed a professional liturgist, an up-to-date Confraternity of Christian Doctrine program (religious education for schoolchildren) with a paid director, and hundreds of thousands of dollars for repairs to various buildings. He asked each family in the parish to donate eight dollars and seventy-five cents a week—the cost of a daily loaf of bread, which he set at $1.25 ("Just below the price of a good loaf of Jewish rye, which was selling for $1.39. After all, these were Catholics")—and promised that he would say no more about money.

"And then there are those larger risks in the life of a pastor," Father Greer recalled, with a wry smile. "Down came the bingo sign." The Thursday-night games had been bringing in over sixty thousand dollars of the church's annual budget of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but, as a weekly reminder that legalized gambling helped to support St. Patrick's, they were an embarrassment. Bingo enthusiasts were outraged; however, in a few weeks a parishioner pledged the cost of a church signboard, and Father Greer felt justified in his leap of faith.

"This is basically a conservative area, but we have great diversity in the parish," he told me. "There are the bedrock townies, the hot-eyed liberals, the senior citizens, the high-tech crowd out on 128 and 495, the Blue Army bunch, who think Vatican II is heresy and see the Virgin Mary popping up all over the world. The pro-lifers, ready to excommunicate everybody. Some welcomed the changes, and others thought I was taking away their security blanket. But the pastor's life is a public life, and if you can't stand the heat you shouldn't be in it. And what could be worse than everybody agreeing with you all the time?"

AT 8:40 A.M. on a Tuesday a few days later, the windows of the third-floor common room of St. Patrick's rectory are open to the warm, moist summer air. The common room is a sunny and comfortable place, whose furniture, rugs, wallpaper, and draperies are in the muted rusts and browns that practical bachelors might be expected to choose. On the table between two reclining chairs are a telephone and a remote-control activator for a large television set, which sits across the room. Three men are present for morning prayer: Father Greer; one of his two assistants, Father Neil Mullaney, aged forty-two (the other, Father Joseph Rossi, aged twenty-nine, is on vacation); and Monsignor Joseph Mahoney, aged seventy-nine, the former pastor of St. Patrick's, now retired, who is the senior priest in residence. The wind is blowing from the northwest this morning, bringing with it both a pleasant, yeasty aroma from a huge Wonder-bread factory down near Route 9 and a layer of fine dust, whose daily deposit drives the housekeeper to despair. Just below the windows, a wrecking crane is at work, dropping its maw some thirty feet to crush walls of brick, lath, and framing that a few days before made up a block principally consisting of commercial buildings: the Natick Pizza Palace, the Dog & Groom Shop, a drugstore, a doughnut shop, the Colonial movie theatre. Natick firemen were present during the early stages of the demolition, but today there are no streams of water to keep the dust from

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flying wherever the winds of Natick may blow it.

Father Greer goes over to the window and looks out mournfully at the devastation below. He has an expressive face, with milky-blue eyes that convey a wide range of emotions; they normally suggest a happy bemusement at the ways of the world, but they can also—as they do now—take on a bloodhound's dolefulness. He returns to his chair and opens his breviary to a place marked by a red ribbon. He has been up since shortly before six. Earlier, his night's sleep was interrupted by an emergency call from the local hospital summoning him to administer the last rites to a motorcycle-accident victim—a nineteen-year-old boy, who died before he arrived. Since getting up this morning, Father Greer has spent half an hour meditating on the scriptural passage that will form the basis of next Sunday's homily, read a page or two of Dom Marmion's "Christ, the Ideal of the Priest" (a book from his seminary days which is now out of vogue, because of its narrow focus on the personal spirituality of the priest), showered, shaved, and opened mail that he didn't get to yesterday.

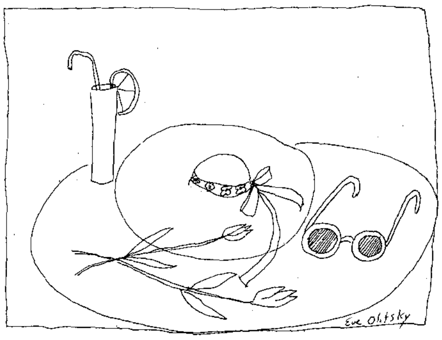
My song is of mercy and justice;
I sing to you, O Lord.
I will walk in the way of perfection.
O when, Lord, will you come?

I will walk with blameless heart
  within my house;
I will not set before my eyes
  whatever is base.

The powerful and reassuring lines of Psalm 101 are read alternately by the three men, the words competing with the diesel engine on the crane. The phone rings; for these fifteen minutes, it goes unanswered. Soon after Father Greer came to St. Patrick's, he suggested to his fellow-priests that they begin the parish day with prayers said in common. ("Despite our weaknesses, and regardless of any personal tensions or animosities, it unifies us as priests," he explained to me later. "It's a time to forgive each other. We are a small community within a larger community, and we need to ask the Lord's blessing for the day. Often, it's the only time we get together, and it's a chance to catch up.") Once prayers are over, there is usually a few minutes' talk—about the fortunes of whatever Boston sports team is in season, about Father Mullaney's work in the Charismatic movement, Father Rossi's field trips with parish youth, Monsignor Mahoney's vacation plans. On this particular morning, Father Greer mentions a phone call he received the night before, from an elderly Jesuit who called to ask permission for a Catholic family outside the parish to bury their newborn child in St. Patrick's cemetery. The family had requested a graveside service, and the Jesuit made it clear in his call that he didn't want to conduct it himself. "I could hear the reluctance in his voice, so I said I'd go over," Father Greer says. "A day-old baby." He shakes his head. "I just hope it wasn't their first child."

At a few minutes before nine, Father Greer is in the lower-church sacristy, robed in a white polyester alb with a green stole around his neck. He takes a last look at the Scripture passages for the day's Mass, and recites the five petitions headed "Most Profitable to Recite Before and After Communion" in "Priestly Prayers for the Holy Hour," another no longer popular devotional text. He walks out to the altar and turns to greet the congregation—thirty or forty people, most of them elderly, who are scattered in straight-backed pews seemingly constructed to insure discomfort and equipped with kneelers whose wafer-thin pads offer scant relief. A fluorescent light, giving its last, flickers over a statue of St. Patrick, to the left of the altar. A man has begun to mutter his prayers audibly, which he will continue to do throughout the Mass. Among the worshippers are some who have written to Boston's archbishop, Bernard Cardinal Law, asking that Father Greer be immediately replaced, and some who think he is the best thing to happen to St. Patrick's in decades.

Father Greer says Mass in a reverent yet relaxed manner, his tone at all but the most holy of moments little different in timbre and pitch from his normal speaking voice. The over-all impression is more of a man talking to the congregation than of one presiding over it. He pauses at the moments set aside for silence, and he spurns the classic Mass shortcuts: combining the offertory prayers for the bread and the wine instead of pronouncing them separately, and eliminating the Prayer of the Faithful. These are widely practiced economies that whittle a few minutes from the service and please those parishioners who like to attend daily Mass but are just as happy to have it offered as speedily as possible.



His homily this morning is based on a familiar passage from the Gospel of St. Matthew: "It is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." In the four minutes it takes, he offers a short lesson in Bible interpretation and adds a dollop of history. The "needle's eye," he tells his listeners, was, at the time of Christ, a low gate or small hole in a city wall. It was the last opening closed at night and, for reasons of security, was large enough to let through only one person at a time.

"And what is *our* narrow gate?" he asks. "Illness? Scorn?" He smiles broadly. "Parish life? We all carry a cross, but we all have Him inside us. That's a strength and a love equal to any hardship, isn't it? 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' We live with each other's sinfulness. Be loving. Don't beat yourself up. Don't beat the next guy up."

Back at the rectory after making a trip to the bank to deposit two sacks containing last Sunday's collection, Father Greer slides behind the desk in his office, a corner room on the second floor, looks at the first in a small stack of notes, and returns a phone call from the previous day. The Delphi Academy, in Cambridge, has outgrown its quarters and may be interested in renting part of St. Patrick's grade school. He asks if Delphi has any religious affiliation, and is told that it does not. Yes, he understands they are pressed for time, and he squeezes the appointment, in tiny print, onto his desktop calendar, following a two-thirty commitment ("Talk to neighbors about clubhouse") and preceding one at four o'clock ("Spiritual director").

"Delphi? Delphi? Doesn't ring a bell," Father Greer mutters as he hangs up. Not a man to go into any meeting unprepared, he reaches for the archdiocesan directory. "Let's see what the chancery office has to say

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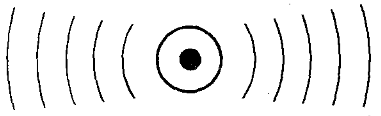

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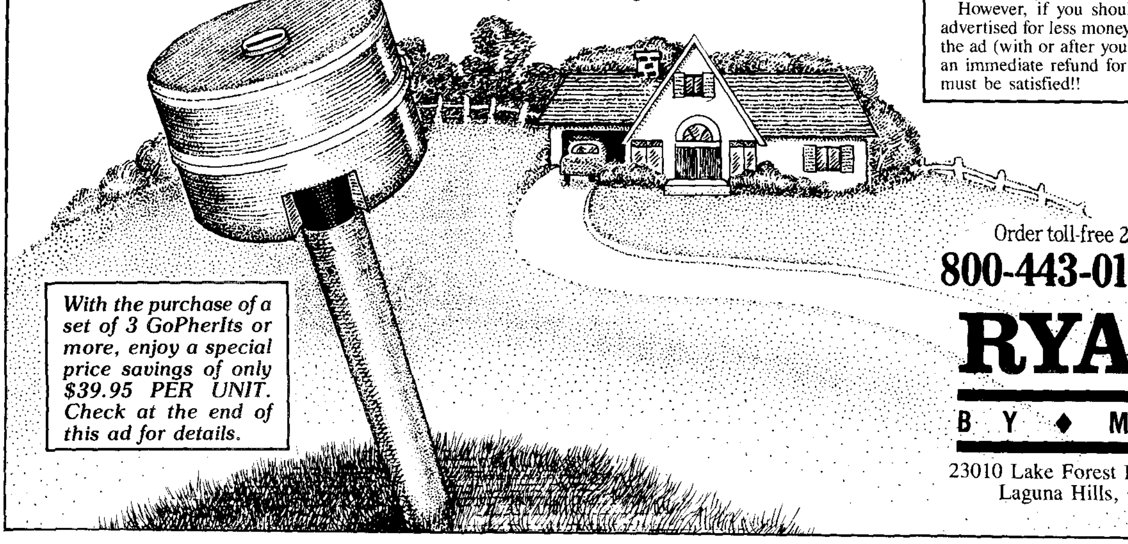

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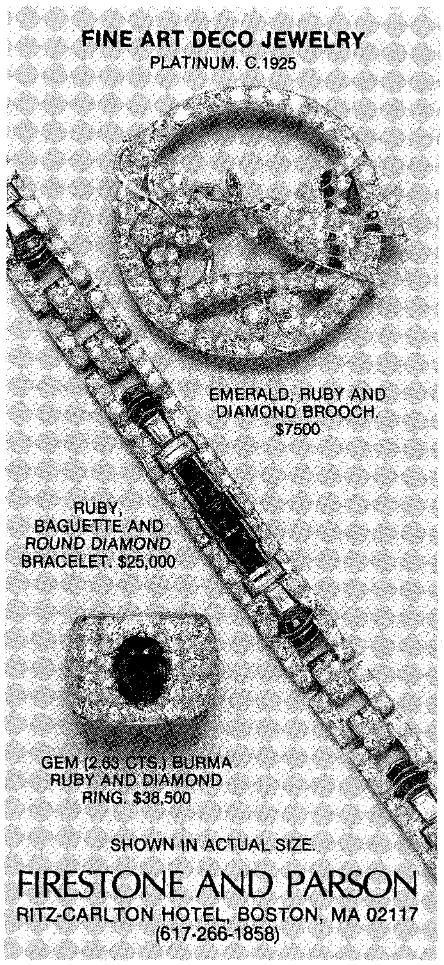
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about these Delphi folks," he says.

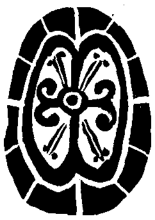
By the time Janet Hamilton, his secretary, buzzes to tell him that "the oil-tank man is here," he has made four calls to chancery officials and priest friends, none of whom have any information about the school. He goes downstairs to meet Richard Horan, the president of the Hughes Oil Company, in Boston. Horan and Father Greer were classmates at Boston College High School and Boston College, and the two men shake hands warmly.

"The oil tanks for the church and the school might not be leaking at all —might be just fine—but they don't pass Natick's new pressure test," Horan tells the priest. "Don't feel bad, though. The test is next to impossible to administer. I got a faulty reading, but that doesn't mean much. This is the environmental age. It costs."

"O.K., Dickie, what are we looking at?"

"We're looking at a twenty-five-thousand-dollar job to dig up the old tanks, dispose of them—that costs, too —and replace them with state-of-the-art Sti-P3 tanks."

Father Greer grins warily. "When Natick comes back to test them five years from now, will they still be state-of-the-art?" he asks. Horan produces a convincing color brochure on the Sti-P3 tank, and Father Greer tells him that he won't be able to pay until a certificate of deposit comes due, in a few months. "But can you get moving on the tank for the church as soon as possible?" he asks. "I'm hoping to convince our beloved M.B.T.A. to pave the parking lot over it, and we don't want to ask those generous souls twice." (The Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority's commuters have been using the church's parking lot for at least twenty-five years, and the agency has repeatedly refused requests from the parish to help maintain it.)



After seeing Horan out, Father Greer walks into the kitchen to tell Anna Caruso, the early-shift cook, that he is ready for lunch, but by the time the fruit salad with a scoop of raspberry sherbet is served he has been interrupted three times: a chancery official called to say he hadn't been able to find out anything about the Delphi Academy; a wealthy Boston College classmate called to donate—as he does each year—two tickets to a Patriots game for the church raffle; and William Gately, a Natick funeral director, called about details of an interment. While he had Gately on the line, Father Greer quoted him the new annual fee for the funeral home's listing in the weekly parish bulletin: "Two thousand bucks. Is that O.K., Billy? Knocking it down from twenty-four hundred this year. New printer. Got to watch this guy, but you're getting a bargain." The sherbet sags into the fruit salad.

Father Greer finally bolts his lunch, in time for a one-o'clock appointment with Christina Wilhelm, an energetic woman in her early fifties, who is a professional liturgist—something new in the Catholic Church. She represents a ten-thousand-dollar expenditure for St. Patrick's, which is among the five per cent or so of American churches that employ such specialists. Before Vatican II, the Mass was uniform throughout the world—a point of pride with Catholics—and the only layman with any liturgical input was the organist, who also directed the choir. The worshippers in the pews were passive participants in the service. But now, although the form of the Mass is set, there are many options open to Mrs. Wilhelm. She selects music appropriate to the various feast days, or to tie in with the Scripture readings, by composers ranging from César Franck to Mozart or Bach. She may use an adult choir, a children's choir, or an instrumental group in addition to the cantor, who leads the congregation in song. The object always is to have the congregation participate actively, not simply witness the Mass. Mrs. Wilhelm also works with the lectors (lay persons who read the Scripture selections and lead the intercessory prayers), the altar boys, the congregants who help the priest distribute Holy Communion—in short, with everyone who has a role in the liturgy except the priest.

This afternoon's talk begins not with Mozart or Bach but with the ushers. "They hang around the holy-water font as if they were at a bar having a beer with the boys," Father Greer says. "People are walking into church, maybe had a fight at home, and if somebody just said 'Hello' to them it might get them over the hump."

Mrs. Wilhelm agrees to speak to the ushers, and then suggests bringing her choir down from the loft. "I think people will respond better—sing more—if the choir is visible to them," she says.

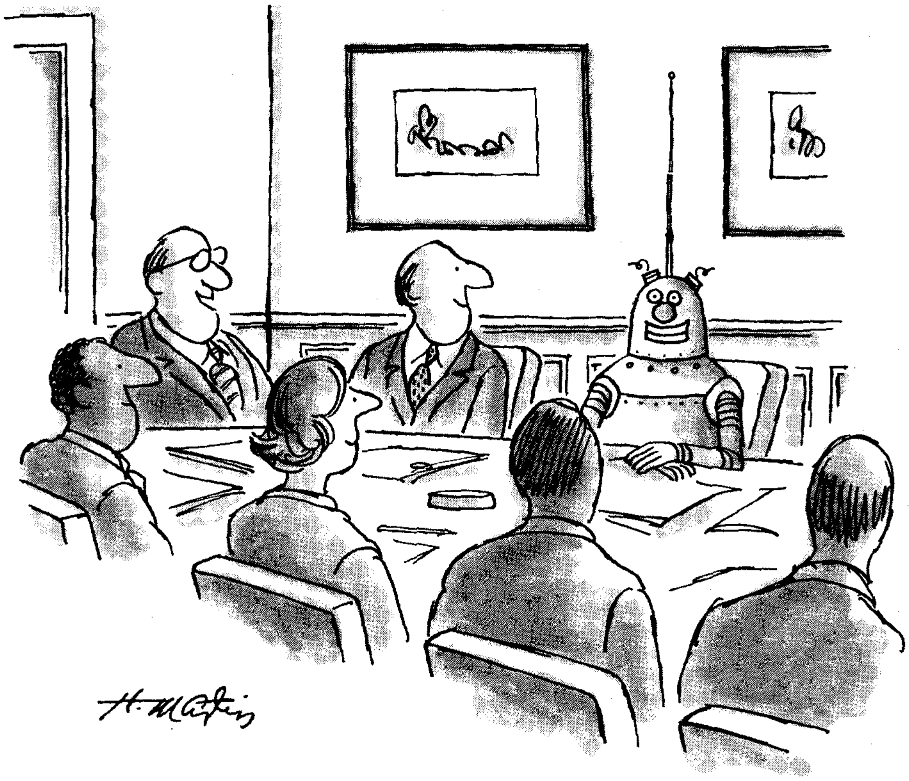
Father Greer nods. "We've got the audio, now we've got to work on the visual," he says. "Let's go over to the church and see what we can do. But we have to do it quick. I've got stuff backing up."

St. Patrick's upper church was dedicated in 1902, and at the time was the pride of Natick—constructed in a style the local paper described as "early English Gothic of the pronounced beauty of the thirteenth century." It is, however, a disaster for the new liturgy. There is a beautiful carved Carrara-marble communion rail, which, before Vatican II, demarcated the area where the mysteries were performed in Latin by a priest with his back to the congregation. Its presence now is a statement in opposition to the sense of "community" that the Council sought to foster. Side altars to the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph are no longer used. Twenty-five years ago, the main altar was shifted away from the back wall of the church, so that the priest could say Mass facing the congregation, but it was not shifted far enough to allow ease of movement. Worse, the tabernacle, which contains the consecrated Hosts, is on a shelf on the wall behind the altar, so that Father Greer must necessarily turn his back on the Christ he is there to honor and invoke. Mrs. Wilhelm, who has just returned from a liturgy workshop in Washington, D.C., full of zeal, is appalled anew by the physical setup, which she has deplored since she was hired, a year ago. Standing in the chancel, she and Father Greer agree on the removal of a section of the communion rail. About marble Father Greer is open-minded; he balks at electricity. "I know you need outlets for the microphone and the keyboard, but let's see how this goes before we go further," he says. "I just got hit with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar whopper this morning."

Mrs. Wilhelm eyes the apse. "I guess we can do it with extension cords for a while," she offers.

Father Greer glances at his watch. "Just don't make it look like a summer-stock company with cords all over the floor," he says.

"How about a piano?" she asks.



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Father Greer feigns exasperation. "No more stuff up there, or else it'll look like a drawing room in the Museum of Fine Arts, and not an altar. O.K., O.K., see if it'll fit. Now let me get out of here, so I can go through the neighborhood and let them get mad at me when I tell them what we're up to with the clubhouse."

He goes back to the rectory to join Jim Cuddy, a handsome man in his early forties, who is the executive director of the South Middlesex Opportunity Council. While Cuddy waits in the rectory parlor, Father Greer goes into a small office across the hall, closes the door, and hears the confession of a woman who has been waiting for him. Then he and Cuddy walk out into the wilting heat of the humid summer afternoon.

"Ready to be fed to the lions, Jim?" he asks. Cuddy has devised the plan to remake St. Patrick's decrepit clubhouse—which was once a meeting place for the Holy Name Society and the Ladies' Sodality (lay groups that no longer exist at St. Patrick's) but has lately been used mostly by the local pigeon population—into a halfway house for homeless people, most of whom have received counselling and treatment for drug or alcohol dependency at a shelter in nearby Framingham. Father Greer had considered tearing down the structure, because of its many building-code violations, but found that since it was so close to the sidewalk it could not—under current zoning laws—be replaced. St. Patrick's no longer has much use for such buildings, nor does Father Greer really need another program-in-residence. He already houses, within the rectory or the school, everything from Alcoholics Anonymous and Overeaters Anonymous to various church groups. And although Cuddy intends to hire a resident manager, there is no program at St. Patrick's that does not eventually require its pastor's time. Still, the proposal offers a practical solution for two long-standing problems: the clubhouse will be renovated, at no cost to the church, and Natick will have a place for ten of the working poor who would otherwise be unable to live in the community.

Affordable housing is one of Father Greer's crusades, but not one in which he has been particularly successful. The demolition going on beneath the third-floor window where he gathered with his priests to pray this morning is an example of one of his failures. A

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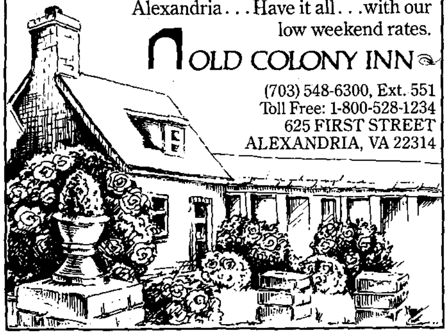

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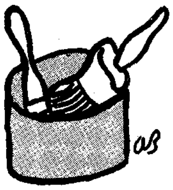
local developer named Andrew Lane (always referred to by Father Greer in conversation as *Mr.* Andrew Lane) successfully assembled most of the properties, including a few single-family homes, within the block bounded by East Central, Hayes, and Clarendon Streets and South Avenue, and laid his plans before the Natick Zoning Board of Appeals for a development to be known as Natick Place, which would include a hundred-and-ten-unit condominium. Father Greer heatedly voiced his disapproval at the zoning-board meeting, after he found that the least expensive units would sell for a hundred and eighty thousand dollars. He noted that, of the last twenty couples from the parish he had married, only two were able to afford housing in Natick, and he and others at the meeting protested that while Natick was rapidly becoming a boon to developers and a bedroom community for DINKS (couples with double income and no kids) its own less financially able citizens—the elderly, and families with children—were being neglected. When the plan was approved, as he had expected it would be, Father Greer took the next step. He asked Mr. Andrew Lane to set aside some units at lower cost for senior citizens and others unable to pay the going rate, and to keep them in a trust, so that their *market value would not be driven* up and they would remain affordable housing. This request Lane refused as economically impossible. He offered instead, as Father Greer recalls his words, to "come up to the church and see if I can help you with something." It was undoubtedly not a bribe, but neither was it what Father Greer was after, and he demurred.



Now he and Cuddy climb the low front steps of a house next to the parking lot, at the rear of the church. The house belongs to an elderly widow, who is not a parishioner. On the porch, the door opens and the woman leads Father Greer and Cuddy into a spotless kitchen. After a comment on the weather ("Even the nuns aren't happy on a day like this"), Father Greer presents his case: "We preach a lot about giving shelter to the homeless, but we don't do too much in this supposed home of champions. Seems as if acre zoning, half-million-dollar homes, and those fancy condos are winning out. So we're trying to do this little bit. These are our people—from Natick, maybe Framingham, this area—and they've fallen on some tough times, lost a home, maybe were drinking too much or taking drugs. But they're straightened out, and they'll be living in the house for up to two years while they work or go to school or participate in job training. No drinking allowed. No retarded folks, either."

"The retarded are people, too, Father," the woman says. The priest and Cuddy exchange a grin.

There are three more calls to make, and they go similarly well, the clubhouse's conversion getting a far better response than either man had expected. The last householder—a woman parishioner whom Father Greer knows is not one of his backers—is all in favor of the idea. "It gets kind of lonesome around here at night," she says. "It'll be *nice* to see more people."

The representatives of the Delphi Academy—three unsmiling, rather plainly dressed women—arrive half an hour late. They tour the school building, and Father Greer tells them in some detail about the school's closing. "The nuns got tired of teaching, and wanted to work in what we used to call relevant ministries," he says. "Off they went to the inner city and apartments of their own, and most of them kept on going, right out of the religious life. So in 1974 St. Patrick's dumped seven hundred kids on the Natick public-school system overnight and closed the doors. Used to be the backbone of a parish—the school. Sad. We use it a couple of afternoons for the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Otherwise, here it is, empty."

After the tour, Father Greer still knows no more about their school than what he was told initially over the phone: that Delphi is a private secular institution with an emphasis on ethical behavior. He has received what he feels are evasive answers to his questions about the school's underpinnings, and his lack of enthusiasm about renting to the women is becoming apparent. (The women do not call back, and it is just as well. In a few days, he finds out that Delphi's curriculum is influenced by the Church of Scientology—not an organization within his pantheon of acceptable belief systems.)

By four o'clock, he is headed for a monthly half-hour appointment with his spiritual director, Father Joseph Payne, who is the prior of the St. Stephen Priory, in Dover. Father Greer goes to Father Payne to confess and to discuss the state of his soul, but it is also Father Payne's task—now that the Church has a better appreciation of its clergy's needs—to address his psychological and physical well-being. Father Greer returns shortly after five and goes upstairs to his living quarters—a comfortable three-room suite on the second floor, consisting of his office, a living room, and a bedroom, all of which have been decorated, at his direction, in a restful shade close to Wedgwood blue. With shoes off and collar loosened, he talks a little about the session. "Father Payne asked how much time I spent in quiet reflection today, and I had to admit that it was—pathetically—only minutes. He asked if I thought this was sufficient, and—well, I didn't have to answer. I'm not praying enough. The good Lord got neglected again today. But it's hard to slow down. I'm like a racehorse. After all, this is the kind of work I was trained to do."

A VOCATION to the priesthood simmered at the back of young Joseph Terrence Greer, Jr.,'s consciousness throughout his years at Our Lady of Perpetual Help elementary school, in the nineteen-forties, but perfecting an already deadly set shot on the basketball court and chasing fly balls around left field were far more important to him than the pursuit of God. He was an excellent athlete, scrappy, fast, alert—the oldest son of Irish-Americans, the former Mary Larkin (who was born in Ireland) and Joseph, Sr., a postman. His parents, though they were good, churchgoing Catholics, never pushed the idea of the priesthood, emphasizing instead the need for a decent education—something that neither of them had received. Mary, especially, had hopes for him that extended far beyond the Greers' apartment, on the second floor of a three-story Roxbury tenement. Although young Joe wanted to go to the local high school, so that he could continue to participate in sports with his buddies, Mary Greer put him on a bus for Boston College High School, a Catholic school with a superior reputation, which regularly sent its graduates on to college.

He was never an outstanding student, but he was quick-witted enough to get by with a minimum of homework. He liked to drink, and he liked girls; good looks and an appealing grin made him a popular date. But he continued to take his religion seriously, even as he grew to an age at which youthful beliefs are often put aside. At Boston College, while studying for a degree in accounting, he became engaged to his steady girlfriend. Her parents, knowing of his religious bent, gave him a biography of St. Thomas Aquinas for his birthday. Aquinas is far from the prototype of a parish priest, but for some reason the book struck a resonant chord. What Joseph saw laid out was a quiet but intensely focussed life dedicated to God. In his junior year at Boston College, without telling his friends or his parents—and certainly not his fiancée—he took the entrance examination for St. John's Seminary, in the Brighton section of

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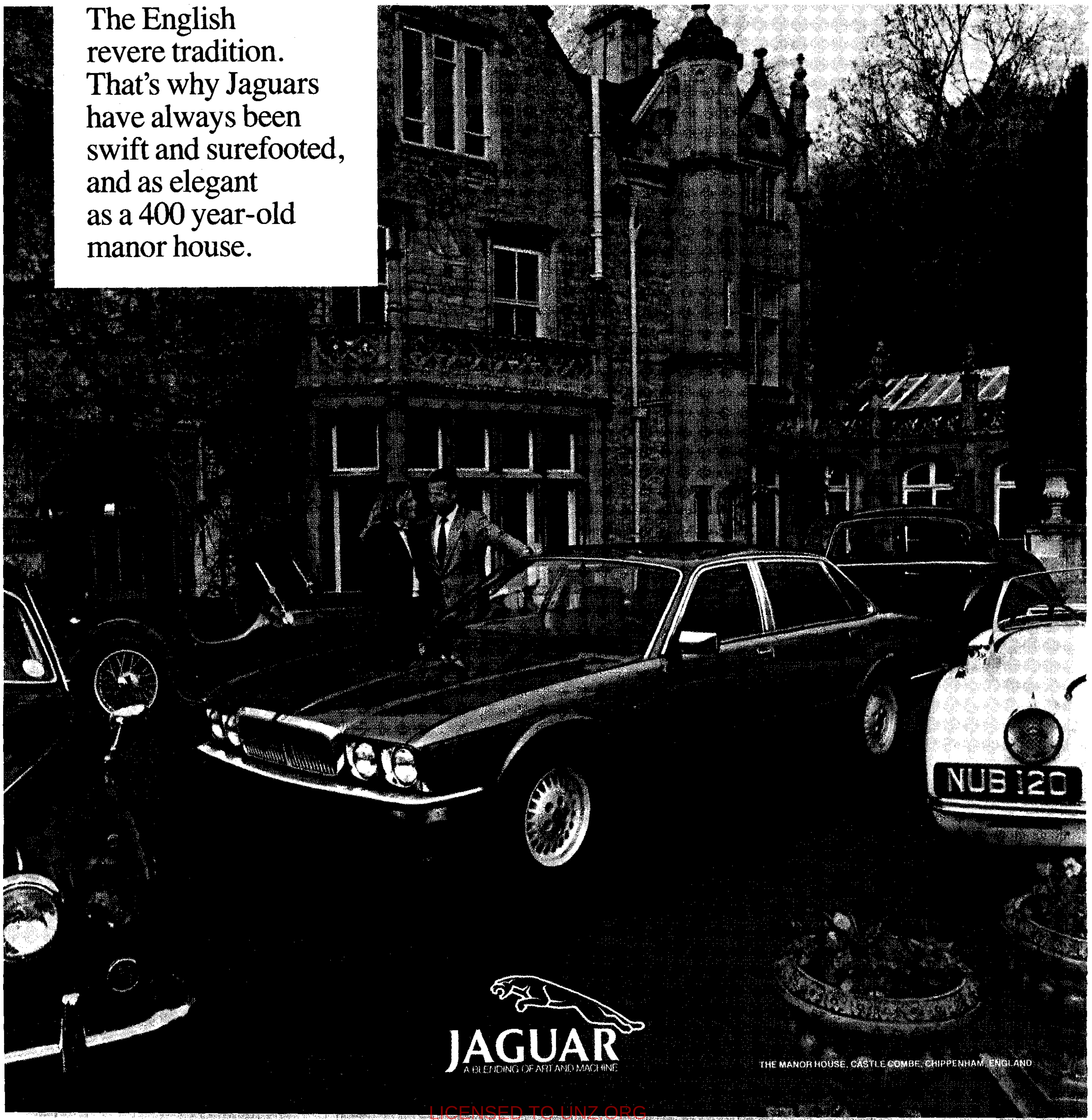

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Boston. Three months later—in August of 1953—he learned that he had been accepted.

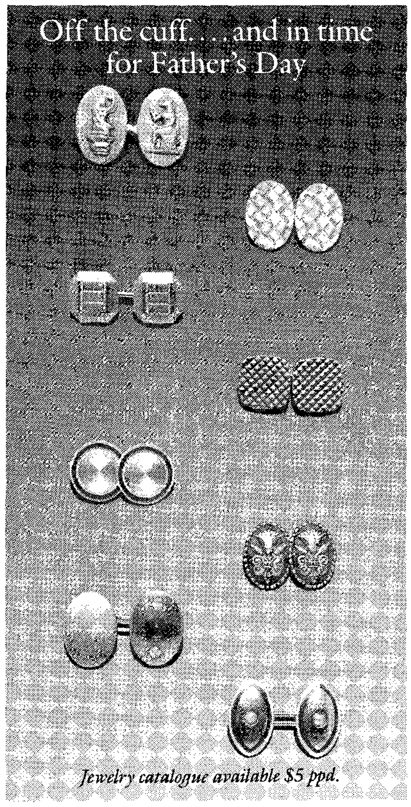
St. John's, founded in 1884, had become legendary for the rigorous training it offered and the large number of priests it produced for the Boston area's ever-growing Catholic population. Originally administered and staffed by Sulpicians, a clerical order that specializes in seminary training, it was brought under archdiocesan control in 1911, by the autocratic William Henry Cardinal O'Connell. O'Connell dismissed the Sulpicians and replaced them with a faculty made up of his own priests. The Cardinal preached unswerving allegiance to Rome—a new concept in the young American Church—and, secondarily, to the archdiocese, in an era in which the American clerical hierarchy was beginning to sense its growing strength in the worldwide Church. The seminarians' loyalty to the Cardinal was meant to be deep and sure. The parish was to be an instrument of the chancery, and its pastor a docile agent. O'Connell built an elegant neoclassical residence within the forty-acre seminary grounds—a physical symbol of his intention to watch over his young men closely. Richard Cardinal Cushing, O'Connell's successor and Joseph Greer's superior, was of like mind, and set himself the seemingly unreachable goal of being the first archbishop in America to ordain a hundred men a year.

Such a dream was possible in postwar Boston, the most Catholic city in America, for this was the age of Catholic Romanticism—a time when Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's television program was a nationwide success; when Thomas Merton's "The Seven Storey Mountain," an account of his spiritual search and the Trappist life, was a best-seller; when people crowded into church for weekday devotions and packed the pews each Sunday; when Catholics—no longer poor and struggling immigrants—were secure in their belief and proud of their unswerving faith. Some of the best young men in the area were attracted to St. John's, which was regarded as the West Point of seminaries. To attain the priesthood, they were willing to endure from four to eight years of harsh discipline and routinized education. There were approximately four hundred young men from the Boston area in training in those days, some of them at a now defunct preparatory seminary in Jamaica Plain. The students at St. John's lived two to a room, in small, rather spartan rooms with bunk beds; rooms with washbasins were prized. The academic life was equally austere. The faculty was aloof and demanding: a seminarian who walked in an unbecoming manner, slouched in his chair during class, or held his books sloppily was reprimanded. The students lived all but three hours of their day in silence (brief periods of conversation were allowed after each meal and at the end of the day's classes). They listened to lectures in which questions from the floor were a sign of apostasy rather than of an inquiring mind, and only at their peril visited the library during the two hours it was open each day; it was understood that all the books they needed to read would be issued to them in class. In texts by such renowned clerics as Adolphe Tanquerey, who preached Roman Catholicism as the sine qua non of spirituality, and Jean-Marie Hervé, whose four-volume scholastic treatise on dogma used selective passages from Scripture and the writings of Church fathers to support the doctrines of the Church of Rome and dismiss all others, seminarians were taught what was called "the fullness" of their religion. Reformers like Calvin, Zwingli, and Luther were cited only to be refuted. Defending the faith was far more important than being able to explain it. Intellectual martial law was in force, and the curriculum—heavy on philosophy, theology, Church history, and canon law—was little changed from O'Connell's day. Nevertheless, Joseph Greer and his classmates, looking positively Roman in cassocks, flowing black capes, and birettas, walked contentedly about the grounds under Cushing's gaze. They were "Boston," and that was sufficient. They were the loyal, crack troops, ready to do battle with the evils of the world that waited outside their compound.

"No one thought we should be treated any other way," Father Greer told me one morning as we walked along a tree-shaded path on the seminary grounds. He had just finished saying, in a small chapel at the Cardinal's residence, the daily television Mass, which is seen throughout the archdiocese on Channel 25. "If you wanted to be a diocesan priest, this is what you did. Means to the end. The only means. You were supposed to cut all ties to old friends. The seminary even built a kind of invisible wall between you and your family. After I entered, I was never as close to my family as I had been—a loss I've grown to regret. They kept drumming it into us that our work here was not only sacred but confidential. You were afraid to say anything to your family about it, and although I would often go home to Roxbury to visit, I felt that my parents—God rest their souls—and my brother and sister didn't understand what I was doing. The other future priests did, so you gravitated toward them. They became your family. It was brainwashing, to be sure—cutting the umbilical cord. We called St. John's 'the lockup.' We couldn't even see our parents when they brought our clean laundry, once a week. The private good had to suffer for the common good, so that you could devote yourself entirely to the priesthood, the family of God. At least, that's what they told us."

St. John's seminarians learned when in the course of the Mass to speak *submissa voce*—in a voice that only the priest himself can hear—and when to use *clara voce*. They were schooled with choreographic precision in when and how to bow during the Mass, how far the arms should be spread apart when various prayers were read, the exact position of fingers and thumbs. They were required to say the Mass in precise, unmodulated Latin. O'Connell had declared, in a 1930 address to the Massachusetts Knights of Columbus, "There is no such thing as the personality . . . of a parish priest. Personal qualities are subject to change. These are transient things, on which depends nothing of the certainty of the Catholic faith."

There was to be a sameness about priests. In a sense, they were to be



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drained of emotion, just as they were to shed any doubt of the rightness and fullness of Catholic doctrine, so that only reason—a reason formed during the seminary years—would hold sway. They were to guide their parishioners across the peaks and valleys of daily life—marriage, child rearing, the loss of a job, illness, death—without themselves faltering. The priest would be neither a husband nor a biological father; he would seek friendship only from the company of his fellow-priests. Of course, he would refrain from sexual acts, and fight even the thought of such things, having learned at the seminary techniques like "custody of the eyes."

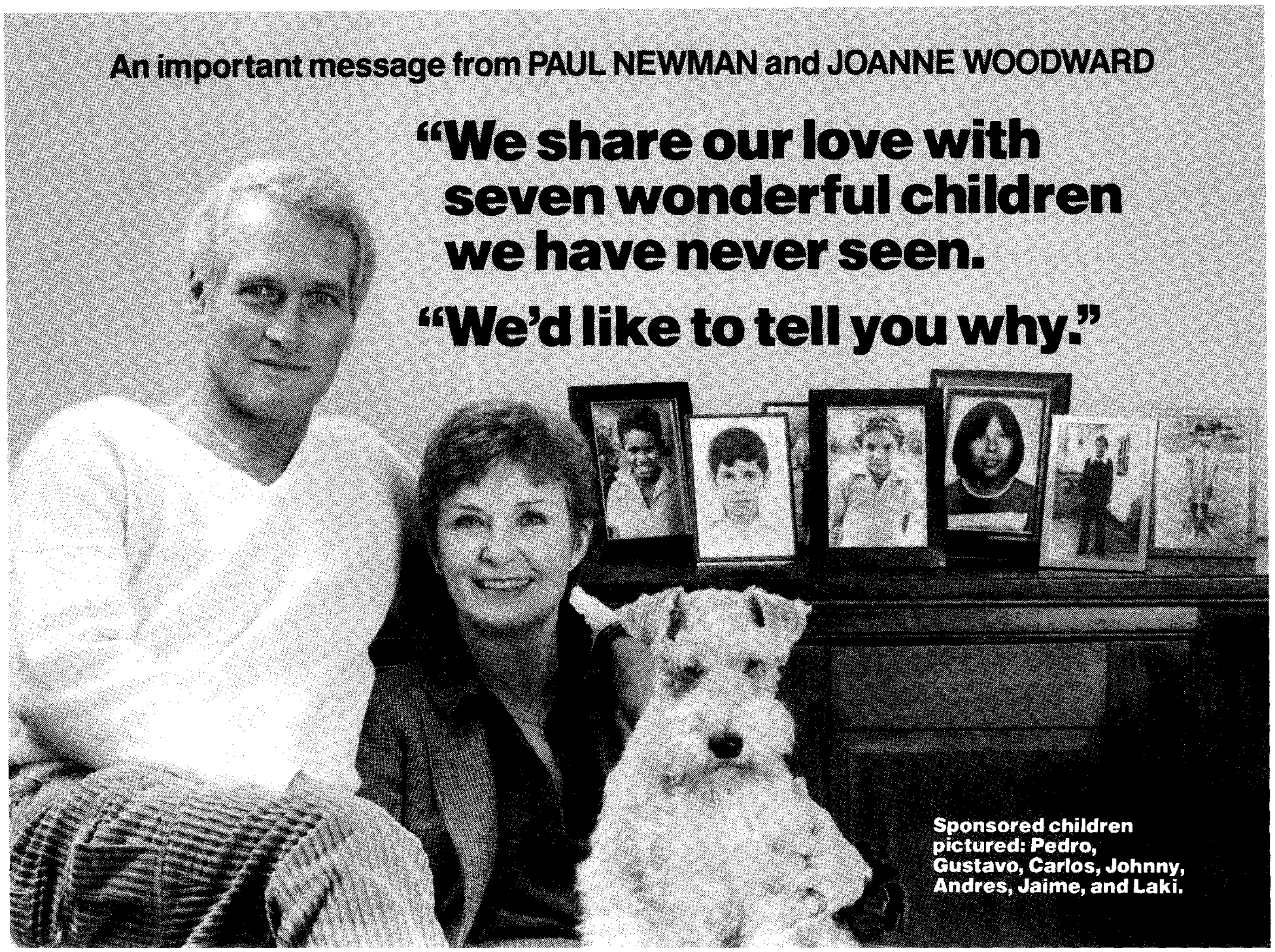
Joseph Greer, although he was a loyal son of St. John's, didn't quite fit the Church's mold. He was known as a jock and was not a particularly distinguished student; he was certainly not considered for the higher of the two diocesan tracks, which led, through advanced studies either at home or in Rome, to a career in the seminary or the chancery—the path to the upper reaches of the hierarchy.

"Joe came off, at first impression, as maybe a little shallow, a joker, and definitely a man's man—you could tell he was really put off by the limp-wristed, faint ones in our class," Edward Roach, a former priest who is now an executive of the Digital Equipment Corporation, recalls. "But when we were choosing up sides for a touch-football game and one of those wimpy guys was left, Joe would always take him on his side. The ball would be snapped, and this guy would go wobbling down the sideline. Nobody in his right mind would have thrown the ball to him, but there was Joe, lofting a sweet little pass to the guy. Of course, it would bounce off his head. And Joe would go over, toss his arm around the guy's shoulders, and apologize for throwing a bum pass. He had an amazing ability to overcome his dislikes. You never said 'Greer is a holy guy' or 'Greer is really charitable.' But, looking back, you see him more clearly for what he was. Other guys looked for the status jobs at the Sem—not Joe. He was dedicated to the idea of moral excellence. He was the kind who would die for a cause."

The class, sixty-four strong, was ordained on February 3, 1958. There was no doubt in the minds of any of the new priests—it was not even considered an issue, so firm was their confidence in their calling—that their number would be diminished at the annual reunions only by poor health or death. Oddly, although they were expected to spend the rest of their lives doing parish work, many of them had not spent a single night in a rectory during their training. For that matter, few members of the faculty had ever worked in parishes. "It was an amazing system," notes Father William Francis, another classmate. "For eight years, they dressed you like a girl and treated you like a child. And then they expected you to be a man."

Father Greer, his theology rigid, his senses anesthetized, and his family and personal life relegated to insignificance, was sent to St. Joseph's in Quincy, where, as the junior curate, he was assigned to work with the altar boys, the Catholic Youth Organization, the Ladies' Sodality, the Holy Name Society, and the bowling league. He was expected to say one Mass a day, set aside an hour to say his breviary (which, although Latin had been taught at St. John's, was in part incomprehensible to him and many of his classmates), visit homes and hospitals, take Communion to the sick, hear confessions, assist in a biannual census, conduct classes for converts, and be available evenings for consultation. The rectory in those days was the parishioners' forum for permission—to attend a non-Catholic marriage, to be excused from fasting during Lent, to read a banned book, to get married outside the parish—and was also the home of the only intercessor many Catholics knew. Courts, police stations, and social workers were for nonbelievers; "Father" could be counted on if domestic squabbles or drinking tore at the fabric of family life, or an errant teen-ager needed straightening out. "I was overwhelmed," Father Greer says of those days. "Not with work but with bringing Christ down upon the altar at Mass, sitting in a confessional talking about the most intimate things, having men tip their hat to me on the street. Just being called Father."

Father Greer put in more hours than he does now, but—even allowing for the difference in age—found the life easier. "Nobody criticized you," he says. "It was wonderful. We priests had all the answers. And the parishio-



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ners didn't even know what questions to ask. If they didn't go along with you, you simply said they were going to Hell. I condemned more people to Hell than I care to remember."

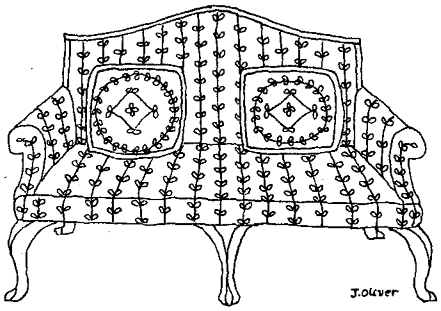
Father Greer was a popular priest—engaging, a good athlete. And demanding. He had so much respect for the Mass that any altar boy who came to the sacristy in white socks or tennis shoes was not allowed to serve. A major sin revealed in confession to Father Greer would receive a commensurate penance, regardless of extenuating circumstances. Compassion was an irrelevant concept; discipline was what mattered.

The faint signals of social unrest in the early sixties were no more than a minor annoyance to the young curate as he lived out the first years of his priesthood. Priests like James Groppi, who was battling school segregation, and the Berrigan brothers, who were organizing anti-war activists—men who presumed to follow their own conscience and not that of their bishop—were in his eyes an embarrassment and a scandal. Even the Council convened by Pope John XXIII seemed distant, theoretical; he was sure that the proclamations would soon be gone, like so much smoke in the wind—especially in Boston, the bastion of orthodoxy. Cardinal Cushing, similarly, waited for these annoyances to pass, but on a March day in 1966, at a meeting he had called with the pastors of the archdiocese, the Cardinal went to the window and witnessed an astounding sight: a hundred and twenty-five of his own seminarians, carrying placards, were demonstrating against their educational strictures, and particularly against the policies of Monsignor Lawrence Riley, the seminary's rector. Riley had been brought in by Cushing to cleanse the seminary of the few Vatican II reforms that had been initiated by the former rector, Monsignor Matthew Stapleton, who had been quickly reassigned after he suggested setting up a joint faculty-student committee to handle student grievances. Henceforth, throughout the archdiocese, the demonstration would be referred to as "the Trouble," and it marked the beginning of liberalization at St. John's.

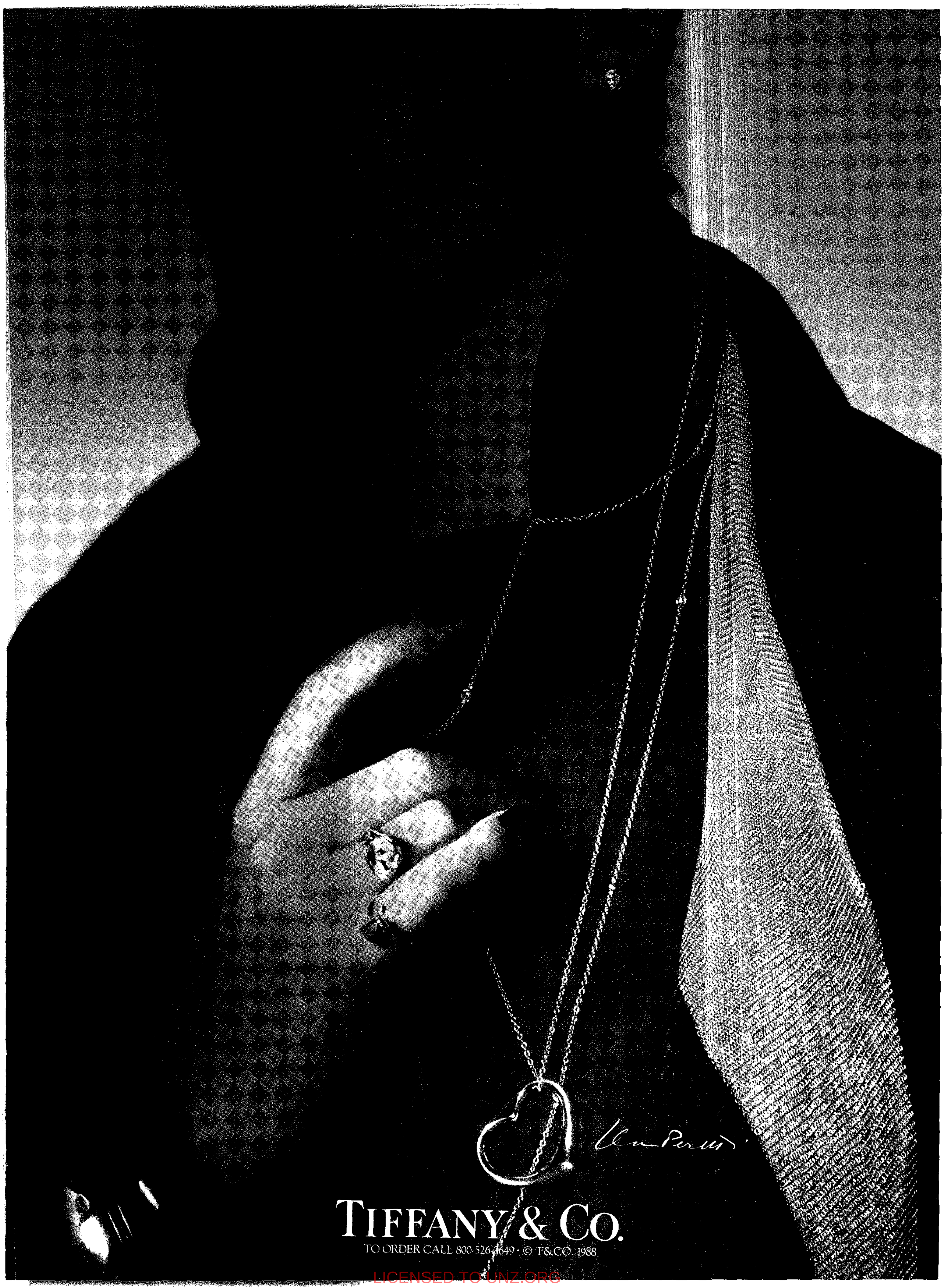
Seminary professors who had read Vatican II documents concerning priestly education and had attempted in vain to carry out the Council's recommendations began to feel surer of their ground. Student committees proliferated—on faculty-student relations, community life, liturgy, academic policy. Courses in sociology and "human development" were introduced, and seminarians were allowed to take courses at the Harvard Divinity School and other schools belonging to the Boston Theological Institute, which the seminary joined. Field work—"at best a couple of afternoons holding some old lady's hand in a nursing home," according to Father Mullaney, who was a student at St. John's when the changes began—was extended, to give students a true taste of the priestly life. And, although this was a development hardly in the vanguard of the spirit that pervaded so many college campuses at the time, seminarians began to talk with the faculty and the administration, instead of being talked to by them.

Changes in liturgy and theology, and in the attitudes of an awakened laity, coupled with the defection of increasing numbers of priests who responded to the more open atmosphere of the day by leaving the Church altogether, shook Father Greer. "It was an awful time to be a priest," he told me. "You went from knowing everything to knowing nothing. You didn't know which end was up. We did a lot of crazy things."

The old structure was crumbling, and many priests, revelling in the new freedom, acted out their enfranchisement with adolescent zest. Father Greer threw away his seminary notes, sermons, commentaries, jottings on formerly clear-cut doctrinal matters, and stocked his closet with bright-colored shirts, trousers in shades other than the conventional black, and a couple of fashionably tailored sports jackets. He went out for the evening with priest friends dressed in like manner—now not to a restaurant for dinner but to cocktail lounges. He drank more than he knew he should. He talked to young women, who found him as appealing and engaging as his parishioners had. The vow of chastity no longer seemed the strict charge to which he had pledged lifelong fealty. "I failed the priesthood, failed myself, and hurt other people," he told me. "Sex was a pleasure, but it was a false pleasure—there was no happiness in it for me. I was looking for satisfaction in the wrong places, the wrong ways." Only after a series of retreats at St. John's in the early seventies—"setting myself aside, taking some quiet walks, and letting the message of the retreat master sink in"—did he begin to regain his bearings.



In those troubled years, men who had similarly transgressed continued to leave the priesthood. Others defied the concept of the diocesan priesthood by specializing themselves out of parish work. Father Greer, confused about his role in a changing Church and society but not knowing what else he might want to do, struggled to keep at the work to which he had pledged himself. In the spirit of Vatican II, he served from 1972 to 1974 on the archdiocesan Priests' Senate, a body set up as a sort of union committee to hear priests' complaints, assure due process, and generally represent the concerns of the priests to the Cardinal and his staff. His personal and professional lives were beginning to stabilize just about the time that Judge W. Arthur Garrity, Jr., of the United States District Court in Boston, was hearing testimony in Morgan v. Hennigan, in which it was argued that the city had systematically segregated its public schools. In June of 1974, Judge Garrity ruled that that was indeed the case, and that Boston's public schools must be integrated. Anticipating violence, Humberto Cardinal Medeiros, Cushing's successor, made an appeal to his priests to ride the school buses, in order to safeguard the passage of black students to schools in white areas. At the time, Father Greer was serving (as he always had served) in an all-white parish—St. Mark's in Dorchester, a section of Boston at the epicenter of the integration upheaval. A small number of Boston priests were fervently committed to civil rights, but Father Greer was not among them. He harbored memories from his youth of blacks and Irish nightly trading taunts, fists, rocks, and bottles up at Roxbury Crossing. "Look, I don't love blacks as



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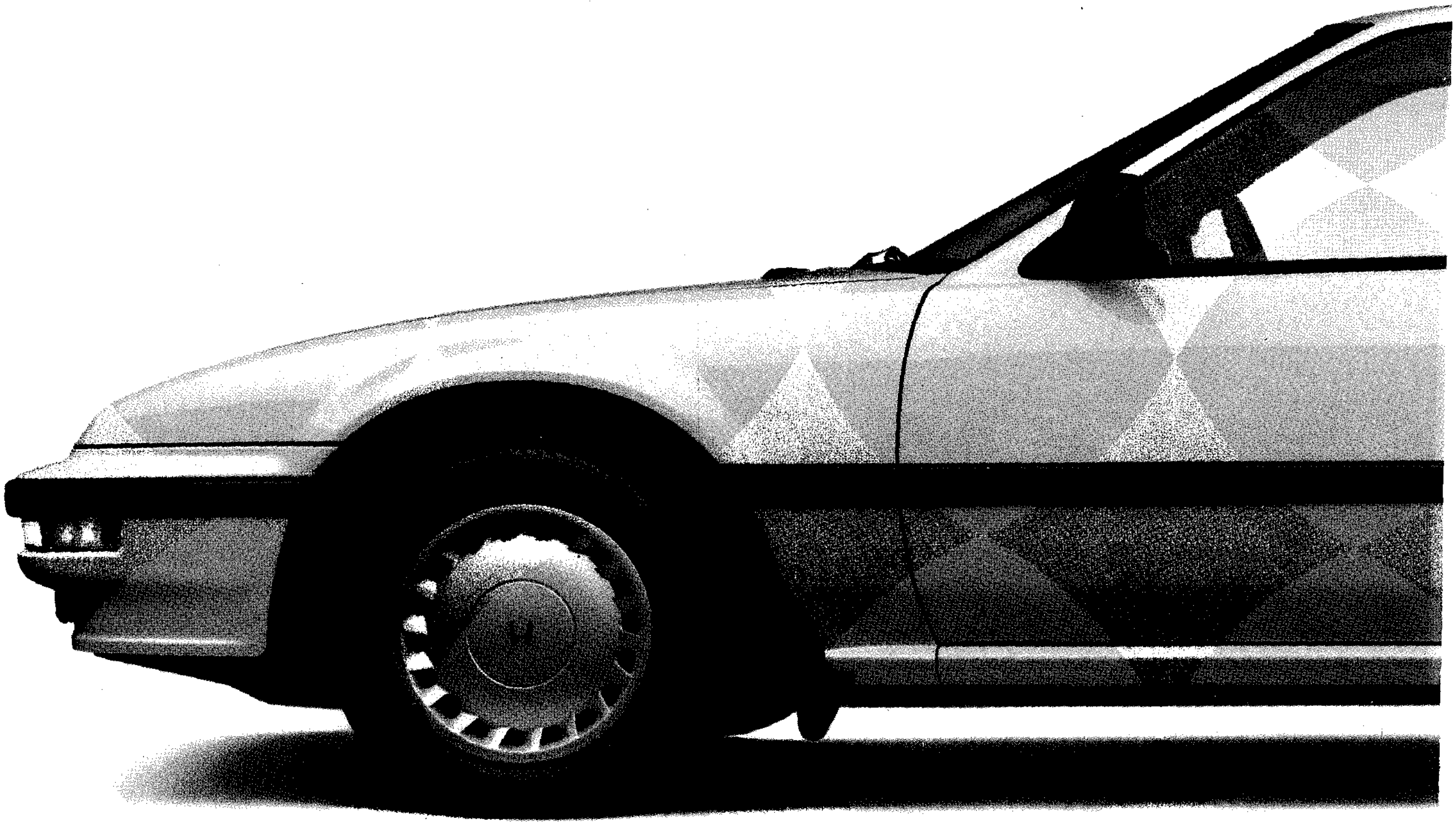

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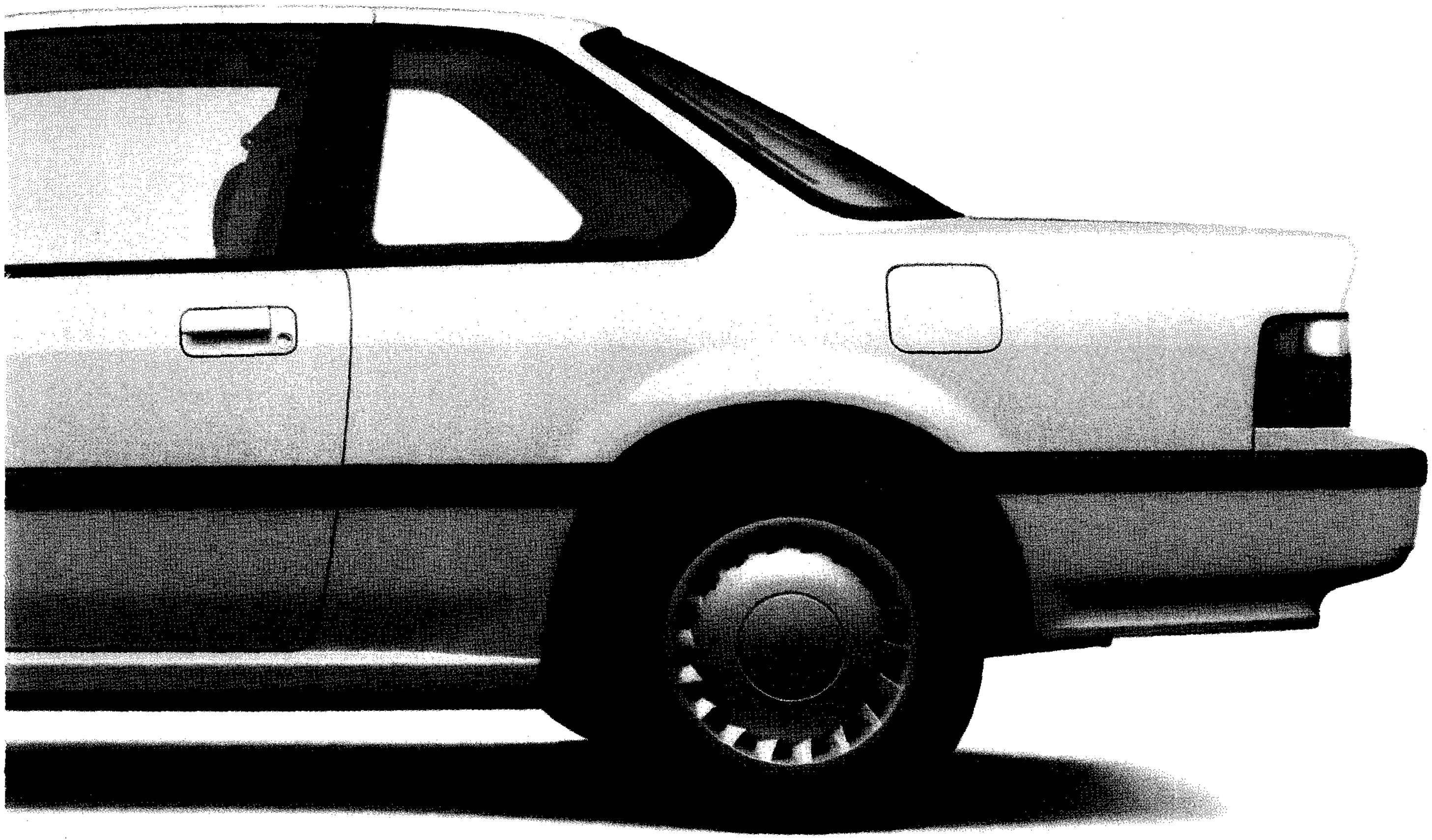

the suspension. A double wishbone system was designed for all four wheels. It met the demand for stable handling in the Prelude. For obvious reasons, disc brakes are used on the front and rear wheels. Power assisted, of course.

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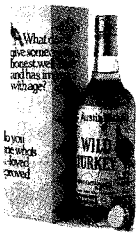
much as I love my own Irish people," he told me. "But God made us all, and He didn't make any garbage. We'd boxed the blacks into Roxbury, and that had to stop. I was ordained to help people, and right then the blacks needed help. But, believe me, I wasn't enthusiastic about it." Nevertheless, he responded to the Cardinal's plea.

"I had started questioning myself. What the Berrigans were saying about there being no valid reason for war and what Groppi was saying about equal rights for minorities made more and more sense. I began to take off the armor of surety and put on the mantle of doubt. Because of my past sinfulness, I could recognize my own conservative smugness about social issues, and I couldn't live with it anymore. And I began to see my Church more clearly—how we'd been like the people who passed by in the story of the Good Samaritan. We always had an excuse. We didn't take the risk."

The parishioners of St. Mark's were incensed by Father Greer's involvement in carrying out the court's decision. Some of his fellow-priests were so angry that they lined up with the protesters as he rode into South Boston on those charged mornings. The buses were pelted with rocks and splattered with refuse. One kindly-looking older lady held a rosary in one hand and greeted the buses with the extended middle finger of the other. Father Greer was regularly spit at as he ushered his charges into their new schools. At a restaurant in Dorchester one evening, following a television appearance in which he had appealed for calm, an enraged waitress threw a salad in his face. Threatening and abusive calls were daily occurrences at the rectory, and the bitterness lingered; a number of his parishioners felt that he had abandoned them.

Father Greer's reward for successfully handling one touchy job was to be given another: in 1977, he accepted the pastorate of St. Joseph's in Hyde Park, a predominantly white middle-class Boston neighborhood in the throes of integration. Traditionally, pastorates were distributed on a seniority basis (at that time, a candidate had to have been a priest for twenty-six years), but when the Cardinal's staff looked at the growing number of potential tinderbox parishes and then at the qualifications of the men available—their degree of racial enlightenment, mental health, and physical stamina—they reached down to junior men to fill the more sensitive posts. Father Greer had been ordained nineteen years earlier; he was forty-four. His appointment made him one of the youngest pastors in Boston's recent history. He managed to keep racial peace at St. Joseph's, serving there for seven years before his transfer to St. Patrick's.

WITH nightfall, the traffic that clogs East Central Street in Natick during the work day becomes a trickle. The low roar of motors is gone, and a carillon resounds dully and slightly off key from within St. Patrick's steeple. Natick is once again the tranquil suburban town it was before the age of high technology and the Boston area's thriving economy transformed it. The street lights along East Central illuminate only the lower half of the church, but the rectory next door, covered in white aluminum siding, gleams in the harsh light. The church is locked after the 9 A.M. daily



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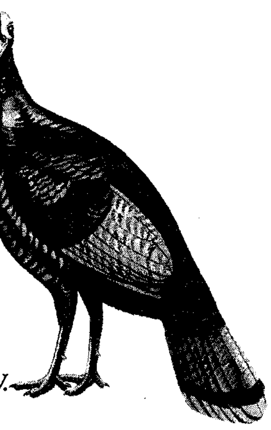

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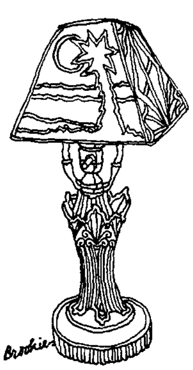
Mass, as it has been ever since a spate of vandalism broke out (an Oriental rug stolen, vulgar graffiti scrawled on the holy-water font, human waste deposited in Monsignor Mahoney's confessional), but the rectory continues to signal availability. It is something of a spiritual firehouse, its occupants ready to respond to all calls, all needs. A partial list of people who have come to see Father Greer during a period of a few weeks includes a Vietnam veteran—a victim of Agent Orange—who sought help in kicking his drug habit; a man recently released from the state prison in South Walpole, who needed food, money, and a job (and blanched at Father Greer's offer of work as a gravedigger); a Ph.D. in psychology, brandishing her atheism, who had "a need to talk to a churchman who wants to help, not judge;" a young woman arrested in a demonstration at the Seabrook nuclear power plant, who needed a place to perform court-ordered community service; and a Jewish businessman, who wanted to talk about his wife and her life-threatening illness.

This particular evening, Father Greer is the priest on duty. He has appointments with two couples. The first wants his help in dissolving a Catholic marriage; the second wants to enter into one. In the downstairs office, a picture of Cardinal Law gazes majestically upon the first young man and his fiancée, who are in their early twenties. The young man has come here to acknowledge his failure in an earlier marriage, and to request an annulment. He wants, with the Church's approval, to marry the young woman sitting beside him. His lank red hair, trailing over his collar, is freshly washed and errantly combed. Although he is slightly built, he has oversized hands and the thick, dirt-rimed fingers of a mechanic. The girl is equally slight, with frizzy brown hair, and is dressed with schoolgirl simplicity in a crisp white blouse and a dark skirt. They are quiet as Father Greer looks over the annulment application.

"My wife and I were from different backgrounds, Father," the young man begins. "I was working-class, and she came from better. I was working in a gas station, and she'd ride down to get air for her bicycle. She was cutting classes; she dropped out. She never could hold a job. We messed around, and so she got pregnant. The baby came, and we needed to save money, and she wanted to party. She just walked out one day and left me with the baby. Then she picked him up at day care and brought him back to where she was living with this guy. There were a lot of guys—I could make a list."

Father Greer has been pencilling a few notes on a pad, and now he looks up. There is a trace of disappointment in his eyes, even some anger. The young woman kicks her intended husband's shin, out of Father Greer's view.

"You thought with your body, and not with your mind or soul," Father Greer says. "Now there's a child. And a dead marriage. Not a proud legacy, is it?" The young man caps his hands over his knees, slouches forward, and looks down. The young woman, too, peers at the floor. After his opening volley, the priest's face seems to clear, and takes on a kind of benign neutrality. "But you did it. That's over. You're looking at your ecclesiastical lawyer, for better or worse. Let's see what we can do about the rest of your life."



After a series of questions and a careful editing of the grammar and spelling on the young man's application, Father Greer reads aloud his covering letter, which he has just written out in longhand and which will accompany the application. It is a simply stated story of two careless children marrying in order to legitimatize an impending birth, its canonically needed point being that there was no actual marriage because the pair were "incapable of handling themselves in life situations" and were therefore unable to contract one.

"These annulment petitions are going in like gangbusters, so I don't know how long it will take," he tells them. "It's going to cost you two or three hundred bucks, none of which goes to Father Greer. I'll be sending it right along to the archdiocese's marriage tribunal. Say a prayer that when the priests in the tribunal receive this a breeze will blow on their thick skulls and convince them that God's mercy is greater than the rules men have made. Now let's see how many stamps this rocket needs to get it in the air." He goes across the hall to weigh the letter in the parish business office and comes back with the appropriate postage. "Realize that they may turn it down," he tells the couple as he ushers them to the front door. "But that's never happened to any I've sent off."

The second couple, a bit older than the first, and obviously better off, are more casually dressed: she is in culottes; he is wearing a starched white oxford-cloth shirt open to mid-chest and a pair of beige cotton shorts. They are beaming.

Father Greer poses the first question—one that he asks every couple about to be married. "How much do you folks make? Sorry to be so blunt, but I find—and you don't need to be a genius to come up with this—that money is a weak sister to faith and the cause of many a marriage going on the rocks. I guess what I'm asking is, Can you afford to get married?"

Their prenuptial glow is undimmed by the question. He makes fifty-five thousand dollars a year in high-tech sales, and she makes forty-five thousand in pharmaceutical sales. Their responses to the priest's further questions, as he fills out the archdiocesan marriage form, constitute a story quite different from that of the previous couple. These are children of the mobile middle class, who have moved so frequently that they have difficulty remembering all their former addresses. They belong to a new generation of American Catholics, who may be products of parochial schools but have none of the sense of parish identity that held families and communities together for so many years. She will retain her maiden name. He gives his current address. She gives hers.

Father Greer looks up, taking off his reading glasses. "Your phone?" he asks.

The man gives his number.

"And yours, my dear?" the priest asks, his expression hovering somewhere between amusement and fatigue.

"Very similar to mine," the young man interjects, with a boyish grin.

"Would it be unwise to assume you live together?"

"No, that's correct, Father," he says. "You see, we were dating in Pittsburgh, and I got a job in Boston, and we wanted to be together, so we both had to move, and rents are so crazy—"

"Why do you want to be married in St. Patrick's?"

"It's such a beautiful church, Father—reminds me of the first one I went to as a kid," the young woman says. "We're very much in love, and we want a church wedding. It just wouldn't be right to do it any other way."

"Love." Father Greer nods his head. "That's where you are, but will you stay there? What if those jobs go out the window? What if a handicapped child comes along? Love gets pretty worn down after a while. You can't live lives by the American principle of substitution—a babysitter instead of a mother, toys instead of time. You need a good anchor, and it's not love, not money, not sex. It's spiritual; it's about giving. We all want to take. What have you done spiritually to prepare for being married? I spent years preparing for the sacrament I received. Yours is just as holy. Perhaps even more demanding."

"Oh, we're preparing in our own way, Father," the young man says, still smiling, undaunted. "We're not doing this for tax breaks, or anything like that. Some people do, you know."

"You're telling me that living together is all a person needs to do nowadays. You both had parochial-school educations. Don't you think you're living in sin?"

"I feel comfortable with it," the young woman responds. "We're getting used to each other. There won't be any surprises in this marriage, believe me."

"You know, Father, I don't think I did anything today—or last night—that was any different from going to church on Sunday," the young man says.

"Using yourself as a norm isn't enough," Father Greer responds. "God's teachings, the Ten Commandments—that's the norm. This is a sin against purity. Any way you cut it. If you bend that rule, what's to say you can't bend the rule about the permanence of marriage? What happens when you don't want to live *that* teaching anymore?"

"It was a practical arrangement," the young woman says, showing little of the conviction with which she entered the room a half hour ago.

"I'm a man of the Church—I can't not say these things to you," Father Greer continues. His voice is low and gravelly, as it becomes late at night or when he is enmeshed in an argument he despairs of winning. "A person can't live a life with selective theology. You are coming to church to testify—and you ask a priest to testify—that this is a sacramental union." He pushes himself back from the desk. "Look, if I didn't care about you I could just fill out these forms, give you a booklet you would never read, and let you out of here in twenty minutes, and then have a cold drink, put up my feet, and watch the Red Sox get pounded again. But I have a bad record at this marrying business. I've married a thousand couples, and half of them didn't make it. One from last year is divorced already. I'm trying to improve my average."

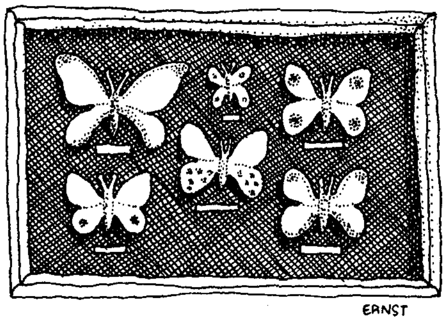
The young man asks what he and his fiancée should be doing to prepare for their wedding, and Father Greer tells them to go to confession, which both admit they have not done for years, and attend weekly Mass.

"I can't expect one of you to move out, but is there any way you could live separately in the apartment until you're married?" the priest asks. At his earlier suggestions they had nodded, albeit unconvincingly. This one evokes nothing but a blank look of incomprehension.

"Something—I want you to do *something* to prepare for this. How much time and energy went into finding a caterer, a hall, a band, getting the invitations printed and mailed, the flowers? You probably spent more time on flowers than— O.K., here it is: You want to invite Jesus Christ to be at the nuptial union when He hasn't been in your lives. He's a stranger. Is it fair to Him or you to have a stranger at your wedding?"

"But I feel He has been there, Father," the young man says.

"I think you've got us all wrong," the young woman adds quickly. "It means a lot to us. We could just go our separate ways—"



"Or get married," Father Greer interrupts. "But there's a third way. To be prepared, spiritually prepared, for the most important day in your entire life." It is nearly ten o'clock; Father Greer looks exhausted. His eyes droop so that they seem to push the lower lids down onto his flushed cheeks.

"We'll—we'll have to think about it, Father," the young man says, with only enough conviction not to appear to be affronting the priest. "And—and maybe come back and see you."

Father Greer says little more as he completes the form. He has made his point. He may act like the Hound of Heaven, but he does not want to be the Badger of the Boston Archdiocese. "My job isn't to be popular, it's to uphold the truth, and that's not always fun, believe me," he says as the pair are leaving, and he pats the young man on the back. "Good luck. Think about it. That's all I ask."

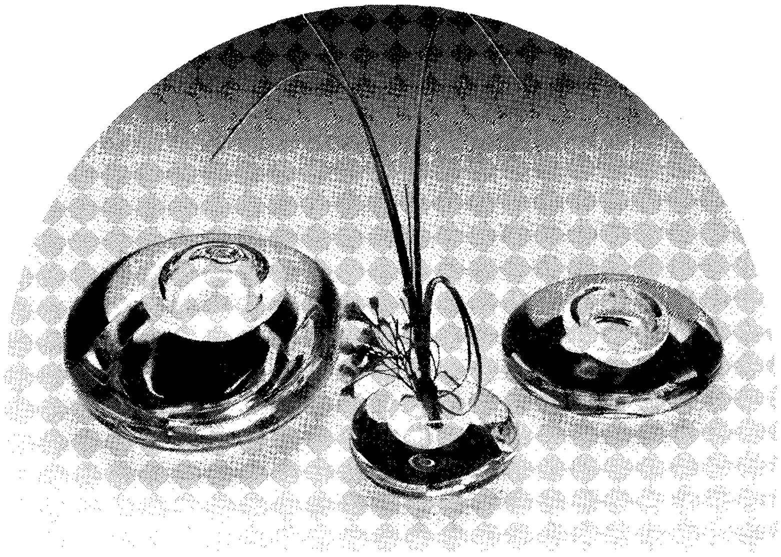
His day over, a Scotch-on-the-rocks in his hand, Father Greer sinks into the lounge chair upstairs in his living room. He has functioned within a wide theological range this evening, and I ask him why he said what he did, and what effect he thinks it will have.

"The parish priest has very few chances to talk with people on the periphery," he says. "Even fewer chances to get their full attention. We don't have the manpower to do a parish census anymore—you can't go door-to-door and find people in need or who are lapsed. So you do your best with marriage preparation, or any ritual. At baptisms, I tell people that they are walking out the door with a saint in their arms, and I ask them what they are going to do to care for its soul. Tonight, with the first couple, what *was* there to do? Do you harass a sick person, ask him to get up and take a jog? No, you show him understanding and help him get better. But then the hundred-thousand-dollar couple. Here we had two nice, decent kids. Like a lot of such people, they come in thinking they're doing you a favor by being married in the Church. They want the old Church beauty, but not the old Church teaching. Their life style is breezy and easy. They live by polls; the system is the norm. I had their full attention for those few precious minutes in there. And they are strong—

they have to get a stiff dose, real marching orders. I had to make the most of it, without completely alienating them. As for what good it does?" He takes a long swallow of his drink. "Probably none. But that's up to God. Joe Greer did his best."

IN the early days of the country, the American Catholic pastor was little more than a circuit rider working among the scattered faithful and preaching an alien religion scorned by the Protestant majority. Tiny groups of Catholics eventually gathered into congregations large enough to build a church and hire a priest, who would be paid a usually meagre salary to serve them. Laity came before clergy in most parts of the country; the congregation normally owned church and land—today, the diocese holds the deed—and demanded the right to hire and fire its priests. By 1850, there were a million three hundred thousand Catholics in the United States, and they made up the country's largest religious denomination. With numbers came strength, most of it finding its way into the hands of bishops, who began exerting institutional control over their constituent parishes. Pastors were appointed by the bishops and given a feudal lord's authority to raise and distribute money in the parishes as they saw fit. The laity was left, in the words of the old adage, to "pay, pray, and obey." Many were newly arrived immigrants, for whom the growing parishes were havens from Protestant contempt and a means of acculturation. The pastor, because he was usually the most educated among them, able to read, write, and speak English properly, became an increasingly powerful force. He had young priests assisting him, who did most of the daily spiritual work of parish life, leaving him free to address the temporal. With his parish expanding and building like America itself, the pastor began to be respected not only for his spiritual and corporal works of mercy but for the property he managed and the sheer size of his congregation.

The Second Vatican Council fostered a shift away from strict authoritarian rule in the Church, so that—in the spirit of the early Church—the entire "People of God" might again hold sway. This, indeed, has happened. Lay people now have a say in the Church's affairs through parish coun-



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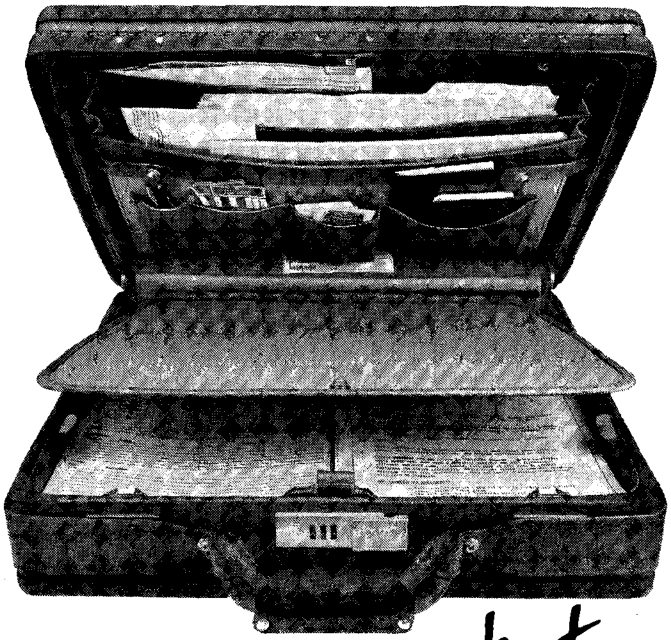

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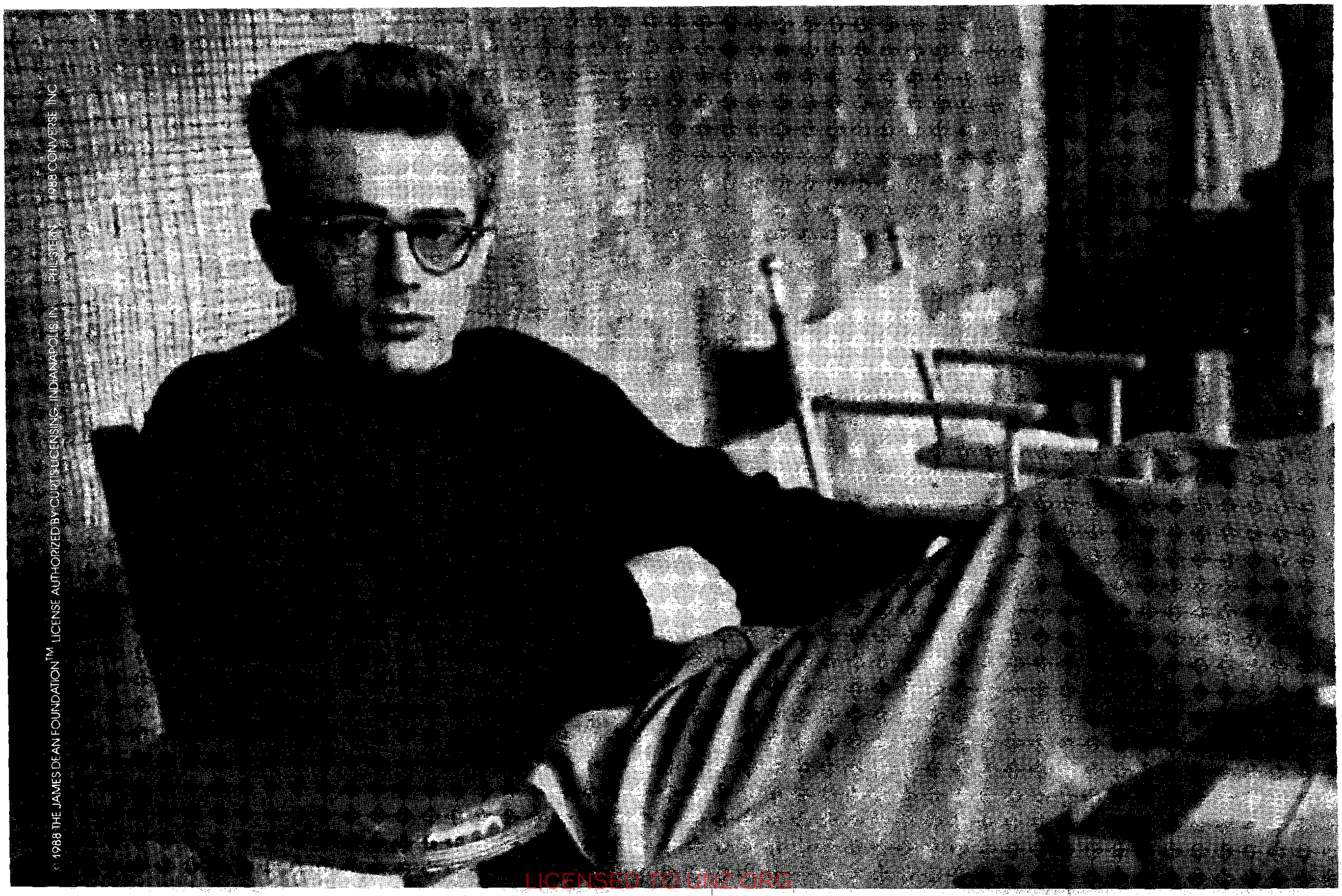
cils and other policymaking groups, and a role as distributors of Communion, lectors, counsellors, educators, and administrators. But the shift is not complete: the priest is still the only one who can celebrate Mass, hear confessions, consecrate marriages, administer the last rites, and (ordinarily) baptize. And, as surveys have consistently shown, it is to him that Catholics still want to turn in their moments of grief, celebration, or need. When I asked Father Greer to describe for me the ideal Catholic pastor today, he was quick in his reply. "He is one who reflects Vatican II totally—that is, preaching the Good News and building community among his people. He is accepted by a hundred per cent of his parish, is spiritually deep, intellectually high, and overflowing with charity. Notice that I say nothing about his administrative abilities. A pastor is the shepherd—he shouldn't get wrapped up in building the sheepfold."

He went on to offer an answer to what he sensed might be the next question. "And how do I measure up? Not too well, really. I'm a middle-of-the-road pastor. I celebrate the liturgy well, I think, and preach adequately, but I don't read enough. Ask me about medical ethics and I don't know beans. I'm not always as good as I could be in counselling, because I have a short fuse. I put people in a time box—fifty minutes tops—and if they spill over I'm impatient. When people don't understand me, or don't do what I think is best, I can be sarcastic. Spiritually—I try, but I'd like to be much holier than I am. I have so much stuff buzzing around in my head that it's hard to empty it out so that God can be let in. Parishioners are donating an average of four bucks a week—twice what it was when I got here. The church exterior is repointed, the lower church has been renovated, the rectory fixed up—that kind of stuff I do pretty well. I just hope there is something happening *inside* the church—that people's lives are being changed. I know I could do my job a lot better. There is a fine line between full responsibility and burnout, and I need to get closer to that line."

If Father Greer is perceived as a spiritual leader in his community, he is also known as a temporal figure—a politician, a visible presence in the town. Often, he takes a three- or four-mile walk through the parish, stopping on the street to talk with someone who hasn't been in church lately, or someone who has suffered a personal tragedy. He knows the meter maids, the store owners, the town employees, a large number of the children, the retarded man who walks his dog and threatens to bring it into church one day. "Not that dog!" Father Greer exclaims with fresh indignation each time. "A Protestant if I ever saw one!"

Like other, better-known Boston pols, he moves in many worlds, knows where power and wealth reside and how to get things done—from obtaining free baseball tickets to making sure that St. Patrick's is the first of the Natick churches to have its parking lot plowed on snowy Sunday mornings. Many groups and many individuals, both Catholic and non-Catholic, want him as their patron—to bless with his presence their wedding reception or dance or party, or the opening of a new White Hen Pantry convenience store. It is a rare week that does not see him in the town hall, just up East Central



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Street from St. Patrick's—perhaps to attend a meeting on affordable housing, or to see the town administrator about the repairing of a cracked sidewalk in front of the convent.

The administrator, a former Jesuit named Fred Conley, is a great admirer of Father Greer, calling him by far the most concerned clergyman in Natick. "When he walks in here, he doesn't play clerical games with you," Conley says. "He can be very tough when he's negotiating, but you know he's being tough in order to accomplish something for people. It's never a personal battle with him. Although he's proud and feisty, he really doesn't have the kind of ego that demands that he win. He just stays with the issue, doesn't demean or overpraise, and he has always done his homework. In the seminary, we had a saying that we'd come out with when we'd been up to our eyeballs in some heady existential discussion: 'After all the talk, you've got to be able to make sandwiches.' In city government, a lot of people come up with great theories that they aren't willing to follow through on. Joe Greer can make sandwiches."

There is one part of parish work—hospital rounds—that Father Greer has always especially valued. "You see real changes going on—people coming back to the sacraments, reconciling themselves with God, when they know their time is limited," he says. "After all the uncertainties of parish life—the seeming lack of progress—it's heartening." To make hospital calls with Father Greer is to witness a clerical adroitness that incorporates bedside humor, sensitivity, and a natural sacramental presence. A man in intensive care, his throat swathed with bandages from a cancer operation, scrawls "Not sure I'm qualified" in response to Father Greer's offer of the Eucharist—probably meaning that he hasn't confessed and isn't in a state of grace. "The guy up there understands you better than you know yourself," Father Greer says. "Don't worry about the details. Let's say an Act of Contrition together, because the good Lord wants to be here with you right now." A man who is convinced that he is sicker than he apparently is begins to weep as the Host nears his lips, which brings a quick retort from the priest. "Get rid of those tears or I'll give you a punch in the trunks. I was in here a year and a half ago. Cancer—me, the guy in the white hat. Had the last sacraments and all. You'll be up dancing a jig with the Mrs. in a couple of weeks. Let's see a smile."

He recognizes the import of his visit to a hospital room—that he can as easily be considered the Angel of Death as the bearer of spiritual comfort. "People have a reason to refuse you," he says. "They may have been hurt or scared by a priest, their faith may be dried up, and, on top of that, they're sure that the doctors aren't telling them everything and that you've been sent ten minutes before they're going to die. They're depressed. *I* was depressed when I was lying there. So I try not to get too heavy. They need a laugh, not a long face."

The illness that Father Greer speaks of manifested itself on the night of Palm Sunday, 1986, when he was awakened by back pains so excruciating that he spent three hours curled in a fetal position on his bedroom floor. He tried to ignore them, but the pains

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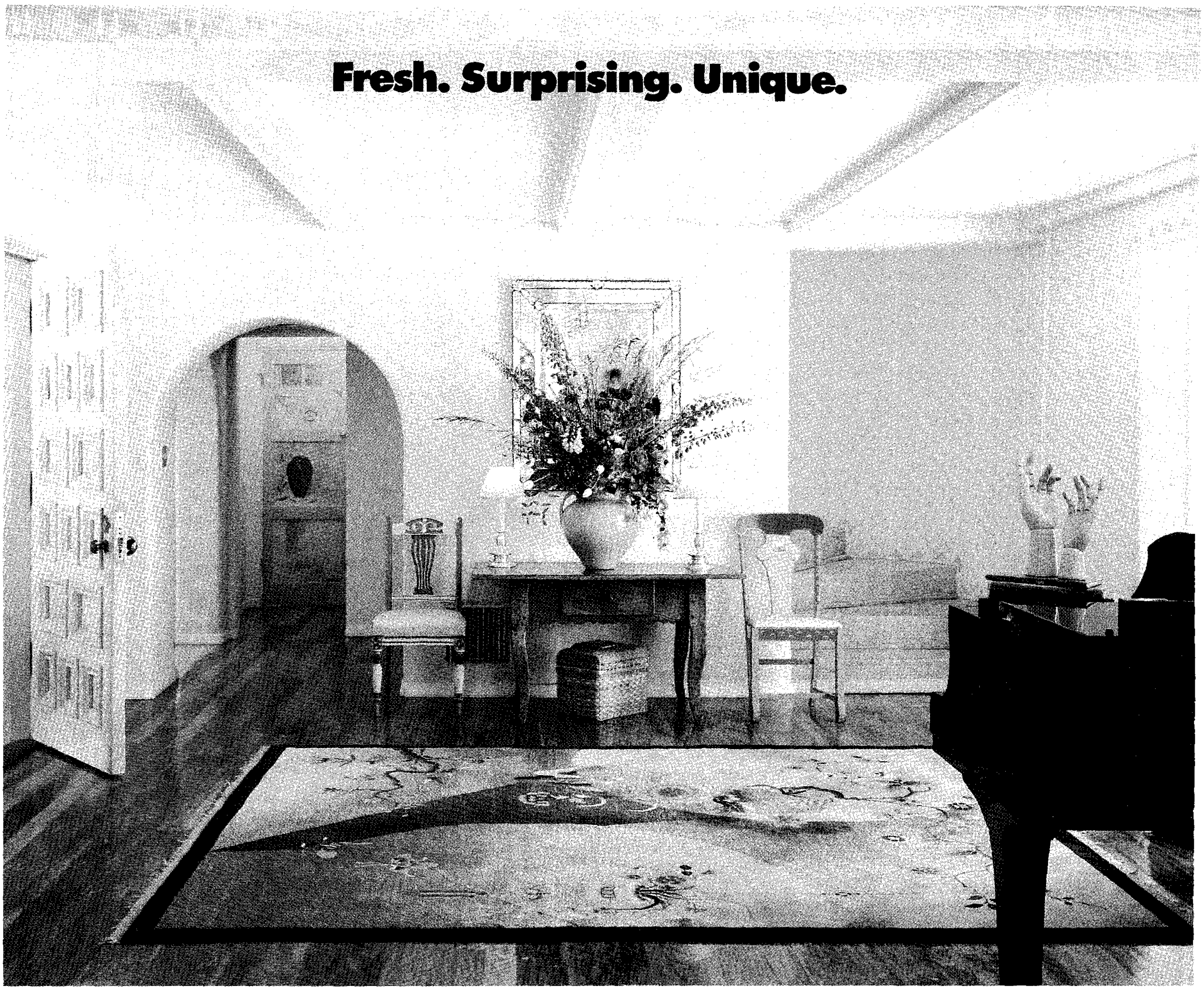

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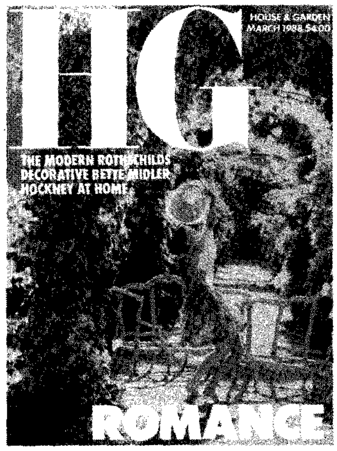

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persisted. Two days later, Father Rossi found him almost unconscious on the rectory stairs, his normally ruddy face white. X-rays of the bones of his pelvis showed a degree of porosity somewhat abnormal for a man of his age. Bone-marrow tests revealed indications of multiple myeloma—a cancer of the plasma cells in bone marrow, which normally produce antibodies for the immune system. He was hospitalized for over two weeks. After he spent a year and a half on the powerful drugs Alkeran and prednisone, the cancer went into remission—but, as he is well aware, the prognosis for multiple-myeloma patients is not good. At present, the average life expectancy is three years from the diagnosis of the disease. He is due for a bone-marrow transplant this fall.

"The illness, the illness—why does something like that have to happen just to make you wake up to who you really are?" he says one night as we talk in his living room. "I was told that I might not respond to treatment at all—people can die in a matter of months from this disease. I was told that even if the medication worked I would never be cancer-free—it would only be in remission. I had thought that I was totally in control of my life; I used to jog eight or ten miles a day. Death was for the other people—the people I was helping, and let's emphasize the 'I.' There is a kind of professional compassion, and I was good at it, but I never really felt what it was like to be on the receiving end—the needy side. We priests talk humility, but a kind of arrogance is closer to our hearts. Suddenly, I knew how it feels to be in a hospital bed, convinced that the doctors aren't telling you everything. And I realized that Joe Greer wasn't in charge anymore. I had already faced the fact that the world wasn't black and white, and that Father didn't have all the answers, but the illness has made me aware of my impermanence."

THE hope of the archdiocese of Boston—the young men who will replace the Father Greers—occupies a set of buildings at St. John's Seminary whose architecture bespeaks the institution's history. In the tranquil era of the Sulpicians, seminarians were housed in stately Victorian fieldstone structures; these now stand eclipsed by a huge, functional beige brick dormitory-and-office complex built in Cardinal Cushing's time to embrace those hundred-man classes he was determined to produce. (His peak was seventy-eight, in 1957, the year before Father Greer graduated.)

"I'm quite pleased to be able to know all our seminarians so well," the Reverend Thomas J. Daly says, with a smile, as we sit in his office within this behemoth of a building. "But I'd just as soon know *more* of them a little less well." Father Daly is a veteran of thirty-five years in the Boston seminary system, the last two as rector of St. John's. Currently, eighty-six men from the archdiocese are studying there—a fifth of the enrollment in Father Greer's time—and there are eighty from outside the archdiocese. Beyond Father Daly's window, some young women from Boston College, which is nearby, have availed themselves of an expanse of lawn to toss around a Frisbee in the warm afternoon air. Allowing coeds on the seminary grounds is probably the smallest of the changes here.

"We are dealing with a different kind of candidate today," Father Daly says. "Very, very different from the applicants of Father Greer's day. This is the age of narcissism. And it is a time when young men who want to enter the religious life receive no peer-group support. Yet they come to us. It's much more of an existential step off the plank, so we have to treat them accordingly. We realize that they're more self-centered; we understand if, say, they need therapy. In the old days, they could have been out merely at the mention of it. We have an entire retreat devoted to celibacy. We want them to be prepared to deal with their sexuality—and with living alone, which will happen to all of them, and probably soon, because of the decline in the number of priests. But, above all, they must be professional—leaders, good administrators, forceful preachers, and up to date on liturgy and theology."

Shortly after my talk with Father Daly, I met with Kevin Devine, John Kearns, and Joseph Hennessey, three men close to ordination, in a small, comfortable office down the hall from their classrooms. (As might be expected, roughly half the student body is of Irish heritage; there are three blacks and—despite the substantial Portuguese and Latin-American populations in the area—only six Portuguese and three Hispanics.) Father Daly had

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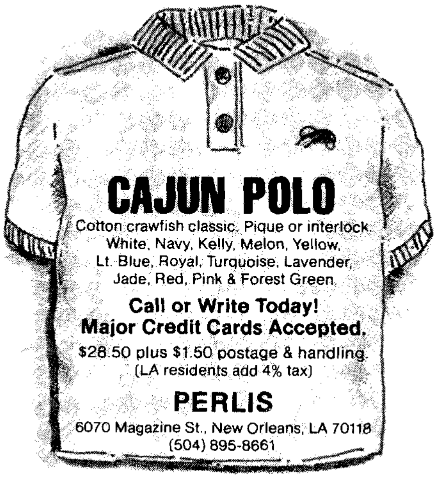
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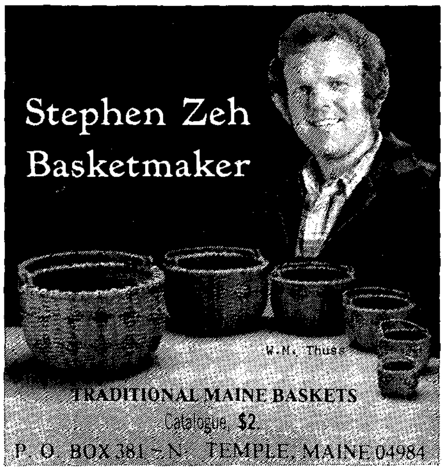
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seemed to be describing a sort of religious Foreign Legionnaire, and the three students gave me the impression that this was precisely the kind of mission they were readying themselves for. Their curriculum offers more courses in psychology and fewer courses in dogma and apologetics than Father Greer's did; it is far broader and certainly more liberal. There are courses in ministry to the divorced, Christian-Muslim relations, Protestant ecclesiology—all of which would have been considered just this side of heretical in Father Greer's day. The catalogue description of a course in sacramental and liturgical theology promises help in developing "a celebration style for sacramental worship."

On the other hand, the outlook of the latest crop of seminarians at St. John's is reminiscent of the conformity of Father Greer's seminary years. Surveys of the country's seminary students find many of them to be conservative—a word that caused the three students I met with to bristle. "Traditional" is the word they prefer as a description. They declared themselves in favor of continued celibacy for priests, and, although well aware that the number of priests is dwindling, they were not in favor of allowing married priests to help in parish work. "Priests who have resigned and married have made a choice," Kevin Devine said, in a clear, strong voice. "They should not be allowed to say Mass. That's basic Church teaching. Who needs interpretation?" The Second Vatican Council was, for them, a "gap" as well as a bridge—a time when the Church modified its historic teachings to accommodate itself to the modern world. Yet though they are opposed to liberalization of the Church's rules, they are at the same time modern men, who use contemporary terminology. Because of their reduced numbers, they see themselves as "coördinators," who will "facilitate" and "empower"—who will "touch base" with the various lay staff members and volunteers who do much of the teaching, visiting, counselling, and distribution of Communion that were once the task of the clergy.

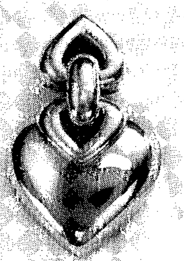
But whoever the new Boston priest is, he leaves St. John's with only a rudimentary knowledge of Latin—for centuries the cornerstone of seminary education—and with a proclivity for the game of golf. During the sixties and seventies, the sport was as out of vogue with seminarians as the scholasticism of Hervé is today. Today, the men of St. John's, functionally illiterate in the ancient language of the Church, are once again a company of golfers, captivated by a game that has provided companionship for priests three times their age and grist for countless jokes about the clergy.

"I ADMIRE those young guys," Father Greer says. "I don't know if I could do it today—if the seminary would even accept me. They're good men—I've met a fair number, and had some in the parishes I've served—but there are things about some of them that bother me. They tend to talk a lot about job security, and I sense that they really like to wear the black. They're a bit like professional individualists. They pick and choose what they want to do. The old spirit of pastoral dedication doesn't seem to be there."

We are sitting in the living room of a simple, comfortable three-bedroom board-and-batten cabin that he and two other priests own in Franconia, New Hampshire. We have come here to talk at length—something that proved difficult during the busy days in Natick. Behind him are a walnut-veneer breakfront and table, both of them from his family's old home in Roxbury. A few hours earlier, he had said Mass at the table, using shrimp-cocktail glasses for cruets and a Host kept fresh through damp weather and dry in a polyethylene bag in the refrigerator. Two squat candles and a vase of plastic flowers completed the makeshift altar.

"Sometimes this is a Church that expects too much of her people," he says now, gazing out at Cannon Mountain, where he skis each winter. He is wearing trousers, shirt, and sweater in graduated shades of mustard and yellow, along with a pair of Dock-siders; in these secular clothes, he appears a smaller man than he does in clerical black. "I never thought I'd live to see the day I'd say that, because at one time it was so easy to judge: I was right, and everyone who disagreed with me was wrong. I was willing to be measured by the toughest standards, and I imposed the same standards on others. Then came the sixties and seventies, and I found that I was just as weak as the weakest of them. Now I'm not so quick to judge. I don't want to be judged that harshly myself. Maybe I'm a little late—I'm rounding third and heading for home—but I hope I'm learning that the true sign of the Church is forgiveness, not making the wounds deeper. Some of my closest friends are ex-priests—good, decent men. Present Church policy makes it difficult to release them from their vows, and if they are not laicized they can't be married in the eyes of the Church—nor, if they marry, can they function in the Church as laymen. But they aren't allowed to function as priests, either—as the majority of them want to do. And I feel their enormous pain. They're living in limbo, outcasts. I see people who have had a bad marriage, because their partners didn't live up to their side of the bargain. They're supposed to suffer with that for the rest of their lives? Or marry again and then be forbidden to receive Communion? A man who was ordained around my time is the first Boston archdiocesan priest with AIDS. What are they doing with him? Compassion? They sent him away, as if he were nothing but an embarrassment. Where's Our Lord's love in that? A man who served for some thirty years, banished. Sometimes the Church is the older brother in the story of the Prodigal Son: 'You did what you wanted to do, and now you're going to pay for it.' God is kinder to man than man is to himself.

"I think that's why many parish priests today don't pay a whole lot of attention to what's coming down from Rome or from the chancery. You can't take all of it seriously and keep your sanity. I know priests who haven't opened chancery mail in two months. There's no end to the demands. We hear so much talk about a diocese being a community, but if you want to have a community its leader has to earn his authority, as the pastor has to earn his. Edicts don't work anymore. I've had direct experience with both Cardinal Medeiros and Cardinal Law, so I can cite examples that illustrate why priests get worn down by the system, and why the so-called consultations and synods usually don't add up to much. When I was on the Priests' Senate in the nineteen-seventies, we all believed we were going to reform the system from within. We were supposed to hold a special election among the priests of the archdiocese to choose a clergy personnel director. At the time, there was a



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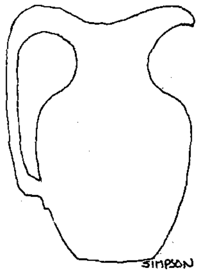
lot of dissatisfaction with who was being sent where and why. Cardinal Medeiros—a holy man, to be sure, yet once that mitre goes up on top funny things happen—informed me that regardless of the outcome of the election he would keep his man in office. As it happened, his man won, but later he asked for a survey on the subject of the personnel department and its workings, and I thought, Aha, we'll get the thinking out in the open *this* way! I had a questionnaire drawn up by a top sociologist, sent it out to all the priests in the archdiocese, and presented the findings to the Cardinal. He didn't like what it told him—that the archdiocese priests were no longer willing to be moved around as he and his inner circle saw fit—and never had it published. The personnel situation appears to be better today, though. Priests may be overworked, but they at least have some say in where they're working.

"In the early days at St. Patrick's, when we were trying to get the parish moving again, I spent an entire year preparing for a parish renewal, which was capped off by five consecutive nights when an average of seven hundred people turned out, because they cared so much about their parish. The following Sunday, every priest at every Mass was to preach about the renewal. It happened that Cardinal Law had sent out a tape on abortion that he wanted played that Sunday, and when we didn't play it one of my parishioners turned me in. The Cardinal was on the phone asking me, 'Is there a reason for this?' I told him about the renewal and the state of the parish, and said that I'd made a pastoral judgment. He wasn't much impressed with my judgment, and told me that it was more important to have continuity—that my decision showed me and my parish to be out of step with him. I tried to explain further, but he got angrier and angrier. Now, this is the same man who later, during my illness, was a frequent visitor and often called to see how I was doing. He was wonderful. I just can't understand it, so I don't even try anymore. But to any criticism I might make I would immediately add that *these men have brutal schedules, great* pressures on them—and, often, very lonely lives.

"Priests are bucking their superiors, and the laity—a much higher-quality laity than we've ever had before—isn't listening to the Church anymore. You might trace a lot of this back to Pope Paul VI's 1968 encyclical 'Humanae Vitae,' which forbade the use of artificial methods of birth control at a time when sixty expert consultants hired by the Vatican were in favor of it and the practice was widespread anyhow. When you look at Vatican proclamations, you have to consider two elements: one is *Ecclesia docens,* the Church teaching, and the second is *sensus fidelium,* the response of the faithful, or, in effect, the Church listening. If the teaching has no listeners, that says something about the validity of what is being taught: the listeners are saying something to the teachers. The *sensus fidelium* was that 'Humanae Vitae' was off base. The faithful basically ignored it. But, sadly, some people left the Church because of it. I'm not for a watered-down, convenient religious faith—the salt without savor. But this is not the world it was when Joe Greer first put on the biretta at St. John's. If someone asks about birth control, I give chapter and verse on 'Humanae Vitae' and then listen for extenuating circumstances. I usually hear some." He smiles.



"This thing called celibacy, when will it go? I wish it had gone yesterday. Not for old Father Greer—although I have to admit I'd give marriage a thought; the old dog knows a pretty face when he sees one—but for the many fine young men it keeps from becoming priests. Yes, it's a beautiful gift to present to God, and it stands as a sign of your commitment to serve all the people when you yourself do not have a wife and family. But you don't find every priest my age proclaiming that celibacy must be maintained. Older priests know that without it the number and the quality of men aspiring to the priesthood would be greatly increased, and this tendency toward the feminizing of the clergy would be checked.

"My own violations of the vow took me to some of the lowest points in my life, but—hindsight, you are so wise—they had a profound effect on my priesthood. I had never understood before how people could fall and then fall again. But I learned, over a half-dozen years of falling and falling again myself. I learned that the reason to love people isn't that they are perfect, and I learned that, as God forgave me, the least I could do was reciprocate with the people I serve. I learned, from my own mistakes, that people don't really *want* to sin. And through it all—this is strange to say—I knew that I was born to be a priest. And that I would die one. To be in the world but not of it. To serve. A great ideal, and it's the height of peace and joy. Obviously, it makes you feel good. But it didn't take long for me to realize that it could take a tremendous toll. I see so much grief every week that, although each person's tragedy is unique, there is a commonness about it all. I have to convince myself of that, because my emotions couldn't stand the strain if I got involved each time. I remember my first funeral, at St. Joseph's in Quincy. I came back to the rectory with tears in my eyes, and the pastor—Monsignor Allston, a great man—took me aside and said, 'Father, if you want to survive, stop that right now! Toward the dead, you must be dead to yourself.'

"You learn to keep a check on your emotions, but the hardest part of the priesthood to deal with is a certain kind of deception which is the downfall of most of us: we know what the ideal is, and we actually think that we can will ourselves to live up to it—that if we work harder and longer we'll be better priests. It took the cancer for me to finally acknowledge the Source of strength and health. I used to be a bit of a workaholic. Now I don't know if I'm getting better as a priest, but I'm not so worried about it. I can go about it gently. I can be a pastor and roll with the punches—know that I'm going to lose most of the battles, but that it's not up to me anymore. The illness taught me—not about death but about dependence.

"I hope I'll be at St. Patrick's for a while longer, but I see myself functioning as a priest right into my retirement. I love this little cabin, I love being up here away from all the problems, and God knows I love to ski, but I love even more doing what I do. When I'm retired, I want to serve a small parish—maybe three or four days a week. With the shortage of priests these days, I'm sure there'll be a spot for me."

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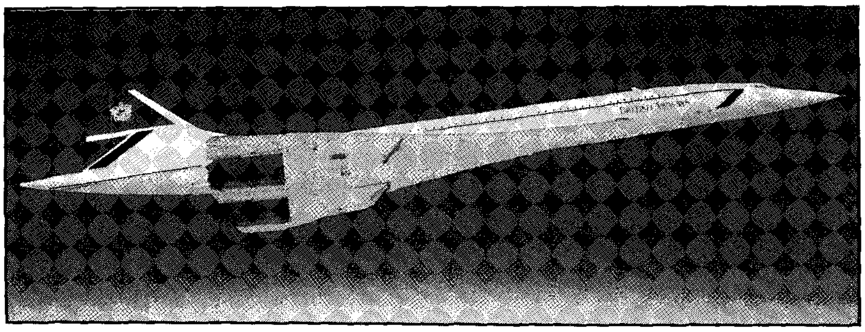

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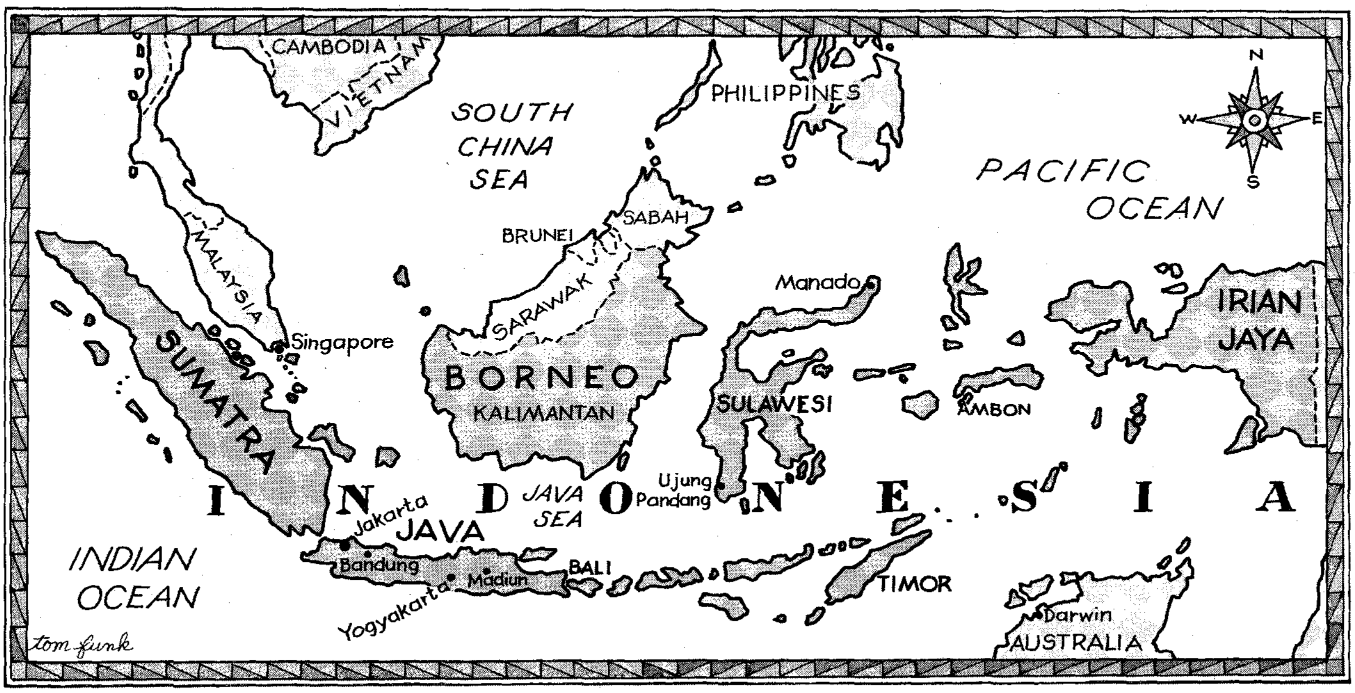

FOR Indonesians, questions about the nation's future are asked against a historical backdrop of fears that the country would not even survive as a nation. Their country has had to absorb more jolts in fifty years than the United States has in two hundred: occupation by the Japanese during the Second World War; a revolution to throw off colonial rule; several secessionist efforts; and religious wars. The Indonesian political system today was born of past fears. In a nation that has the largest Muslim population in the world, there is a fear of Islamic fundamentalism; in the nineteen-fifties, advocates of an Islamic state had their own armies and potent political parties. There is a fear of Communism, which seemed on the verge of coming to power in the mid-nineteen-sixties, until in the aftermath of an abortive coup in 1965 political tensions erupted and hundreds of thousands of Indonesians were murdered, and the Communist Party was wiped out. There is also a wariness of Western liberal democracy. Indeed, many Indonesians consider Western liberalism an ideology almost as dangerous as Communism. "We have rejected the extremes of liberal democracy and Communism," a civilian government minister told me recently. A thoughtful man, he would like to see his country become more democratic. But he said, "We are not Western Europe. We are not America. Let's not be defensive about it." He said that he is often asked why Indonesia can't be like India. "If India is the darling of Western liberal democrats, O.K., fine," he said. "If you think that is a success, O.K., fine with us. But we are not India. India is not for us."

After independence, many nations did adopt the liberal-democratic system of government of their colonial masters, among them India, Pakistan, and the Philippines. Indonesia, which declared its independence from the Netherlands in 1945, experimented with a European-style parliamentary system. The Cabinet was responsible to a unicameral legislature, and the President had the power to dissolve the parliament and call elections. The result was political instability bordering on chaos. There was an explosion of political parties, which represented and also contributed to the new nation's underlying religious, ethnic, and regional divisions. In 1951, thirteen political parties had seats in the parliament, with the largest party, Masyumi, holding only forty-nine seats out of a total of two hundred and thirty-two. Between 1945 and 1958, there were seventeen different Cabinets. Sukarno, the country's first President, ultimately dissolved the parliament and declared martial law. The country needed what he called Guided Democracy. Sukarno, who was ousted by Suharto during several months of power struggle following the 1965 coup, has been repudiated. But a guided democracy is essentially what Indonesia has today: an élite, headed by Suharto and supported by the military, decides what is best for Indonesia. It is called the New Order.

Even people who reject the authoritarianism of Suharto and yearn for a more democratic society are wary of a return to anything resembling the nineteen-fifties. "Of course, we would love to have more civil liberties," says Sadli, a sixty-six-year-old highly respected former member of Suharto's Cabinet. "But we went through all that after 1945. We lost twenty years of economic progress because of political turmoil. On the one hand, you can say we're tired of democracy. But, of course, we don't want a dictatorship." Goenawan Mohamad is nineteen years younger than Sadli, but he shares his views about the nineteen-fifties. Goenawan, the editor of the newsweekly *Tempo*, is an intellectual whose journalistic skills and integrity attract eager young journalists to his magazine. His wife, Widarti, is the editor of *Femina*, one of several Indonesian women's magazines, testament to the fact that women in Indonesia have advanced farther than those in Muslim countries generally. Goenawan, a short, tightly built man, is constantly pushing against the restrictions of Suharto's New Order government. Yet in trying to move forward he looks back to the fifties. "It was a mess," he told me not long ago. "We had rebellions. Nothing worked. I was a small child in the village. I was unhappy seeing neighbors quarrel with each other just because they belonged to different political parties."

Indonesians offer a number of reasons for what they say was the failure of democracy. Culturally, the Javanese, the largest ethnic group in this country of a hundred and seventy million people, are imbued with authoritarian values—traditionally, villagers obeyed the headman, who in turn was expected to take care of his subjects. During more than three centuries of colonial rule, the Dutch did little to prepare Indonesians for democracy. When the Dutch left, the rate of literacy among Indonesians was barely in two digits; the number of college graduates was probably fewer than a thousand.

Today, when Indonesian political leaders and intellectuals look around the region, they don't find many successful democratic examples to emulate. "We do not want to have what India is having now—the Sikhs against the Hindus, and the fighting over languages," says Umar Kayan, a professor of literature and anthropology at Gadja Mada University, in Yogyakarta, a major city in Central Java. In the Philippines, bullets and ballots are coefficients of elections, and the recently democratically elected Philippine Congress has been unwilling to address the social and economic problems crippling the country. "The Philippines has returned to the old liberal democracy, and it's anarchy," says Christianto Wibisono, the director of the Indonesia Business Information Center, in Jakarta. "Look at Cory," he said, referring to President Corazon Aquino. "She can't govern. Look at the excesses, the violence, the killing." And Indonesians are shocked when they observe the refusal of the South Korean opposition to compromise. Wibisono calls it the "sickness of the opposition."

In Indonesia, compromise is a re-

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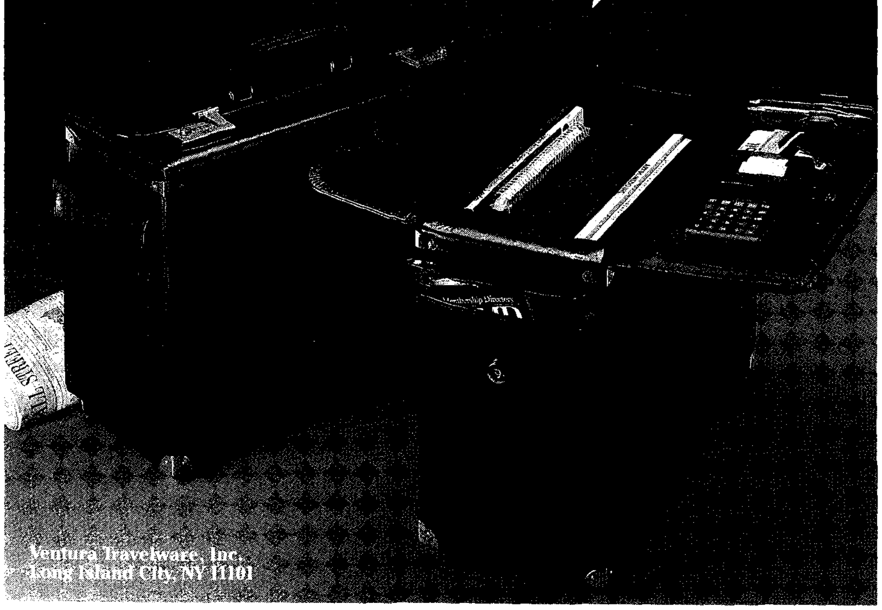

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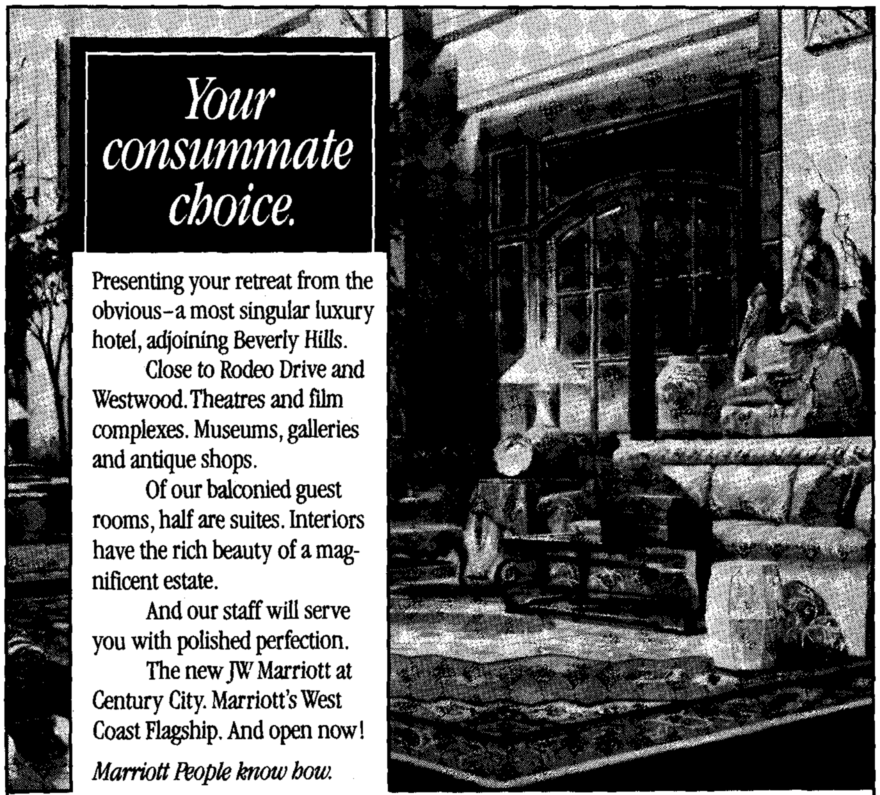

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vered value. It is rooted in Javanese culture that there should be no winners and losers. To reach a decision, Indonesians thus prefer *musyawarah* and *mufakat*—deliberation and consensus—over voting, which may be what most distinguishes their political system from liberal democracy. The political instability of the nineteen-fifties converted Javanese cultural values into an aversion for voting. Today, so strong is the dread of voting that Indonesian politicians will threaten a vote to force an agreement by consensus. "In your eyes, voting means an end to a conflict," says Sarwono, the secretary-general of Golkar, which is the government party. "In Indonesia, voting is the beginning of a conflict. We have not learned to use voting as a political tool."

The preference for consensus is widely accepted. "It's not a good idea to vote," says Kwik Kian Gie, a member of the Indonesian Democratic Party (P.D.I.), the smallest of the three political parties allowed by the government. Kwik, who is fifty-three years old, belongs to a new generation of Indonesian politicians. An entrepreneur who has built a successful business that sells appliances, color television sets, and other consumer electronic goods from house to house on credit, he joined the P.D.I. in 1986, he says, "because I was convinced that the political power, especially the military, really is serious about moving toward more democracy." Last year, Kwik ran for a seat in the House of Representatives, known as the D.P.R. (Dewan Perwakilan Rakyat). The Constitution provides that the D.P.R., which has five hundred members today—four hundred elected and a hundred appointed military officers—is the lawmaking body, but Suharto has curbed its powers. Kwik lost, but his party then appointed him to the People's Consultative Assembly, known as the M.P.R. (Majelis Permusyawaratan Rakyat), a thousand-member body that meets every five years—the D.P.R. meets annually—to elect the President and Vice-President and discuss general state policy.

During the M.P.R. session in March, Kwik says, the P.D.I., as a minority party, benefitted from the preference for consensus over voting. "You have more than enough time to present your views, sometimes to the point of boredom; sometimes we talked until three in the morning," Kwik told me during breakfast a few days after the session ended. "In the West, as soon as the minority begins to speak the majority doesn't listen—it goes off or drinks coffee. So what is the use of voting? Not only is it a waste of time—if you force Golkar to vote, it will win anyway—but it leads to tyranny of the majority; consensus gives more power to the minority."

It's understandable that Kwik is concerned about the rights of the minority parties, for the P.D.I. is destined to remain one under the political system devised and controlled by Suharto. So is the other minority party, the Development Unity Party, or P.P.P. Both were formed by government fiat in the mid-nineteen-seventies, in part to reduce the conflicts and instability wrought by the existence of dozens of small parties. The P.D.I. was a merger of the nationalist and Christian parties; the P.P.P. of the Islamic parties.

The government doesn't like the P.D.I. and the P.P.P. to be called "opposition" parties, for that suggests a Western-style system and is contrary to the spirit of consensus and harmony. Similarly, the government doesn't call Golkar a political party—political parties are scorned for pursuing parochial interests. Golkar was created in 1964 by the Army as a "functional group"—of professionals, intellectuals, merchants, and others—to counter the Communists, whose party, the P.K.I., had three million members and was probably the most formidable single political party in Indonesia at the time. Whatever Golkar was originally, however, it is manifestly a political party today, and its leaders openly acknowledge this. Golkar leaders have in mind becoming like Mexico's Institutional Revolutionary Party (P.R.I.). Indeed, Golkar's deputy secretary-general is Ambassador to Mexico, with a specific assignment to study the P.R.I. Every six years, the incumbent Mexican President chooses his successor, who is then duly elected, in a vote that is considered free and fair. The P.R.I. has won every election for President, senator, and state governor since it was founded, in 1929.

Currently, the New Order government manages the political system to such a degree that it isn't necessary to stuff the ballot boxes to insure a Golkar victory. Golkar controls voter registration and supervises the voting. The

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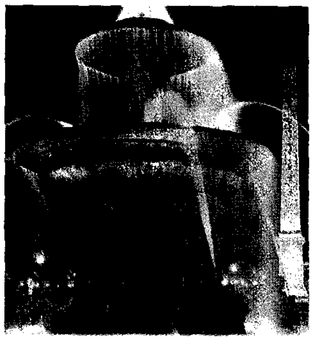

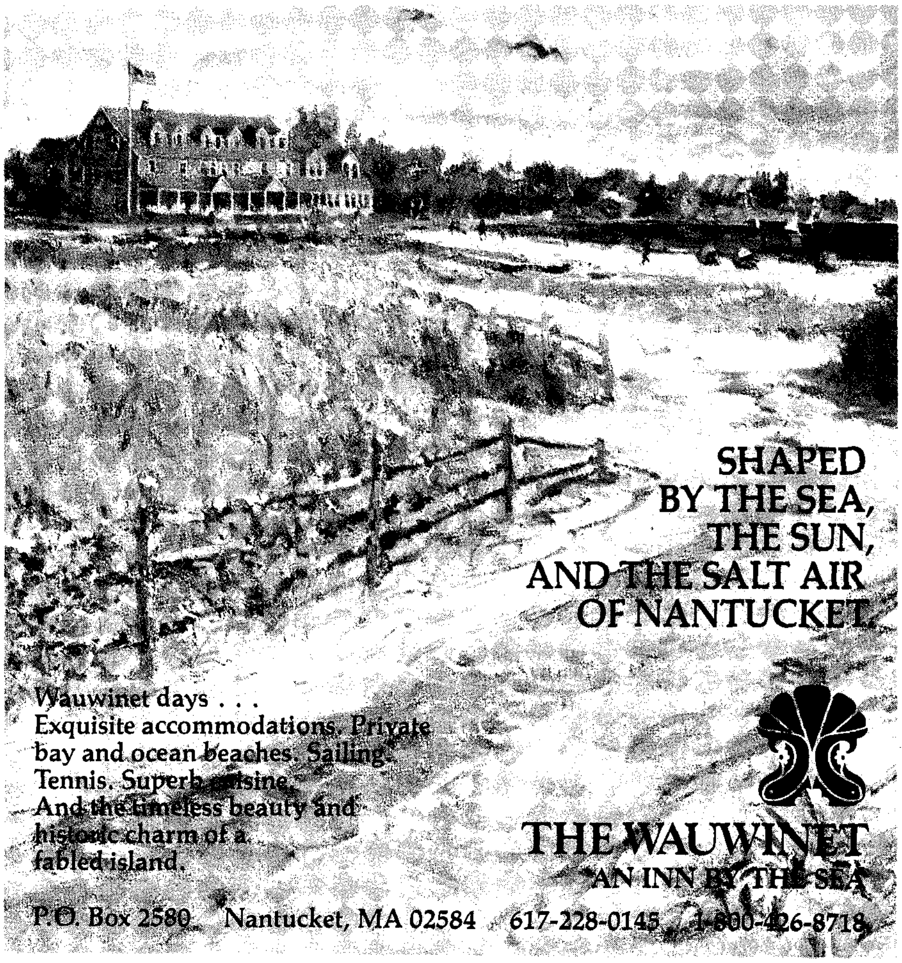

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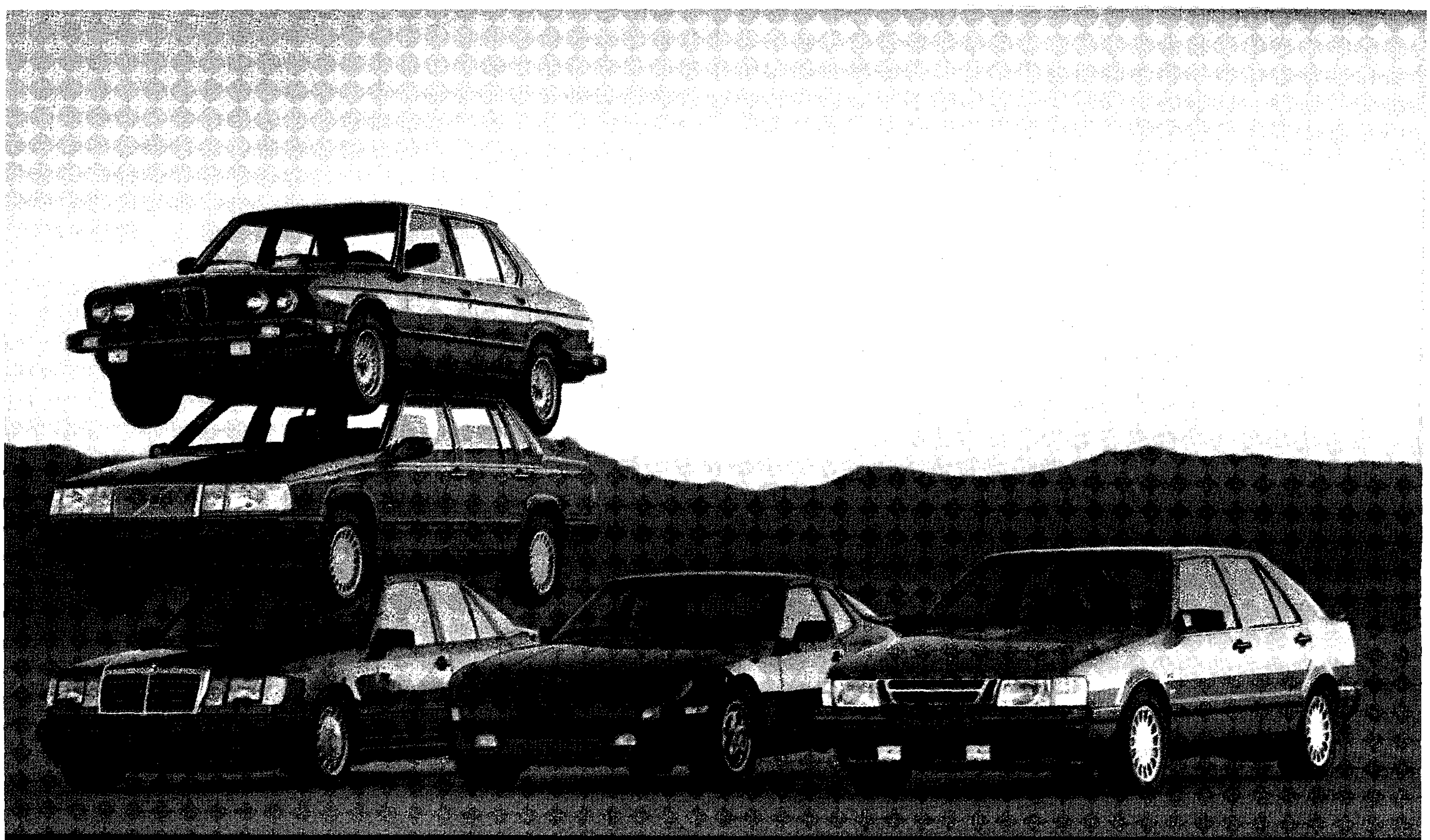

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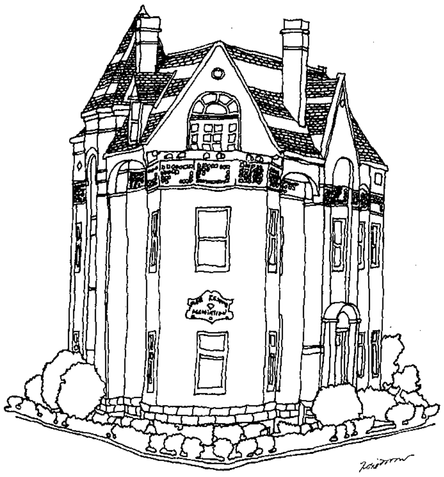
P.D.I. and the P.P.P. are not allowed to organize at the village level, a restriction that doesn't apply to Golkar, since it isn't officially a political party. Justification for the ban is found in the experiences of the nineteen-fifties. The presence of political parties at the village level was seen as divisive, creating conflicts among villagers and drawing energy away from economic development. All government employees, including all teachers, are expected to support Golkar—not only by marking their ballots properly on Election Day but also by attending Golkar's pre-election rallies. The government employees know—and are often blatantly reminded—that their jobs depend on their voting for Golkar. An employee in a government-owned bank said before last year's voting, "Do I risk my job in an election that really doesn't matter anyway?" A university teacher who isn't a Golkar member may find advancement virtually impossible. Villagers know that if they want a road they had better vote for Golkar.

According to the official results, in the 1987 election Golkar got a shade over seventy-three per cent of the vote, the P.P.P. almost sixteen per cent, and the P.D.I. about eleven per cent. For the P.P.P., it was a decline from previous elections, while for the P.D.I., which draws support from urban, middle-class professionals, the showing was stronger than most observers had expected. While the election was hardly democratic, it cannot be dismissed as meaningless. Despite all the means the government employs to insure a favorable result, it still received the approval of less than three-quarters of the population—and probably only about sixty per cent, since invalid and blank ballots were counted for Golkar. The totals certainly send a message to Suharto—he can respond either by becoming more repressive or by taking steps that will increase the popularity of his government. Similarly, the P.D.I., the P.P.P., and Golkar, as well as the D.P.R. and the M.P.R., cannot be viewed as simply façades for a dictatorship. They are not democratically functioning institutions—leaders and parliamentary candidates of all the parties have to be approved by the government, for example—but they could be. They are the framework of a system in which the people are represented, in which differing views compete for acceptability, and in which there are checks and balances. It is under Suharto that these institutions have developed to the extent that they have. In this regard, his rule is distinguishable from that of former Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos, who corrupted and weakened most of his country's institutions. But whether the Indonesian institutions will be allowed to evolve further is up to Suharto. Democracy may or may not be in his legacy to Indonesians.

SUHARTO has already been declared the Father of National Development. Even if the honorific was bestowed by an Assembly that he controls, it is one he deserves. Everyone seems to refer to him as Bapak (Father) or, even more familiarly, as Pak Harto. To most Indonesians he is a benevolent father figure. Suharto may not be as popular today as he was ten years ago, and he is certainly less popular among the urban middle class and intellectuals than he is among rural peasants, but even his harshest critics temper their censure with praise for what he has done for Indonesia.

Sukarno was obsessed with nationalism, with creating Indonesian unity out of overwhelming diversity: some three hundred distinct ethnic groups on six thousand islands. It helped immensely that the language chosen, Bahasa Indonesia, did not belong to a specific group, such as Javanese, thus sparing Indonesia one cause for conflict which has torn at India. Suharto picked up where Sukarno left off, using modern technology to unite the country further. In the mid-nineteen-seventies, he embarked on the construction of Palapa, a satellite telecommunications system that has cost a billion four hundred million dollars, over strenuous objections from his economic advisers, who said that the country could not afford it. The cost of Palapa was inflated by corruption and kickbacks—an American company, G.T.E., refused to make a cash payoff of forty million dollars and lost a contract to a competitor—but Indonesia became one of the first developing countries to have a nationwide TV network, and today the thousands of islands scattered over more than three thousand equatorial miles are linked by telephone and television. Television antennae proliferate above huts in remote rural areas; and in small villages where individual families can't afford TV sets there will be a set in the house of the headman, where the community can gather to watch.



Economically, the country was in a shambles when Suharto took over. Sukarno didn't understand economic matters, and didn't listen to those who did. In the mid-sixties, inflation was running in triple digits—more than six hundred per cent in one year—and there were crucial shortages of rice, sugar, shoes, and kerosene. The amount of rice that an unskilled worker could buy with his wages at the end of the Sukarno era was less than he could buy in 1929. A civil servant's monthly salary was enough to feed his family for only ten days. During the Sukarno period, income distribution became worse. The élite—military and political leaders—got their share, but the rest of the population suffered.

In 1968, Suharto announced a series of five-year plans to develop the country over twenty-five years. To carry out the development, he turned the economy over to technocrats known widely in Indonesia as the Berkeley Mafia. In the late nineteen-fifties, Indonesian students with scholarships from the Ford Foundation had begun going to the United States, mostly to the University of California at Berkeley, to study economics. "It was one of the best investments in human resources ever made," a former United States Ambassador to Indonesia, Edward Masters, says today. Members of the Berkeley Mafia still hold positions in the Indonesian government, and others have emeritus status. When Suharto brought them into the government, a deal was struck: the military would provide the stability, the technocrats would develop the economy. The Indonesian technocrats have opened the country to foreign investment—if only in part, since there remains a wariness of foreigners in this intensely nationalistic country—and, in general, encouraged a more free-market economy, though it is one still dominated by government industries and government regulation.

The improvement in living standards has been dramatic. In 1970, fifty-seven per cent of the population was living below the poverty line, according to government statistics that the World Bank tends to accept as generally valid, allowing for the unreliability of demographic statistics in any developing country. By 1984, the figure was thirty-four per cent. Life expectancy increased from forty-seven years in 1970 to fifty-six years by 1985. Between 1980 and 1985, infant mortality declined from a hundred and seven for every thousand births to eighty.

The progress has been visible. "I can remember tortuous trips through Java in the nineteen-sixties, on roads so potholed you could barely move," says Edward Masters, recalling the days when he was the political counsellor in the American Embassy. "There were no buses. You had to carry four or five spare tires, tanks of gas. You went past ramshackle huts, children with swollen bellies." In 1977, Masters returned, this time as Ambassador. Java was "like a totally different country," he recalled in an interview last December. "There are roads—paved roads—everywhere. The people are better clothed; they look better. You almost have to have seen it as it was to appreciate what Suharto has done."

I hadn't been in Indonesia twenty, or even ten, years ago, so I am unable to make the comparison. But I was struck by what I saw earlier this year—or, more to the point, what I did not see. I did not face the wrenching scenes of poverty endemic to so much of the Third World. There are, as is to be expected, slums in Jakarta—families crowded in shanties along polluted waterways, in which they wash their bodies and clothes, and children frolic; men, young and old, with wicker baskets on their backs and long picks in their hands, walk the streets scavenging through garbage. But there is no Smoky Mountain, the garbage dump in Manila where fifteen thousand desperate Filipinos live and work. Relative to Jakarta's wealthy sections, its slums are not as jarring as the run-down parts of Harlem are to Park and Fifth Avenues at midtown. Rural Indonesia is still poor; it is the poverty of underdevelopment. But I didn't witness the malnutrition, the children with distended bellies and runny noses, that I was so accustomed to seeing throughout Central America, in the Philippines, in rural Peru. One day, I went jogging, in the hills outside Bukittinggi, in West Sumatra. A few miles out of town, beyond where the blacktop road ends, where simple wood houses raised off the ground are scattered among banana trees and rice fields—except for the foliage, it was a bit like the Appalachia region of West Virginia—I came across a health clinic: two women in starched white uniforms were dispensing medical care. There were no cars on the rutted road, but it was crowded with children, boys and girls, in school uniforms.

The New Order has built thousands of schools. It has trained teachers and then hired them. While the quality of Indonesian education isn't particularly high, there is primary education for everyone. And one of the country's problems today is that it doesn't have enough jobs for the increasing number of high-school graduates.

Probably the New Order's greatest accomplishment is having enabled the country to feed itself. In 1978, Indonesia was the world's largest importer of rice; by 1984, it had become self-sufficient. Per-capita caloric intake increased forty per cent between 1965 and 1985—to 2,533 calories per day—putting Indonesia ahead of the Philippines and Thailand and not far behind South Korea. The decision to become self-sufficient in rice ran afoul of the free-market purists: in strictly economic terms, imported rice would have been less expensive. But there were other reasons for promoting home-grown rice, including the preservation of a way of life for a substantial portion of the Indonesian population. (Japan also defied conservative economic principles by deciding to become self-sufficient in rice. It was motivated by a desire not to be dependent on foreigners for such a vital item.) The drive for rice self-sufficiency also meant a flow of money into the rural economy. Instead of one crop a year, there were two crops, or three, and that meant more

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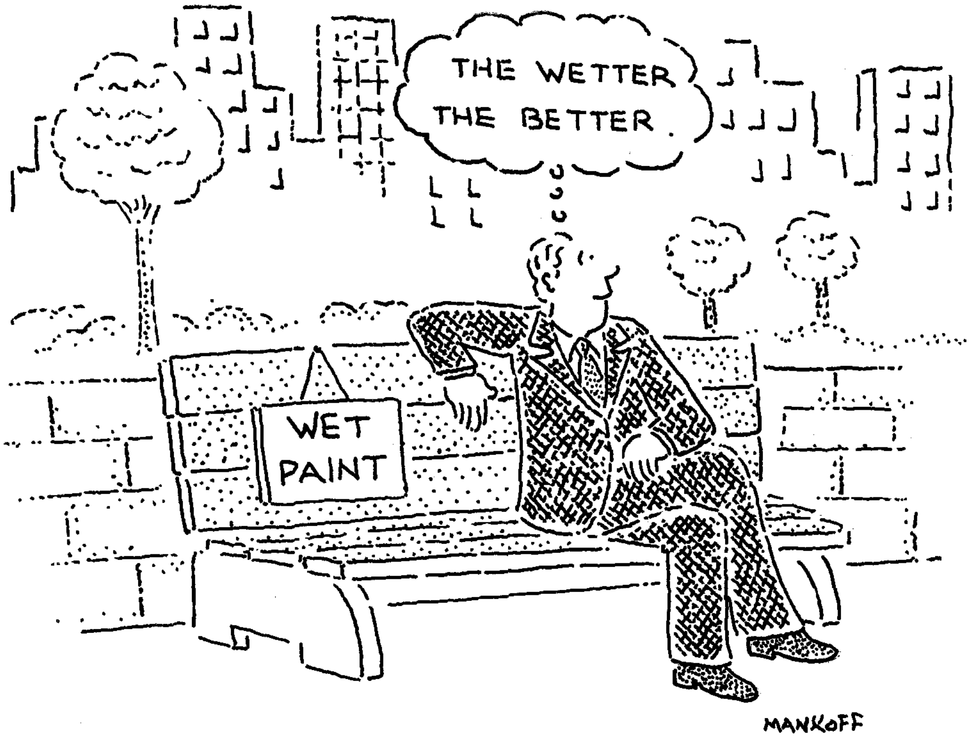
jobs for this labor-intensive industry. And the government spent money on infrastructure projects—roads, bridges, markets—which were also labor-intensive.



While there is little doubt about Suharto's commitment to development, the development has been possible, in no small part, because of oil revenues. Indonesia is one of the ten largest oil-producing countries. But other countries that have benefitted from oil booms, notably Mexico and Nigeria, have not invested their revenues as wisely as Indonesia has. Those countries tended to stress large-scale, capital-intensive projects, such as petrochemical plants, while Indonesia invested more in infrastructure and labor-intensive projects.

Nevertheless, for all the progress and the improvements, and while Indonesia does not have the absolute poverty of such South Asian countries as India, Bangladesh, and Pakistan, the fruits of development under the New Order have not been equally distributed. While twenty-five per cent of the urban population lives below the poverty line, in rural Indonesia, where seventy per cent of the population lives, forty-three per cent is still below the poverty line.

Moreover, "there is more and more of a gap between the rich and the poor," says Erna Witoelar, director of the Indonesian Consumers Association. Sitting in her office busy with volunteers, posters from anti-smoking campaigns on the walls, Mrs. Witoelar told me, "The facilities, the infrastructure are geared to the middle class and the upper class, not the poor." Her remarks surprised me. Everything I had heard about how much Suharto had done to raise living standards seemed to be confirmed by my own observations. Hadn't there been improvement in people's lives under Suharto, I asked Mrs. Witoelar.

"You can see physical improvement—and there is a level of people living better—but the gap is getting bigger and bigger, the wealth is becoming more concentrated, and the welfare is not reaching the poor," she said. Urban slums are expanding, she said, and the number of landless farmers is increasing. Farms are being bought, often by middle-class bureaucrats, civilian or military, for housing and sometimes for speculation.

What explains the widening gap? Some development economists say that in part it is an inevitable consequence of industrialization. The income-distribution gap widens during the early stages of development, because the government wants the industrial sector to grow faster than the agricultural sector. Therefore, industrial workers—particularly the skilled—are paid more, in order to motivate them and to encourage more people to take jobs in industry. Agricultural workers suffer. When industrialization advances further, the gap should narrow.

To me, however, the most startling thing was not the gap in income distribution in Indonesia but the concern about it. "There doesn't have to be a limitless gap between the rich and the poor," says Iskandar Alisjahbana, one of Indonesia's leading educators. As between Marxism and capitalism, "the American capitalist system has won the battle," he says. "But," he adds, "there are also some weak points" about American capitalism. The gap between the rich and poor "is too wide."

Indonesia is a relatively egalitarian society. It certainly has an élite, and the élite is growing larger and more noticeable. The wealthy live in million-dollar homes with high fences, have three or four Mercedes-Benzes in the garage, and fly to Singapore on one-day shopping trips. But there is, for example, no oligarchy like El Salvador's, which has set up death squads rather than share any of the wealth. Nor is there an élite like that in the Philippines, which is still resisting land reform or other social programs to alleviate poverty. The absence of these entrenched élites can be explained in part by the fact that the Dutch in Indonesia, unlike the Spanish in Latin America and the Philippines, didn't leave behind a landed aristocracy; a ten-acre farm was considered large, and there were few completely landless peasants.

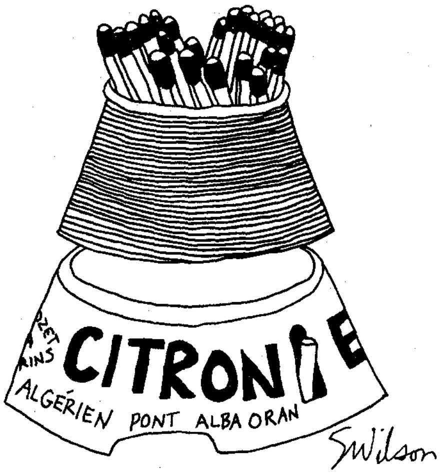
Moreover, there is in Indonesia a definite commitment to the poor and the less fortunate. It is reflected in the Constitution, a document that is taken quite seriously by Indonesians—Suharto himself was aghast when one of President Aquino's first acts after replacing Marcos was to call for an adoption of a new Constitution, even though it was necessary to replace the one Marcos had imposed. Article 34 of the Indonesian Constitution provides, "The poor and destitute children shall be cared for by the State." It is an obligation that has cultural roots. Javanese villagers have traditionally taken care of those among them who were less fortunate. "The attitude of helping each other is still very strong," Mrs. Witoelar told me. "You will never find in Indonesia, as in India, that there is nobody to take care of you. And no matter how badly off you are you will help someone else. There is great concern for others. That's why the poverty is not so transparent." The cultural norm is reinforced by Islam: one of the five pillars of Islam is the payment of an alms tax, and Muslim leaders in Indonesia, as elsewhere, stress the need for an equitable distribution of wealth.

Politically, the Indonesians have socialist tendencies. "If you are born in a poor, developing country, I think you can be nothing but a socialist," says Mochtar Lubis, one of the nation's leading writers. "By nature, all Indonesians are more or less socialist," says Slamet Bratanata, a former member of Suharto's Cabinet who has become a critic of the authoritarian nature of the government. "Why? Because we started with having nothing; we know what deprivation is."

The 1945 Constitution reads like a New Deal charter. Article 33 provides, "The economy shall be organized as a common endeavor based upon the principle of the family system. Branches of production which are important for the State and which affect the life of most people shall be controlled by the State. Land and water and the natural riches contained therein shall be controlled by the State and shall be made use of for the people." During the M.P.R. session last March, the Indonesian Chamber of Commerce and Industry called on the government to do more to carry out Article 33, to give more support to coöperatives. Worker ownership is mandated by law in some industries; for example, twenty per cent of the stock of newspapers and magazines must be owned by the journalists and other employees.

In general, concerns about income distribution are more political than economic: the gap must not become so skewed that it fuels social upheaval. And more relevant to political stability than the gap in income distribution is how those on the disadvantaged side of that gap view their situation. Revolutions come as much from rising expectations as from no expectations, and among Indonesia's poor, expectations are certainly rising. "Life for the rural poor is improving, but the requirements of the life style are more demanding," says Umar Kayan, who teaches a course on social change at Gadja Mada University. "Parents must spend much more money on their children to send them to school; they must buy shoes and uniforms. When peasant children go to high school, they are no longer satisfied with a bicycle; they want a motorbike." About eight years ago, the government banned all television advertising—a move that was intended in part to diminish rising expectations. The government was also concerned because more and more peasants were selling their land so that they could buy motorcycles and other consumer goods—including refrigerators, even in places where there was no electricity.

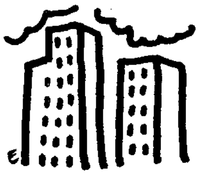
One of the biggest challenges facing Suharto—and any successor government, democratic or authoritarian—is to stimulate the economy sufficiently not just to produce goods that will satisfy expectations but also to generate jobs that will employ the rapidly increasing number of high-school and college graduates. "The poor don't revolt; the educated unemployed do," a Third World-development economist in Jakarta suggests. In fact, the lesson of Korea and the Philippines seems to be that the middle class is the key to political stability. Until the South Korean middle class joined the students on the streets, in 1987, the military seemed to be secure in power—and right up to the day the middle class revolted, foreign observers were saying confidently that it wouldn't risk its economic benefits for democracy. The end for Marcos began when leading businessmen, fed up with his economic policies, started to speak out against him. And it was the middle class, rallying behind Corazon Aquino and ultimately willing to lie down in front of tanks, that finally caused Marcos's downfall. In the Philippines, the middle class wanted back what Marcos had taken. Hardly anyone in Indonesia wants to bring back the Sukarno era. What does the Indonesian middle class want? "It wants a just king," says J. A. C. Mackie, a professor in the Research School of Pacific Studies at Australian National University, in Canberra, who has been visiting and writing about Indonesia for more than three decades. "And they've come to the conclusion that Suharto is not just; he's too greedy."



"THE family business." That's the euphemism that Indonesians use in referring to the corruption surrounding members of the Suharto family. Five or six years ago, few people talked about the family business. Now it is a major preoccupation, discussed in poor kampongs and at upper-class cocktail parties. In spite of government censorship, the wealth of the President's family has become, as many here say, "a public secret." (Radio Australia, which broadcasts some of its news programs in Indonesian, is a prime source of uncensored news for Indonesians throughout the archipelago.) In Javanese society, the people were expected to give gifts to the king and to the village headman, and both were permitted to live on a higher scale than their subjects. But there is a pervasive feeling that Suharto's family has gone too far—has crossed the line of the culturally permissible.

In 1986, David Jenkins, in the Sydney *Morning Herald*, and Steven Jones and Raphael Pura, in the *Asian Wall Street Journal*, wrote major news stories about the wealth and the business activities of the Suharto family and its associates. Jenkins focussed principally on Mrs. Suharto and Liem Sieo Liong, who has been doing business for Suharto since the late nineteen-fifties, when Suharto was a troop commander, and is today one of the richest men in the world, his worth "conservatively valued," Jenkins says, at between two billion and three billion dollars. Suharto's eldest son, Sigit, and his eldest daughter, Siti, are directors of Liem's Bank Central Asia, Indonesia's largest private bank, and each owns sixteen per cent of it. The *Journal*, in a series of articles, detailed the holdings of these and the other Suharto children.

In the early nineteen-seventies, it was principally Mrs. Suharto who used her family connections for personal enrichment. Even then, she wasn't like Imelda Marcos. In the Philippines, it was almost impossible to be in business without paying Mrs. Marcos. In Indonesia, there were many businesses in which Mme. Suharto was not involved, so the system was still manageable. Then the children came of age. "Rapacious" seems to be the most common adjective applied to them. "Their rapaciousness is disgusting," a Jakarta lawyer said. An American who otherwise praises Suharto called his children "as rapacious as piranhas in the Amazon." And a foreign Intelligence analyst described them as "rapacious little devils."



Today, when Indonesians talk about TOSHIBA, as they do with increasing frequency, they aren't talking about the Japanese electronics firm. They are using an acronym for four of the President's children: Hutomo (Tommy) Mandala Putra, who is twenty-five years old; Sigit Harjojudanto, thirty-seven; Siti Hardijanti, thirty-nine; and Bambang Trihatmodjo, thirty-four. (The President has two daughters in addition to Siti.) It would probably be easier to list those sectors of the economy in which the children aren't involved than those in which they are. "If you have built a successful business, you have to worry that one of the kids will send someone to buy up the shares," a retailer told me. A Jakarta lawyer recently discovered that one of the children—he declined to say which one—was buying cottage industries that teach English. A company that supplied stationery to the Ministry of Education and Culture suddenly lost its contract; one of the children's companies had entered the field. A company owned by Siti is a member of a consortium, which also includes a Navy construction firm, that has the contract to build a Jakarta freeway. When McDonald's began the process of opening a franchise in Jakarta, the children fought for a share. Bambang, Sigit, and Siti all made separate visits to McDonald's headquarters, near Chicago, according to a prominent Indonesian businessman. He said that McDonald's refused to give any of the children an interest in the franchise; as a consequence, it has taken the company three and a half years to obtain the necessary licenses and permissions.

Most lucrative for the children have been the monopolies relating to the importation of plastics and tinplate. The agent company for the importation of virtually all plastics is Panca Holding, according to the *Asian Wall Street Journal*, which also reported that the company is based in Hong Kong and incorporated in the South Pacific island nation of Vanuatu. Three of the company's four directors are Sigit, Bambang, and Suharto's foster brother, Sudwikatmono. Every Indonesian company that needs tinplate, which is essential for canned goods, has only one place to go: P. T. Pelat Timah Nusantara, which has a monopoly. Twenty-four per cent of the company is owned by an investment firm called P. T. Nusantara Ampera Bakti, or NUSAMBA. Sigit and Mohamad (Bob) Hasan, a close friend and golfing companion of Suharto's, are shareholders. NUSAMBA has timber concessions, tea plantations, and a monopoly on the sale of Nissan cars; according to the *Journal*, it also was awarded a share in a billion-dollar contract to improve Indonesia's telephone system.

The most economically active of the children is Bambang, who is the president of the holding company P. T. Bimantara Citra. He and the husband of his sister Siti have a controlling interest in Bimantara, which has more than fifty subsidiaries, involved in such diverse activities as milk-powder manufacturing, air chartering, insurance, telecommunications-equipment manufacturing, oil trading, shipping, and the operation of sports and recreation facilities. At the new international airport in Jakarta, a pagoda-like facility with terra-cotta-tile floors, all the handling of the aircraft and passengers is done by a company that is forty per cent owned by Bimantara and sixty per cent by the Air Force. (One of Tommy's companies has a monopoly on the advertising space at the airport.) Along Jalan Thamrin, a ten-lane commercial thoroughfare in Jakarta, several towering cranes are busy at a construction site near the Hotel Mandarin Oriental and the Hotel Indonesia. A large billboard announces that this project, the Plaza Indonesia, will include a four-hundred-and-fifty-room Grand Hyatt, with a music lounge, tennis and squash courts, a swimming pool, a garden, and a fitness center. Plaza Indonesia is one of Bambang's most recent projects, a joint venture involving the Bimantara group and two Indonesian-Chinese entrepreneurs. Pla-

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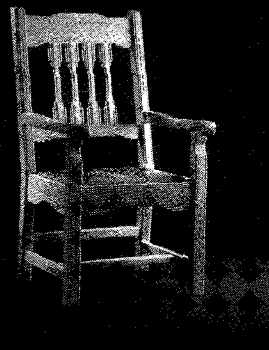

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za Indonesia will also include office towers, and the word among businessmen in Jakarta is that no new permits for office buildings will be issued until all the space in Plaza Indonesia is rented; whether or not this rumor is true, it shows how the children's power is viewed by competitors.

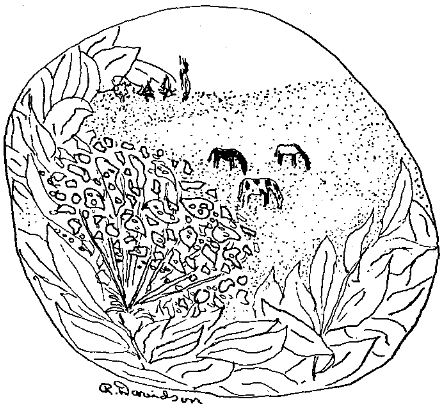
Resentment toward Suharto because of the business activities of his children is widespread and growing. "I have friends who when we were in school wanted only to be millionaires as fast as possible," a thirty-year-old professional told me during lunch in an open-air restaurant on the edge of a Jakarta park. "So they had no complaints about the government. But now they complain to me, 'How come everything is taken by the children?' " When I asked a seventeen-year-old high-school senior in Sulawesi, the daughter of a retired Army officer, what she thought about Suharto, she answered, "He has many successes, but we think he is a little like Marcos. His family is too rich." During a break at the M.P.R. session in March, one delegate remarked to a member of a rival party that the debate seemed mature despite the differences among the parties. The response was "Actually, we have only one enemy: the children of the President." A young college teacher on one of the Outer Islands told me, "We ask ourselves this question: When is enough enough?" Many Army officers are worried that the corruption will taint the military and undermine its ability to control the country. Early last year, during a meeting of senior officers in Bandung, a group of seven or eight generals raised objections to the children's business activities. According to a foreign military attaché who had talked with some of the generals, "they were told to shut up," and all papers on the subject were shredded.

"How can a man who is so astute be so blind, or so afraid of his family?" a Commonwealth diplomat asks. "Why doesn't he just say to his kids, 'You've got enough'?" Those are the anguished questions that many people here are asking. Part of the answer may be that it is not easy to deliver bad news to Suharto, or to talk bluntly to him. Some of the technocrats and military officers were said to have been pleased with the *Asian Wall Street Journal* articles in December, 1986, because the newspaper told the President what no one else had been able to. But will he act?

Over and over, one hears that Suharto himself is not corrupt, that he has not benefitted inordinately from his position, that he lives modestly. "One thing I can assure you, Pak Harto is not corrupt," says a general close to the President. "But he is very weak toward his family. He's very nice to his family —he's a very good father." This concern for his family may explain why the sixty-seven-year-old Suharto, who has already been President for two decades, is reluctant to step down: he does not want his family hounded as the Marcoses have been. In a sense, then, he is trapped: the longer he stays in power, the more the resentment against his children will build, but if he steps aside he may no longer be able to protect them.

For the most part, the children and their associates have reinvested their profits in Indonesia, whereas the Marcoses and their associates indulged in profligate life styles and bought huge chunks of real estate in New York and elsewhere. But the Indonesian picture may be changing for the worse. Foreign diplomats and Intelligence officers say that Suharto's children, perhaps in anticipation of the day their father is no longer in power, are moving some of their money out of the country—to investments in Singapore and New York, and into Swiss bank accounts. They are also believed to have bought co-ops in New York, but no office buildings. "Until Suharto is out, we probably won't know how much they have bought in New York," says an American congressional aide who was active in the investigation of the Marcoses' investments.

The matter of the family business isn't only a moral issue. It's as much an economic one. Monopolies are inefficient and lead to higher costs. As a result, domestic consumer prices rise, and exports, which have become too expensive, decline. According to the *Journal*, the monopoly to import plastics adds from fifteen to twenty per cent to the cost of raw materials for plastics in Indonesia, and the tinplate monopoly causes domestically made cans to cost from sixty to seventy per cent more than imported ones. "This is what's killing the domestic canned-food-and-drink market," an Indonesian industry executive told the *Journal*. More generally, since business arrangements are too often based on connections and not on ability, Indonesia isn't building an entrepreneurial class. And it's difficult for any except the well-connected to accumulate enough capital for investment.



THE practice of using government position for private gain is widespread—children and friends of other high government officials have also profited from their relationships—partly because, as Christianto Wibisono, of the Indonesia Business Information Center, points out, "we haven't reached a consensus about value systems." It's not like Western countries, he notes, where public office is separated from private gain. In Indonesia, there are no conflict-of-interest laws. And there is confusion about what constitutes "corruption" and what is culturally acceptable. "In our view, corruption is when you open the safe, take out the money, and put it in your pocket," Sarwono, the secretary-general of Golkar, says. "When you receive a 'commission' for projects, you get a debate about whether that is corruption. To me it's corruption, but as the older people see it, when you're in power you have the right to receive this money, as long as it's not contrary to the public interest." Many Indonesians accept this reasoning. "It's O.K. if they take twenty-five thousand rupiah and give seventy-five to the people," an Indonesian driver said as we left a Cabinet minister's home. "But when they put ninety-five in their pocket and give only five to the people, the people get angry."

Petty corruption is pervasive. High-school students whose grades aren't good enough for them to graduate buy their diplomas, along with transcripts that will qualify them for entry into European and American universities. "This is common," I was told by a man who has teen-age children. Applicants for jobs in government-owned businesses routinely make payments for favorable consideration—sometimes as much as three thousand dollars. And then, if they don't get the job, they sue to get the payment back.

"Every time you need something from a government official, you are reminded that there is something wrong in the country," says a university professor in Central Java. In this highly regulated and controlled society, almost everything requires letters and documents from government officials. Each government employee who has the power to say yes or no, whose stamp is needed on a document, expects a payment. In the United States, we might consider it a tip for good service. In Indonesia, it is required for any service. A prominent businessman told me that his daughter's car had been stolen; when the police recovered it, ten months later, he was given a list of the names of seven police officers and the amount that each would have to be paid. At the top was the adjutant to the No. 2 man in the department—he received seven hundred and fifty thousand rupiah. (A starting civil servant with a university degree earns about eighty thousand rupiah a month.) Then came the captain—half a million rupiah. Another officer got two hundred thousand. Finally, four assistants got fifty thousand each. Altogether, the man paid a million six hundred and fifty thousand rupiah—about a thousand dollars. "It was very cheap for me," he says. "My friends have had to pay five million."

One reason for these payments, as everyone will tell you, is the inadequacy of government salaries. A senior professor of economics at the University of Indonesia told me that he earned the equivalent of just three hundred dollars a month. His electric bill is seventy-five dollars a month, his telephone bill fifty dollars. In addition, he has housing and transportation expenses, and "what is killing," he says, is the cost of sending children to school—books and clothes. It's only because of what government workers are able to make on the side that they are able to send their children abroad to study.

The low salaries stem in part from the fact that the government lacks an effective tax-collection system and tax evasion is rampant—a plague in nearly all Third World countries. But even if everyone paid taxes and there were no corruption, the country might not be better off economically, some argue. If civil servants were not allowed to extract money for services, the government might have to triple salaries.

While that may be so, heavy economic costs are incurred because of the corruption. One reason it is so difficult and time-consuming to do something that involves a government agency is that many employees have two or three jobs and are in their government offices only part time. Some companies are moving to Singapore because they can't afford to make the payoffs in Indonesia. Those who stay often alter their manner of doing business. A construction contractor, for example, stopped bidding on government projects, because bidding cost him too much time and money—particularly since he rarely won a bid. Now he waits until someone else gets the contract, and then he is able to get a subcontract, since the person who did win the contract has no construction experience but prevailed through connections or payoffs. All this, of course, adds to the cost of any project. And the cost to the Indonesian people is tremendous. Consider, for example, a coal-mining project in Sumatra. All the maintenance of the equipment was to be done on site. A man who had connections with the President's family was awarded a government contract to build the shops and warehouses where the maintenance machinery would be housed. He erected a steel skeleton and then stopped. When the machinery arrived, there was no place for it. Ten million dollars' worth of machines has been sitting around for more than a year, still in crates. The contract has now been let again, even though the first contractor had already been paid. Thus the government is paying twice for the same building.

Indonesia receives hundreds of millions of dollars a year in international economic assistance—from the United States, Japan, and Western European countries and from multilateral institutions such as the World Bank. How much of this money is "lost" through corruption? Forty per cent was the figure diplomats from several countries used when I asked. The lowest I heard was twenty-five per cent. All the figures are only estimates; the exact

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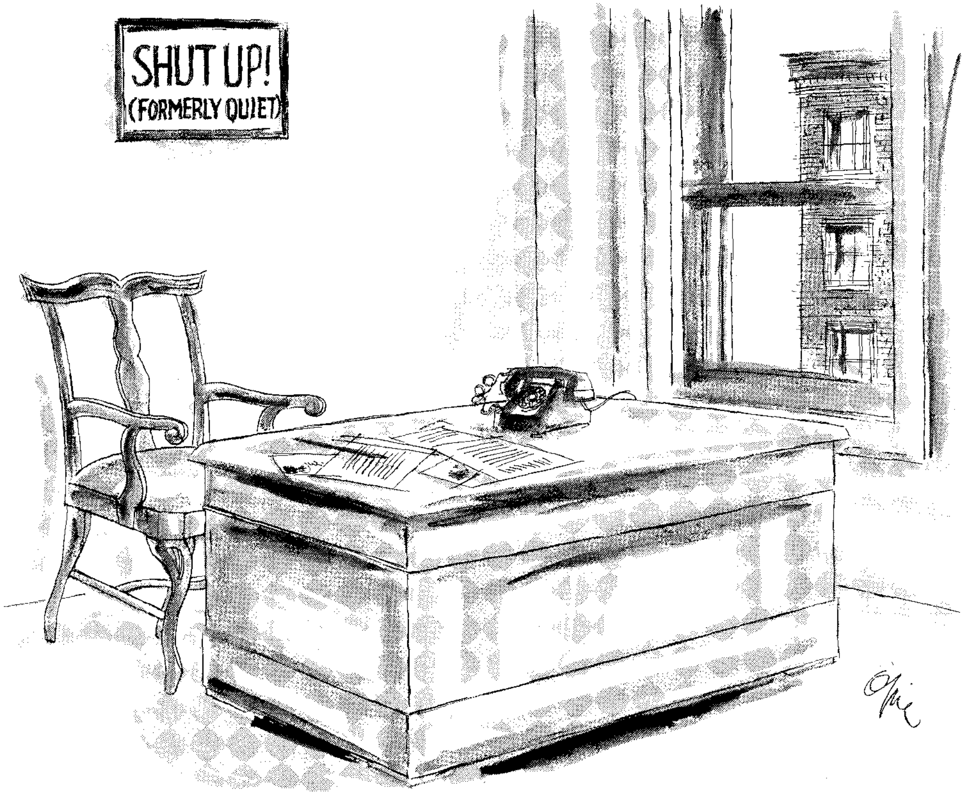
amount is hard to determine, and most officials would prefer not even to try to calculate it, certainly not publicly—focussing on corruption could jeopardize all aid. American economic assistance to Indonesia during fiscal years 1982 to 1987 amounted to six hundred and twenty-seven million dollars; according to these estimates, between a hundred and fifty-seven million and two hundred and fifty-one million of that did not reach the intended beneficiaries but was diverted into the pockets of people who have no constructive connection with the development projects.

An American development worker who has spent more than a decade in Asia says that the corruption is more widespread and more deleterious in Indonesia than in any other country he has served, which includes Pakistan and the Philippines. To illustrate, he said the Indonesian government had spent seven hundred million dollars on agricultural-research facilities in recent years. What the Indonesians have for their expenditure, he said, is four hundred million dollars' worth of "hulls." Even before a building is dedicated, he said, "the ceiling is falling, the roof's leaking, the paint's peeling." Floors collapse, because the contractors make them only an inch thick instead of the three or four inches that the contract calls for. Sitting in his house, this American pointed to a three-blade ceiling fan. In the United States, it would cost fifty or sixty dollars, he said. For one project, the Indonesian government bought twenty such fans, and paid a hundred and ninety-two dollars apiece for them, even though they were locally made and thus incurred substantially lower labor costs and no shipping costs.

An argument that is heard in Indonesia, and throughout the Third World, has it that payoffs are the grease that keeps the system functioning. "There is an apology for corruption—that it gets things done," Sarwono, the Golkar official, says. "But I don't buy that, because in the long run corruption is damaging to the moral fibre. It's not just that it results in a diversion of money but that it leads to a confusion of ethics. It's demoralizing."

WHILE corruption may be corroding the credibility of the New Order at home, the government is tarnished internationally by the issue of East Timor. "It's like a bone in our throat," a senior Indonesian diplomat said recently. Even though East Timor is part of the Indonesian archipelago, it is a former Portuguese colony; therefore, it did not become Indonesian when independence from the Netherlands was declared. In the mid-nineteen-seventies, the Portuguese began to decolonize; the process was accelerated after a leftist military coup overthrew the government in Lisbon. In East Timor, which has an area of fifty-seven hundred square miles and a population of six hundred and fifty thousand, three groups began fighting over the political future. One, known by the acronym APODETI, wanted integration into Indonesia; a second, the U.D.T., advocated an association with Portugal that would gradually lead to independence; and the third, FRETILIN, wanted almost immediate independence. After a brief but bloody civil war, with families often divided, FRETILIN declared East Timor an independent nation on November 28, 1975. Nine days later, Indonesian soldiers landed.

To FRETILIN and its international supporters, the invasion was an act of naked aggression: the Indonesians were denying the Timorese the independence that the Indonesians had fought for against the Dutch. The Indonesian government says that it dispatched "volunteers," who were responding to "the call of their Timorese brothers." In fact, however, the "volunteers" were soldiers, under the command of General Benny Murdani, who is today Minister of Defense and Security, and the "invitation" to intervene has been likened to the one that the Afghan government issued to the Soviet Union in December of 1979. If Indonesia had not intervened, the argument of the Indonesian government and many of its Western backers goes, Timor would have become another Cuba—a beachhead for Soviet expansion. Whether a FRETILIN-ruled Timor would or would not have lined up with the Communist bloc remains, of course, an unanswered question, and, in some respects, an irrelevant one. While it may be true that Suharto himself would have preferred a negotiated solution to a military invasion, the Indonesian government never had any intention of allowing Timor to be independent, regardless of the political orientation of its government. Begin-



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ning in 1974, as the Central Intelligence Agency reported in one secret document, Indonesia had "organized a large clandestine propaganda operation designed to assure the peaceful absorption of Timor into Indonesia." Jakarta was also secretly funding APODETI and carrying out covert paramilitary operations in further support of it.

In 1976, the Indonesian government declared East Timor the country's twenty-seventh province. But the world community has still not recognized the annexation of East Timor as legal, and at the United Nations the East Timor issue has been a major preoccupation of Indonesian diplomats; they have had to fight off several resolutions calling for Indonesia to grant the Timorese the right of self-determination. Indonesia would very much like to serve as host of the next gathering of the nonaligned movement, and it would almost certainly have that honor (the nonaligned nations have not met in Indonesia since the movement was founded there, in Bandung, in 1955) if it were not for the matter of East Timor. American liberals have taken up the cause of the Timorese independence movement. On this issue, they have been joined by conservatives: as recently as two years ago, *The National Review* described the Indonesian "occupation" as "one of the grislier stories of human-rights violations, mass starvation, and wholesale slaughter."

The United States has tried to straddle the issue. It accepts as an irreversible reality that East Timor is part of Indonesia, but it does not recognize that an act of self-determination has taken place, as U.N. resolutions on decolonization require. In effect, the United States has granted de-facto but not de-jure recognition to Indonesia's position. Yet the United States did not object to the military intervention at the time. In August of 1975, Richard Woolcott, the Australian Ambassador to Indonesia, noted in a lengthy cable to Canberra about the Timorese situation, "The United States might have some influence on Indonesia at present as Indonesia really wants and needs United States assistance in its military reëquipment programme." Woolcott added, however, that David Newsom, the American Ambassador to Indonesia, "told me last night that he is under instructions from [Secretary of State Henry] Kissinger personally not to involve himself in discussions on Timor with the Indonesians on the grounds that the United States is involved in enough problems of greater importance overseas at present." (Among other things, Saigon had fallen that April.)

On December 5, 1975, the C.I.A. wrote that Suharto was "still concerned about the effects of an Indonesian invasion on his relations with the U.S.," and was "certain to try to elicit a sympathetic attitude from President Ford during their meetings." Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger arrived in Jakarta on the fifth of December and left on the sixth. On the seventh, Indonesian troops invaded East Timor.

The Indonesians thought that the military operation in East Timor would be easy and would end quickly. If that had been the case, it might have been accepted, like India's invasion of Portuguese Goa in 1961—an operation that took about twenty-four hours. The Indonesians expected to encounter a ragtag group of untrained fighting men; instead, they met fierce resistance from a FRETILIN army of some twenty thousand, many of whom had been trained by the Portuguese and were equipped with modern weapons that the Portuguese had left behind. The Indonesian military waged a brutal, unrestrained war. It bombed villages and lined up suspected FRETILIN sympathizers for mass executions. By most accounts, between fifty and sixty thousand Timorese died—perhaps ten per cent of the population. FRETILIN claims that more than two hundred thousand were killed—a third of the population. Famine and starvation contributed to the toll. In 1979, when the first reports of starvation reached the outside world, the Indonesian government arranged for some diplomats to visit. "It was a bit of a Potemkin-village tour," recalls Edward Masters, who was the American Ambassador at the time. "But we saw enough that it concerned us." Masters asked to go back with carte-blanche authority to travel and talk to people. "We found malnutrition and starvation such as I've never seen," he told me. "And I was Ambassador to Bangladesh." The world was soon associating East Timor with Biafra.

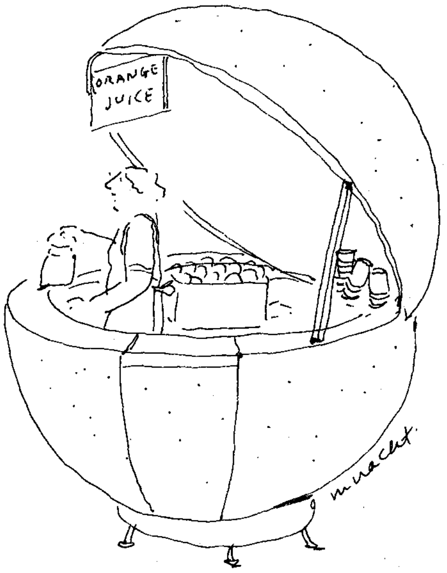
In recent years, Indonesia has adopted a "hearts and minds" approach, hoping to win over the Timorese by improving their standard of living. The Portuguese, who had controlled East Timor for almost four hundred and sixty years, and may have been among the world's worst colonial powers, left behind an illiteracy rate of greater than ninety per cent, no high schools, fewer than twenty miles of paved roads, and a subsistence coffee economy. For several years now, Jakarta has been spending more per capita in East Timor than in any other province outside Jakarta. The government has opened more than five hundred primary schools; has established health clinics in three hundred and fifty-two villages; and in Dili, the capital, has built a hospital that is said to be as good as, if not better than, most in the country. The trip from Dili to the border with East Nusa Tenggara, the western half of the island of Timor, used to take about ten hours but now takes only three. Diplomats and journalists who have been allowed to go to Timor agree that after thirteen years of Indonesian control the Timorese are better off materially than they were after more than four and a half centuries of Portuguese rule.

The civilian Timorese, even including those suspected of supporting FRETILIN, are also being treated better today by the Indonesian military than they were a few years ago, according to reliable accounts from international observers. Captured guerrillas or FRETILIN supporters who surrender are not being tortured or maltreated, according to these officials, as they had been in earlier years, and the wounded are well cared for. "In Jakarta, the decision has been made to replace the gun with love," one international relief worker says. The International Committee of the Red Cross, which monitors the treatment of prisoners and wounded and engages in other humanitarian efforts in war zones, was not allowed into Timor between 1975 and 1979, and was banned again from mid-1983 to 1985, but in the past year or so it has received notable coöperation from the military and civilian officials at all levels in East Timor.

Yet despite all the improvements that the Indonesian government is said to be bringing to Timor, it is also attempting to seal off the province from the outside world. The Indonesian government does not allow human-rights organizations such as Asia Watch and Amnesty International into East Timor. The Timorese themselves are not allowed to travel freely, and mail, telephones, and all other communications are monitored. I talked with diplomats from several countries who have managed to obtain permission to visit East Timor in the past few years, and virtually all of them expressed frustration because their movements had been limited by the government. Foreign journalists have had even less success. The last significant group was allowed in in 1985. Last November, Michael Vatikiotis, of the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, was scheduled to go there, but at the last minute the trip was cancelled by government authorities. He has yet to receive permission. I made repeated requests, through official and unofficial channels, but was not allowed to visit.

Why is Timor closed? "There is not a spontaneous, relaxed atmosphere between the military and the villagers," explains one foreign diplomat. "It's a reflection of the unhappiness, if not of ill treatment." A diplomat from another country said that though the situation now was "a hell of a lot better" than it had been a few years ago, there was "still an atmosphere of a conquered society." The government also has a pragmatic, material reason for keeping Timor sealed off: the military owns the economy. One military company in particular, P. T. Denok Hernandez International, has been involved in everything from operating the movie theatre in Dili to bringing in Tiger beer from Singapore, duty-free. The most lucrative business is coffee. East Timorese coffee is some of the best in the world, and Denok has a monopoly on its purchase and export. Last year, according to a Western Ambassador, when Denok was paying coffee growers in East Timor seventeen hundred and fifty rupiah per kilo, coffee processors in Kupang, the capital of neighboring East Nusa Tenggara, were paying twenty-seven hundred rupiah per kilo. When the Ambassador asked Mario Viegas Carrascalao, the governor of East Timor, about this, "he just shrugged."

A former minister counsellor with the Indonesian Mission to the United Nations from 1980 to 1982, Governor Carrascalao is highly regarded by diplomats who have dealt with him. "Very impressive," one European diplomat said. But there are limits on what Carrascalao can do, and he knows them. During an interview in Jakarta in March, he defended Denok and the price it paid for coffee. The justification he offered for Denok's monopoly was that the government wanted coffee growers to be paid in cash, and only Denok had the resources to do that. Moreover, he contended that coffee growers consider the price "good enough." In fact, he said, it was so good that in the coffee-rich area of Ermera people keep their children out of school so that they can earn money picking coffee beans.



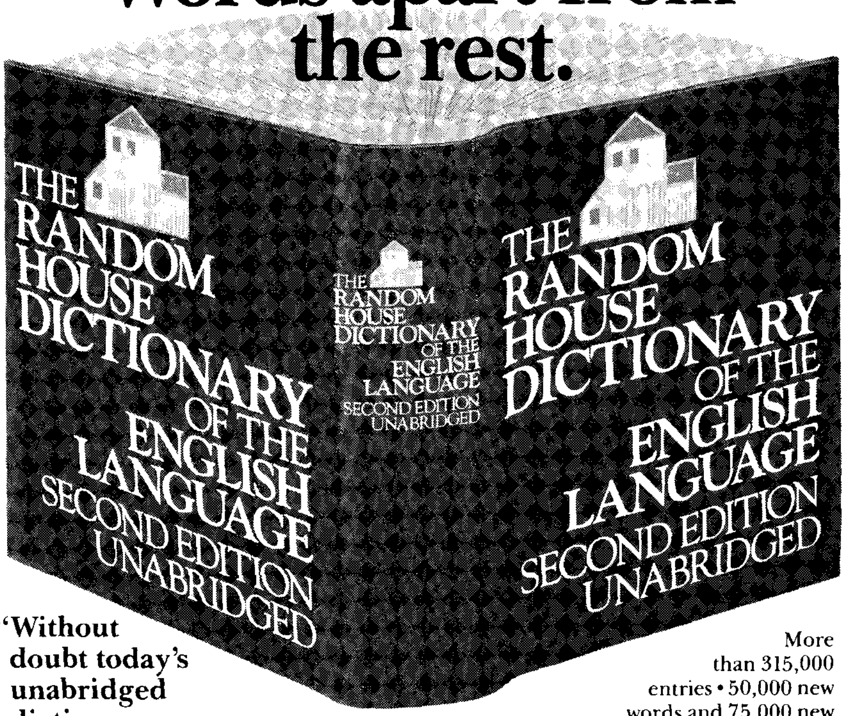
NOT being allowed by the Indonesian authorities to travel to East Timor, I went to Darwin, Australia. Darwin, some three hundred miles southeast of Timor, has become home for about six thousand Timorese who have fled there since 1975. I met with José Costa Alves, the Portuguese honorary consul in Darwin, who was born in East Timor in 1937, served with Portuguese forces in Angola in the nineteen-fifties, and migrated to Australia in 1964. "East Timor is going to remain Indonesian forever, no matter what FRETILIN says," he told me. "Most of the Timorese people, although they don't agree with the takeover, and are still bitter about it, accept the reality—that it is going to remain Indonesian." Alves knew his assertion about Timor's remaining Indonesian would be controversial in Portugal, which has not recognized the annexation.

During lunch with the consul and four former Timorese businessmen, all well educated and all from Dili, I asked what the best solution to the situation was. "It's too late to arrange it the 'best' way," said Sebastian Calado, who owns the Hotel Turismo in Dili. "The fear is everywhere. It's a result of the war"—not just the war with Indonesia but the earlier fighting among Timorese factions. "I want peace. I want to live. I am a business-person. I don't care about politics. Peace first." It would be better, he finally said, for East Timor to remain part of Indonesia. "If you have to choose between two devils, you choose the better one—the one who is not too evil."

"Naturally, I would like my own country," said Álvaro Inglês, who has a two-hundred-and-fifty-acre coffee plantation in Timor, and whose sister manages the Hotel Turismo; his daughter is married to the brother of José Ramos-Horta, a founder of FRETILIN. "But I don't think that's feasible. We wouldn't be able to survive without foreign help." That is a commonly heard argument against independence for Timor—that given its size and resources it would not make a viable nation. However, many United Nations members are smaller still and have fewer resources.

The views of these men were sharply countered during an evening I spent in an apartment with five other Timorese. One was a sixty-four-year-old woman, who asked that I not use her name, because she still has grandchildren in Timor. "I have cried to everybody so that my children can come out of Timor," she said. "Because I am Catholic, I have faith. I leave it to God. I cry to everybody, but nobody can help." Her husband and two of her sons, who she said were part of the "resistance," had been killed. Her oldest son, a member of the FRETILIN Central Committee, was captured in 1978, she said, and a few months later government soldiers took him away to serve as a guide in search of FRETILIN forces. He never returned. Government authorities told her that he had been killed by FRETILIN; they were unable to recover his body, they said. Later, she said, a soldier brought her a note written by her seventeen-year-old son, who was being held by the Indonesian Army; the note asked her to give her jewelry to the soldier. She did, but she has still not seen her son.

After a while, I inquired about the improvements that Indonesia has brought to Timor—the schools, the roads, the health clinics. Wasn't life better now than it had been under the Portuguese? The woman began to cry. So did her daughter, whose husband had been a U.D.T. leader. "When the Portuguese were there, we didn't want to leave the country," the daughter said. "Now we have good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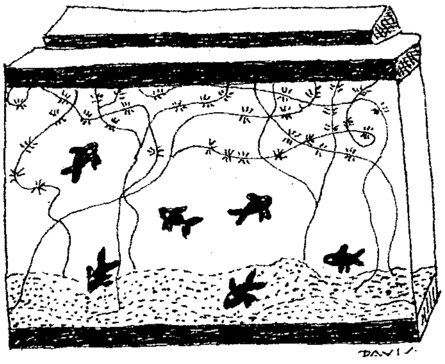
houses, but you see my mother has left." She went on, even more emotionally, "Don't talk about houses and bridges to me. I can work to build those. But I have lost everything—my father and my brothers."

Emotion aside, how strong is the resistance to Indonesian rule? The government usually puts the number of armed guerrillas at five hundred, no more than a thousand, and portrays them as just a nuisance. "We can do whatever we want without obstacles, although we recognize there are some people who can make disturbances at night," the Governor said during the interview in March. FRETILIN puts the number of guerrillas much higher. José Gusmão, now a FRETILIN activist in Darwin, who fought in the mountains until he and his wife were captured, in 1979 (they had to pay about fifteen thousand dollars in bribes, over a three-year period, before they were able to leave Indonesia, in 1985), told me that FRETILIN had two brigades, which he called the élite forces. He said that there were about a thousand members of each brigade, and that some of the company commanders were women. In addition to these brigades, which he said had guerrilla units attached to them, there were two autonomous companies operating along East Timor's western border. Altogether, he put the number of "well-trained soldiers with weapons in hand" at between five thousand and seven thousand. That seems to be as inaccurate on the high side as the government's figure is on the low. Another senior FRETILIN leader in Darwin told me that FRETILIN had three thousand regular armed men. Even that number is probably high.

Like any guerrilla army, FRETILIN counts on the covert support of the population, which FRETILIN partisans say is widespread. "We have lots of clandestine resistance," said a muscular young man who fled Timor in 1984 and now lives in Darwin. (He had to pay about three thousand dollars in bribes to get out; that seems to be roughly the going rate. Many Timorese families in Darwin save money to send to their relatives in Timor for this purpose.) Though the young man said he was not a member of FRETILIN in Timor and is not active with FRETILIN in Australia, he told me that his parents, who still live in Dili, secretly sent medicines and clothes to FRETILIN soldiers and to families "in the bush." Students, he said, were the core of the resistance. One of the students' functions is to smuggle information from Timor to Jakarta and on to the outside world. This flow is improving, according to FRETILIN activists. "We have a very, very sophisticated underground network," said Lurdes Pereira, the coördinator of FRETILIN's efforts in Darwin. "At first, I would receive information in tiny writing on a small piece of paper. It was very, very tiny and had to be translated." Now, she said, the pieces of paper are larger, and the information is already translated.

Whatever the level of resistance, whatever the number of guerrillas under arms, FRETILIN is, after nearly thirteen years, a greater military concern than the Indonesian government wants to admit. According to FRETILIN representatives in Darwin, FRETILIN forces were able to occupy three small villages for twenty-four hours in February of this year. They also claim to have carried out a number of ambushes against government troops during 1987, killing a total of a hundred and sixty-five Indonesian soldiers. They say they shot down a helicopter near Lospalos, in the eastern part of the island, last October—an action that they say resulted in the deaths of seven soldiers—and later in the year they claim to have killed twenty soldiers in an attack near Barique, southeast of Dili.

The Indonesian government has been reluctant to acknowledge any combat deaths in Timor in recent years, leaving some journalists who have gone there to count new graves in the cemetery in order to arrive at a number. Nor does the government want to reveal the number of battalions it has in Timor. Jusuf Wanandi, the director of the Center for Strategic and International Studies (C.S.I.S.), a quasi-governmental research body in Jakarta, which has taken the lead in presenting Indonesia's view of the Timor situation to the world, insisted in an interview in March that there were no more than four battalions—eight hundred to a thousand soldiers. But a Western military attaché in Jakarta said that the Indonesians had twenty combat battalions, plus several support battalions—about twenty thousand soldiers—in East Timor. An Intelligence officer from another country said that number was "conservative."



Everyone agrees on one FRETILIN claim: FRETILIN is not receiving any outside assistance, except, perhaps, moral and political support and a trickle of money from some European Communist Parties—which doesn't make the independence movement Communist; independence movements tend to take their support from wherever it comes, which is usually from the political adversaries of those they are fighting. It is an indigenous independence movement. Most of FRETILIN's weapons, according to the Indonesian government and to foreign analysts, are those left behind by the Portuguese. FRETILIN says these stocks have been supplemented by rifles bought from Indonesian soldiers. A soldier's automatic rifle with five magazines and a box of ammunition can be purchased for half a million rupiah, according to Gusmão—a veritable fortune for a young soldier.

For the international community, resolution of the Timor issue leads into a cul-de-sac. Indonesia has no intention of getting out of Timor. The Timorese who want independence are just as determined. Feelings for the homeland have deep roots; nationalist passions don't evaporate with time. The Eritreans have been fighting for independence from Ethiopia for twenty-seven years. And after almost seventy years of Russian domination Armenians and Azerbaijanis demonstrated their nationalist feelings earlier this year. How do you break the Indonesia–East Timor impasse without establishing a precedent that allows larger states to gobble up smaller ones?

Even diplomats from countries that accept that Timor will always be part of Indonesia think the international community must do more for the Timorese. "It would be a shame if East Timor came off the international agenda until the Indonesian government cleaned up its act," said a Commonwealth diplomat. Mail censorship should end, the Timorese should be allowed to enter and leave freely (which would allow them to "vote with their feet"), and the military should get out, or reduce its presence substantially, this diplomat and others said.

WHATEVER the outcome in Timor, there is no doubt that fundamental political change is occurring in Indonesia. The generation of officers who fought for independence from the Netherlands and which has been active in running the country since is passing. Students, and soldiers of a younger generation, have been exposed to freedom and democracy through schooling abroad and through modern communications, even though in Indonesia those communications are government-controlled. "They look at television and see what is happening in Latin America—most military dictatorships are gone," says Slamet Bratanata, whose son will soon be attending graduate school in the United States. "They see in the Philippines what happened to Marcos. They see in Poland Lech Walesa. They see in South Africa Desmond Tutu and white Anglican bishops protesting against Botha. They see what happened in Armenia and Azerbaijan, in Russia. And they have seen also what happened in South Korea. And they read about it. This opens the mind."

Representative of the new political generation that wants democratic progress are two Golkar leaders, Sarwono, the secretary-general, who is forty-four, and Rachmat Witoelar, a leader of the Golkar faction in the D.P.R., who is forty-seven. Sarwono spent two years in an English public school, and it was there, he said recently, that he acquired his "liberal leanings." During the parliamentary elections last year, he campaigned among the voters as if the election were a Western-style one. Wary of both journalists and diplomats but exposed enough to Western ways to be willing to talk with them, Sarwono has said that he has grown tired of being described as "up and coming"—he wants a political system that is open enough for him to arrive. Witoelar says the fact that he and Sarwono—whom Suharto in March named to a Cabinet position with control over the civil-service apparatus—have influential posts within Golkar reflects well on Suharto's willingness to open up the system to some degree.

"I was surprised," Witoelar says about his own appointment, explaining that he is considered "outspoken for democracy" and "independent." Witoelar's wife, Erna, of the Indonesian Consumers Association, seems more outspoken in the struggle for democracy than her husband; she is willing to speak out publicly and forcefully, while her husband is sometimes more guarded. Political change "is too slow to my liking," she says.

Judith Shahn

The question many Indonesians and foreign diplomats are asking is whether change will come as it did in the Philippines and South Korea. "The ingredients for a People Power are there," Mrs. Witoelar added, referring to the February, 1986, uprising against Marcos. "But nobody has enough guts to be the cook. The people do not place much hope in the students. In the middle class, no one has enough guts to stand up and mix the ingredients." And Indonesians say that they are not as "harsh" or as "hard" as the Koreans, and that there is a greater willingness to compromise in their country. Indonesians also have a high level of tolerance; they are patient. There is a limit, of course, as events showed in 1965, when political frictions ignited and hundreds of thousands of Indonesians were murdered.

And even Mrs. Witoelar believes that a transition to greater democracy must come gradually. "It is like teaching a bird to fly," she says. "You must teach it to fly before you release it from its cage. Now we must enlarge the cage to train the wings."

But will the New Order enlarge the cage? Important voices are saying that it must. "They have to open up the system," says Jusuf Wanandi, who, through his directorship of C.S.I.S., has been instrumental in designing the system as it exists today. C.S.I.S. was set up in the seventies with government funds and with advice from the Rand Corporation. As with the conservative Heritage Foundation, in Washington, D.C., which has had considerable influence on the Reagan Administration, and with which Wanandi has been affiliated, many C.S.I.S. proposals have become government policy. Wanandi, the New Order's unofficial good-will ambassador, who laces his rapid speech with American and British slang, says that Indonesians want greater political participation as well as an end to corruption and family monopolies.

On the military side, a proponent of relaxing authoritarian controls is retired Lieutenant General T. B. Simatupang, a scholarly man of sixty-eight, who is now the head of the Indonesian Council of Churches. Simatupang argues that a strong military role has been needed in Indonesia over the last twenty years, to give the country political stability while it developed economically. This argument is one that has been heard in many developing countries, and one that might seem to be supported by the economic successes of Korea and Taiwan. Simatupang acknowledges that the concentration of power in Suharto and the military has led to abuses. "The nature of power is that it is abused," he noted. "Are there no excesses in the West? Where there is power there are excesses. You know the story of Reagan. Were there no excesses by the National Security Council? There were enough to fill many books. And you have had institutionalization of the control of power for two centuries."

The question, of course, Simatupang says, is "Where do you go from here?" He asks, "Is there no alternative future for Indonesia other than totalitarian military regimes, like those in Latin America?" That, he says, is what many Western analysts are suggesting. "I am convinced it can go the right way," he says, meaning that Indonesia can become a more democratic society. Not a Western liberal democracy, however. "It will not work just to impose the Western system," he told me. "But we are striving for the same principles." These, he has written, include "respect for the ordinary human being, the respect for law, the control of power, and the recognition that authority is subject to criticism."

Another critical call for change is coming from retired four-star General Sumitro, who in the early nineteen-

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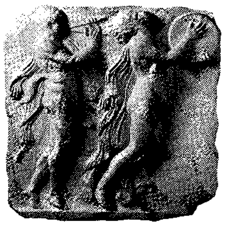

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seventies was considered a potential successor to Suharto and is still close to the President and influential with the military. "I personally believe we can no longer continue to control society as in the past," Sumitro said in an interview in February. "The military should get out of the bureaucracy. No more!" He waved his arm for emphasis, as if chasing away flies. "If the situation does not require involvement of the armed forces, the armed forces should stay away. And today I believe it is time to release the government to the civilians." The military's participation in the functioning of the Indonesian state is pervasive. More than ten thousand military officers have civilian positions in the government—as ministers, governors, mayors, district chiefs, and village assistants. The current Ambassadors to Washington and to Tokyo are generals. The armed forces are also guaranteed a fifth of the seats in the House of Representatives. It is accepted, even by civilians who wish it were otherwise, that Suharto's successor will be another general. The military's role in helping to build Indonesia is based on a doctrine known as *dwi fungsi*—dual function. Essentially, the doctrine provides that the armed forces should not only defend the country but also participate in its social and political development. But while the architects of the doctrine did not intend the military to be patterned after those in Europe or America, neither did they want it to be like those in Latin America, with coups and countercoups by officers seeking power.

Will Wanandi, Simatupang, Sumitro, and others calling for a more open society be heeded? Can a system reform itself? Will the military trust the civilians? Will Golkar be willing to share some of its power? Will Suharto relinquish any of his? History doesn't offer much solace, not when there is so much at stake, institutionally and individually. The military traditionally is resistant to change. It took riots in South Korea to end military rule there. In Argentina, it was an outside force—the British delivering the defeat in the Falklands—that ended military rule. A few Latin-American military regimes have departed "voluntarily," although usually it was because their countries' economies were collapsing and they didn't want to bear the responsibility. But Indonesians who are hopeful look not to Latin America but to southern Europe. In Portugal in the mid-nineteen-seventies, the military actually led the return to democracy and has allowed leftist governments to serve after being elected. "We'd also like to learn from Spain, the transition from Franco to the present," says Sarwono. "The transition was relatively easy, and any attempt to turn back the clock seems to fail."

Whatever justifications can be offered for Indonesia's authoritarian practices of the past twenty years no longer apply. Communism is no longer a threat. An Islamic state is no longer a threat. And while the inhabitants of some regions still resent Javanese control from Jakarta, there seems to be little prospect that people will take up arms, or engage in other drastic measures, to attain independence or autonomy, as they did in the nineteen-fifties—except perhaps in East Timor and Irian Jaya. Canada's current Ambassador to Indonesia, Jack Whittleton, has travelled as much as if not more than any of his counterparts—the map of the Indonesian archipelago on his office wall is crowded with pins stuck into the places he has visited during his nearly two years here. "Though it's hard to quantify, I sense there is a pride in Indonesia," Whittleton told me recently. "Even from some of the cynics. They feel good about the accomplishments. Is it a lasting Indonesia? I think it is. Speaking as a Canadian, we have lots of regional differences, but down deep people like being Canadian. I detect that here, even from people who are prepared to say there are a lot of warts. My feeling is that there is a cement here. It's not being held together by guns." Whittleton recently travelled to three "very remote villages" in Sumatra, the country's westernmost island, about the size of California. "The older people don't speak Indonesian, and the children don't hear it until they get to school. But, again, even way out there, in the hinterland and beyond—some of these villages don't even have roads into them—there is some pride in waving the flag."

AFTER two months in Indonesia, I began to sense a number of parallels with Nicaragua, surprising as that might seem. Each country is developing its own political, economic, and social systems. Leaders in both countries say that their people hadn't been prepared for democracy—not by the Somoza dynasty in Nicaragua, not by the Dutch traders in Indonesia. The Armies in both countries are political as well as military forces and will continue to be for the foreseeable future. In both countries, there is a ruling government party, and although other parties are permitted, it seems unlikely that they will be allowed to share in real power. While religious freedom is generally respected, in Indonesia there is a fear of Islamic fundamentalism, in Nicaragua of Catholic conservatism. The Sandinistas and the New Order impose press censorship, justifying it on the basis of a need for political stability. Both countries have hybrid economic systems. Indonesia has too much state control to be considered truly capitalist, and the men who fought to make the country independent never intended it to be. Nicaragua allows too much private enterprise to be considered a Marxist model. Whatever Indonesia and Nicaragua look like ten or twenty years from now, they almost certainly won't be mirrors of American-style democracy.

Yet a genuine desire for more democracy seems to motivate the generation of Indonesians—in politics, in the media, in business—who will determine the country's future. They may be willing to wait until the passing of Suharto. They seem less likely to postpone freedom any longer. I asked the writer Mochtar Lubis if he thought that the prospects for more democracy were good in his country. Lubis, who was imprisoned by Sukarno and detained by Suharto, is now sixty-six years old, and has spent a lifetime fighting for democracy in Indonesia.

"I think so," he said. "Otherwise, I would become an Australian." He added, "I am always optimistic. Even Mr. Gorbachev has to open up. I think it would be a good lesson for us. You just can't develop a country without freedom for the people."

—RAYMOND BONNER

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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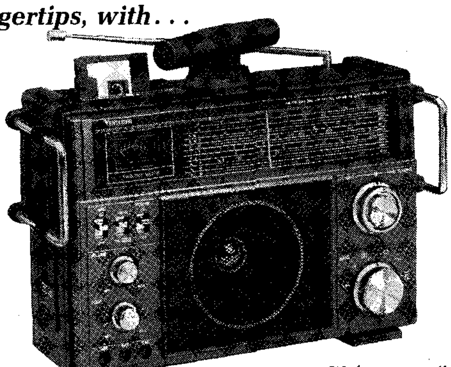

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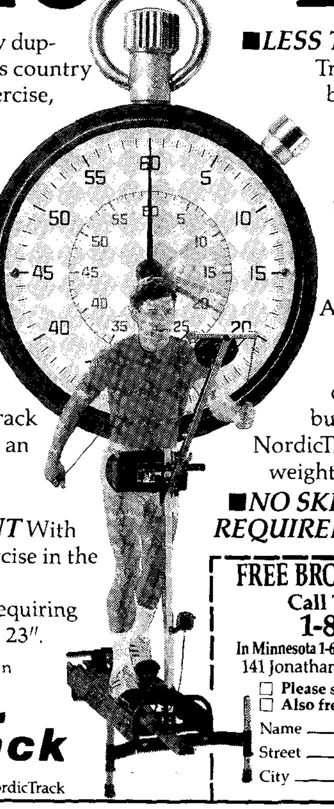

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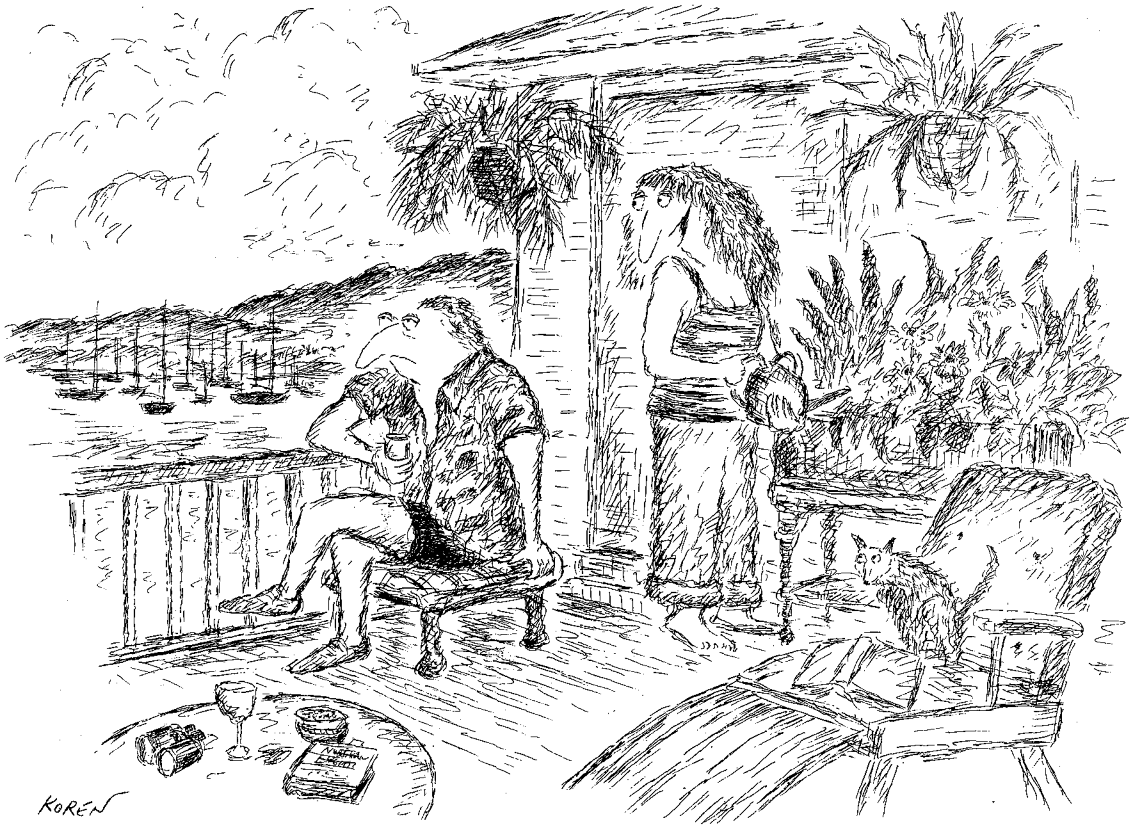
MUSICAL EVENTS

Preludes to Felicity

Elliott Carter's "Enchanted Preludes," a six-minute duo for flute and cello, had its first performances last month, at Bard College and, three days later, in Merkin Hall. It was written for the fiftieth birthday of Ann Santen, who is the music director of Cincinnati's WGUC—a station that does much for contemporary music. (One of its many commissions, Michael Gielen's fine-drawn, engrossing string quartet "Un Vieux Souvenir," has just appeared on a Deutsche Grammophon compact disk, played by the LaSalle Quartet; the work is dedicated to the LaSalle and Mrs. Santen. The New World compact disk of Carter's Piano Concerto and his Variations for Orchestra, played by the Cincinnati Symphony under Mr. Gielen, derives from WGUC recordings.) Carter, introducing "Enchanted Preludes," said that he had tried to mirror some of Mrs. Santen's brightness, charm, and irresistible enthusiasm. He has done so. This bright, engaging composition will surely be much heard and enjoyed. Already it is billed at this summer's Aldeburgh and Tanglewood festivals.

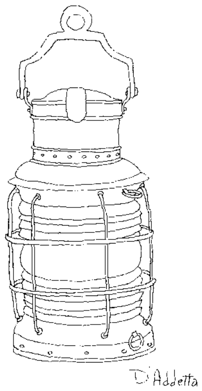
The title is from Wallace Stevens' "The Pure Good of Theory" ("Time . . . the enchantered space In which the enchanted preludes have their place") —a four-movement poem with other lines that can be lifted out and tagged to Carter's music ("Now, closely the ear attends the varying Of this precarious music . . . attends the difficult difference," for example). "Esprit Rude/Esprit Doux," the work that Carter wrote for Boulez's sixtieth birthday, has a motto—B-flat, C, A, E —based on a Franco-German reading of musical letters in the dedicatee's name: B, U, L, E, or B, Ut, La, E. It may be that the tritone monogram A Es (Es being German for E-flat) played a part in stirring Carter's invention for "Enchanted Preludes." The three musical letters in the dedicatee's name—A, E-flat (written as D-sharp), E—are certainly prominent in the opening measures, and so is the note G, which represents N in the simple code by which Ravel musicked the name of Haydn. Moreover, in a few passages Carter employs bracketed accent signs that look like signals to some extramusical message. But then with ingenuity and the kind of license that Freudian explicators and people who cheat at Patience employ one can find almost any name enciphered in almost any music. (Tchaikovsky's modern biographer David Brown proposed cipher-engendered thematic material in the First Piano Concerto and, less convincingly, in the First and Second Suites; a critic noted the composer's prescience in having also encoded "David Brown" in the last work.) These things hardly matter. I sometimes play at encoding names, acrostic fashion, in sentences of a review. And nobody notices, since any name takes entrance naturally. If (as there) it does not, then cipher is usually sacrificed to sense and flow. Schumann, I think, sometimes began composing with name-determined motifs—a composer has to start somewhere—and then changed the notes when musical imperatives proved more important than literal spelling.

In any event, Carter has transcended strict portraiture and (as in "Esprit Rude/Esprit Doux") transcended any letter games. "Enchanted Preludes" packs a good deal of precise, refined musical adventure into short space. Each instrument has its individual manner and matter, as always in Carter's writing. The flute's gait tends to be rapid, playful, ebullient, inventive. The cello can also move fast, but is fond of sustained notes that underpin—without checking—its partner's voluble exuberance, and is especially fond of generous, arching, lyrical phrases, often starting with a leap up to a long note. Some fascinating episodes in the "fantasy duet"—Carter's phrase for the work—are created by mutual influence: when the cello essays the measured trills and third-trills of the flute's vocabulary, or the flute ventures on one of the cello's widely spaced melodies. Not only because I happen



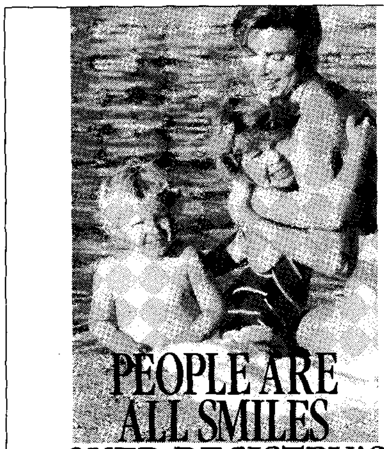
"Do I detect a new resentment?"

to know Ann and Harry Santen—he commissioned "Enchanted Preludes" as a birthday present for his wife—am I tempted to read the piece as, among other things, a musical representation of a contented, complementary, mutually supportive, fruitful couple. No inside knowledge is needed to hear the work that way: it fits with Carter's regular conception of chamber music as dialogues between sharply characterized individuals—each character defined by an instrument's range, timbre, and playing technique, and by the musical material then devised for it. And one would expect Carter to pour into such a birthday commission feelings of joy, enthusiasm, and gratitude toward people who delight in and support new music. None of his occasional pieces—for anniversaries of Boulez, William Glock (the "Canon for 4," which wears learning lightly), Goffredo Petrassi (the soaring solo-violin flight "Riconoscenza")—fall below his exacting standards. The Boulez piece, with babbling, chirruping flute and clarinet, can make a listener smile with happiness. So can "Enchanted Preludes." It also contains veins of romance and, even, passion. Schubertian seems a possible epithet for a composition at once so felicitous and so moving.



The première was part of a Da Capo Chamber Players program entitled "Da Capo Dances." I heard the Merkin performance. The players were Patricia Spencer, flute, and André Emelianoff, cello, rising to the occasion with warmth and vivacity. The concert included the American première of Nicholas Maw's "Ghost Dances," an "imaginary ballet" composed jointly for the Nash Ensemble, of London, and Da Capo. Maw, a British composer, born in 1935, now lives much of the time in America. He is a creator who has missed vociferous advocacy—though not loving appreciation—and has not been associated with any particular school. His music has always been beautiful. After "Eight Chinese Lyrics" (1956), with a serial, singable vocal line, the tonal "Nocturne" (1957-58) brought comparisons with Britten. (Britten's own "Nocturne" reached performance before Maw's, although in fact it was composed later.) The big event of last year's London Proms was Maw's "Odyssey," which may be the longest span of orchestral music ever composed. It occupied him for fifteen years. Only seventy-five of its hundred-odd minutes were done, and, by all accounts, they were deeply impressive. He is not unknown in this country: Ormandy took up his "Scenes and Arias" (1962) and presented them in Philadelphia and New York; Boston Musica Viva has done his "La Vita Nuova" (1979) in Boston and New York. But our conductor champions of Neo-Romanticism have been curiously slow to embrace one whose large, romantic scores are not just aftermaths of Mahler and Strauss but music of our day—a new, rich harvest from still fertile fields. In New Grove, Bayan Northcott writes of Maw, "Even his backward glances serve an innovatory purpose, as in the subtle sonorities he has achieved through a renewal of the almost lost art of late Romantic orchestral blending. Moreover, the rare harmonic compulsiveness of his best work suggests the emergence of a novel, as yet unsystematized, structuring of pitch relations which may prove of progressive import." It would have been exciting to find a first full performance of "Odyssey" billed in the Philharmonic brochure for next season.

"Ghost Dances" fitted a shade awkwardly into the Da Capo program only because it was conceived on a fuller time scale than anything else. Maw has never catered to short attention spans. It should perhaps be played on a double bill with "Pierrot Lunaire." It uses the same instrumental quintet (without the "Pierrot" speaker), enlarged in timbres by the players' recourse to an African thumb piano, an American strum stick (or one-stringed banjo), a kazoo, and finger cymbals. The composer describes his work as "a sequence of memory-related and dream-distorted images of many different forms of the dance, images that range from its most sophisticated to its lowest manifestations, and from the naive through the nostalgic to the macabre—even to the horrific." Classical ballet, modern dance of many kinds, historical reconstructions, ethnic dances, rites, orgies pass in review, in a long, firmly con-



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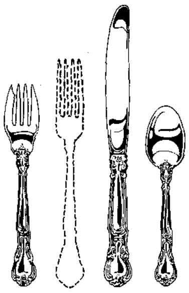

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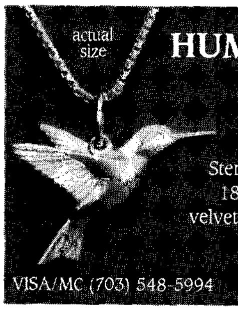

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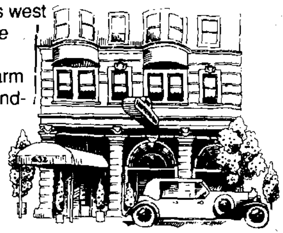

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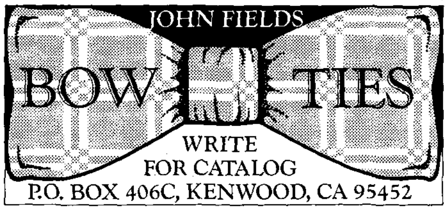

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structed suite of ten dances framed between an intrada and an epilogue and punctuated by ritornelli. The work does not *need* choreography—being in itself a ballet, "danced" by sounds—but would offer a wonderful challenge to a choreographer able to hear and complement its imagery.

Another high point of the Da Capo concert was Joan Tower's "Wings" (1981), a graphic clarinet solo, dazzlingly played by Laura Flax, for whom it was written. At the same time, it was danced, by Peter Sparling. He seemed not to have accurately heard the imagery; after a bit, one looked away and just listened. Mr. Sparling's visual additions to Ralph Shapey's violin-flute-piano trio "Reyem" (1967) and to David Gregory's cello solo "Bright Bowed River" (1984) were also unimpressive. The concert began with Webern's chamber reduction of Johann Strauss's "Treasure" Waltz and closed with Schoenberg's of the "Emperor" Waltz—historical trifles, time wasters now.

ALFRED SCHNITTKE's Piano Sonata, composed for Vladimir Feltsman, had its first performance last month at a Metropolitan Museum concert. It formed part of an all-Schnittke program, the other works being the Second Violin Sonata (1968), the Piano Quintet (1972-76), and the String Trio (1985). The performers were eminent: Mr. Feltsman was joined by the Soviet-émigré violinists Dmitry Sitkovetsky and Alexandre Brussilovsky, the violist Paul Neubauer, who leads the New York Philharmonic violas, and the cellist John Sharp, who leads the Chicago Symphony cellos. The composer was present, the hall full, and the applause loud. Both in the Soviet Union and in the West, people make a fuss over Schnittke. So far, I have not been able to hear why. He seems to me a composer of modest talent: honorable and industrious; curious to pick up new ideas, push them, and discover whither—even if *ad absurdum*—they may lead. There is little that is fecund, richly inventive, personal. Scraps of Mozart, Mahler, chant are toyed with. Notions suggested by, perhaps, Berg, Cage, Stockhausen are experimented with. Quarter tones are tried. Motifs are repeated, or single chords hammered out, with minimalist monotony. Sometimes the music is very soft (in these passages the hall's ventilation system made more noise), and sometimes it emulates Prokofiev at his most aridly percussive. Schnittke does not shrink from prolonged banging on the hard, untunable strings at the top of the keyboard. And a pizzicato of literally string-snapping violence in the violin sonata cut short the first attempt at its performance.

IN Carnegie Hall last week, David Alan Miller's farewell concert with the New York Youth Symphony—he has been appointed assistant conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic—closed with a large, brave account of Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony, cleanly laid out and played with the strong, fresh, lively tone that makes Youth Symphony concerts enjoyable. The players are aged from twelve to twenty-two; Mr. Miller, who has been their conductor for six seasons, is now twenty-seven. The string sound was warm—impassioned in the climaxes of the slow movement—and the long woodwind solos were expressive. Whether Mr. Miller has a personal view of the symphony—sees it as tragic, as ironic, or, straightforwardly, as (in Shostakovich's phrase) "a Soviet artist's practical, creative reply to just criticism"—was not apparent. But irony is probably something for a listener to discern while the conductor delivers the ambivalent affirmations of the finale as convincingly as possible. Solomon Volkov in "Testimony" reports Shostakovich as deriding Yevgeny Mravinsky, the first conductor of the Fifth, for finding in the last movement an unsuccessful attempt to write an exultant finale. ("What exultation could there be? . . . The rejoicing is forced, created under threat, as in 'Boris Godunov.' . . . You have to be a complete oaf not to hear that.") Mravinsky, Stokowski, Horenstein, Bernstein—at their different speeds—play the finale for all it is worth. So did Mr. Miller. Incidentally, Maxim Shostakovich, the composer's son, has, in a BBC television program, endorsed "Testimony": "It's true. It's accurate. The basis of the book is correct."

The new piece on the program—for four seasons, each Youth Symphony concert has begun with a new piece, commissioned by the orchestra—was Scott Eyerly's seven-minute "Exultation Overture." It was agreeable, with a winning, Coplandish candor in the central section, but modest in its aims and demands and conventional in its manner. The eleven earlier composers commissioned by the Youth Symphony made more of their chances to write for a big orchestra that is thoroughly rehearsed. The new work at the previous concert, in February, was Jeffery Cotton's ten-minute "CityMusic I: Berlin." At a first hearing I thought it arresting but a shade incoherent. It has grown on me: a strange, stark tone poem, imaginatively scored—dark, romantic, menacing, suddenly charming, exciting. A composer to watch.

TWO young composers whom the Youth Symphony brought to prominence are Michael Torke (born in 1961) and Kamran Ince (born in 1960)—with, respectively, "Bright Blue Music," in 1985, and "Infrared Only," in 1986. Ince's latest composition, "Deep Flight," had its first performance at a Brooklyn Philharmonic Meet the Moderns concert in Town Hall last month. It was the best of three scores commissioned by ASCAP and Meet the Composer for a program honoring Leonard Bernstein's seventieth birthday; the rest of the program was early Bernstein. David John Olsen's "Overture: Lulu" might have been written in the year of Bernstein's birth, when "The Soldier's Tale" was new, Charles Wakefield Cadman's "Shanewis" was done at the Met, and Arthur Nevin's "A Daughter of the Forest" was done in Chicago. Elliot Goldenthal's "Shadow Play Scherzo" blurred elements of gamelan and jazz. Ince's ten-minute "Deep Flight" offered attractive features of minimalism—the bright textures, sudden transformations, simple, bold harmonic strokes—without the tedium. A moderate orchestra (single woodwinds) is used with mastery. The episodes include a swelling slow movement and a nimble acceleration dance in Prokofiev vein. Rhythms and metres are alertly handled. A winning piece.

—ANDREW PORTER

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Outside

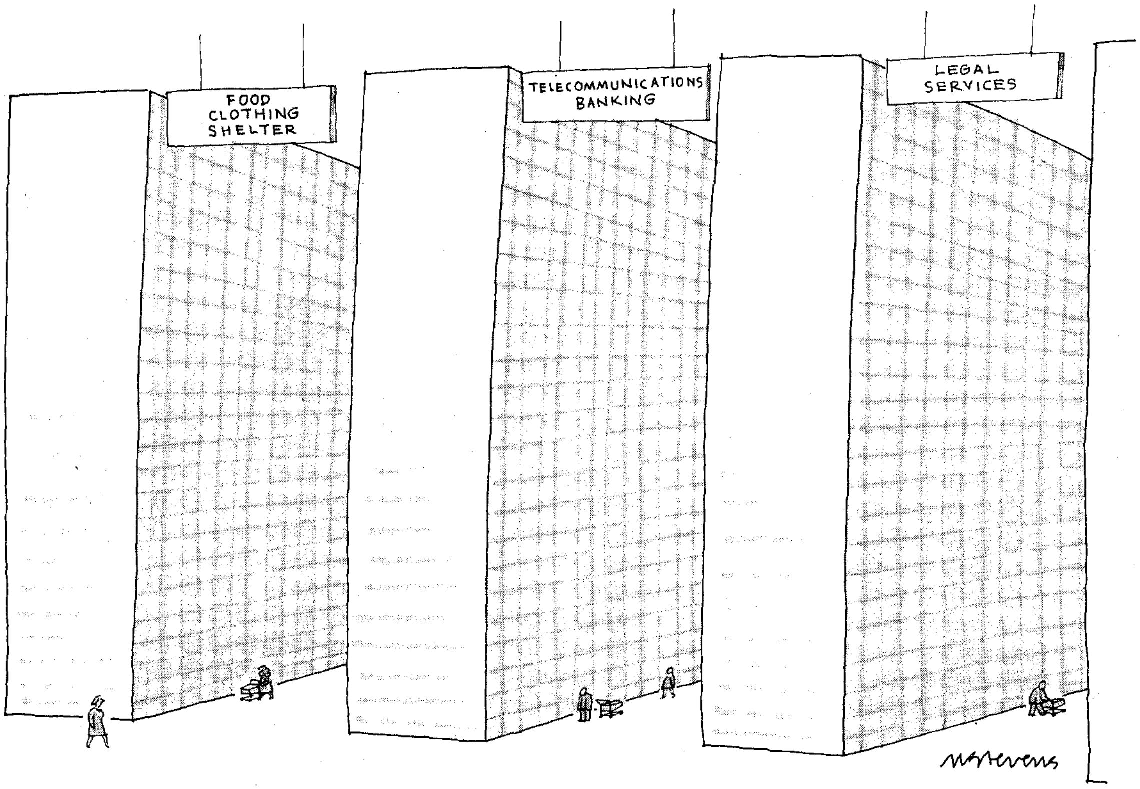
DIANA ROTH (Barbara Hershey) and Gus Roth (Jeroen Krabbé) live in a fine middle-class home in suburban Johannesburg, and they give their thirteen-year-old daughter, Molly (Jodhi May), and her two little sisters a well-ordered, ruling-class life. The polite, well-bred Molly attends a girls' school and takes Spanish-dancing lessons. But Gus is a Communist, and at the beginning of "A World Apart" he flees the country in the middle of the night to escape arrest. The children are told that he's gone away on business. Diana, the editor of a small anti-apartheid newspaper, is straight-backed in the tailored suits she wears to work. She thinks she's protecting the children by not telling them anything; she's a closemouthed woman anyway.

"A World Apart," which is set in 1963, is told from Molly's point of view. It's based on a semi-autobiographical script by Shawn Slovo, the daughter of the journalist Ruth First and Joe Slovo, the leader of the banned South African Communist Party, who at that time was also one of the top figures in the African National Congress. Molly's mother, Diana, is an officious, starchy woman who's caught up in subversive activities. This is made pointedly clear early on, when Molly, who has witnessed a bloody hit-and-run accident—a white motorist smashing a black bicyclist—tries to tell her mother what she has seen, and her busy mother doesn't register what the girl is saying, or that she's upset. And when Solomon (Albee Lesotho), a black leader who has been imprisoned, turns up at the Roth home—his sister Elsie (Linda Mvusi) is the maid—Diana greets him with a warmth she never shows her kids. Diana isn't guilty of noblesse oblige. It's that the injustices done to the blacks heat her up—set her on fire. And her activities on their behalf keep her wound tight; they've given her an ulcer. One night, a few seconds before she goes into an illegal meeting she's warned, and she walks away just as the police arrive with straining-at-the-leash German shepherds; she moves quickly—she's not one to lounge around. There's too much to be done.

Diana isn't a bad mother, but the energy and thought that she gives to forbidden activities have drained her of some of her alertness as a mother, and Molly feels shut out. She has to eavesdrop to learn what's going on.

This is the first feature directed by the English documentarian and cinematographer Chris Menges (pronounced men-ghees), who has become well known as the director of photography on such films as "Local Hero," "The Killing Fields," "The Mission," and "High Season." Menges, who was born in 1940, worked in Johannesburg in 1963, as a cameraman for Granada TV's "World in Action" series, but in "A World Apart" he uses Zimbabwe for South Africa. (That's also where "Cry Freedom" and the TV film "Mandela" were shot.) Most cinematographers who direct fiction films get carried away into pictorialism, but Menges retains the speed and precision of a news cameraman. The movie has a visual snap to it. It's luminous yet very informal. The subversives test themselves against the will of the authorities, and the camera catches the immediacy of their fear, their guesswork.

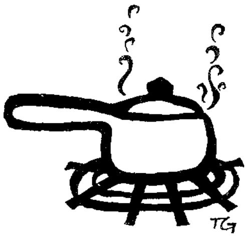
We see Diana only from the outside, as Molly perceives her or imagines her, but we get a sense of her gallantry and recklessness from some of the things she does—such as giving herself a large interracial birthday celebration, where a black man sings "Let's Twist Again," and Molly and her best friend, Yvonne (Nadine Chalmers), dance along with the mostly black guests, who have to spill out their drinks in a hurry when the police arrive with flashbulb cameras and the inevitable menacing dogs. Confronting them, Diana is flushed and contemptuous; she's rather grand—a bourgeois woman not used to having her guests insulted. Diana's cavalier manner carries her through a nasty scene with the police when she's covering an early-morning work interruption at a power station, but shortly afterward they crack down:



MEGA-MARKETING

she's "detained" for ninety days, and then another ninety days. And though the children's grandmother, Mrs. Abrahams (Yvonne Bryceland), comes to help out, and the reliable Elsie is there, Molly's life falls apart. Her schoolmates have been taunting her about her Communist-traitor father, and now that her mother is imprisoned she's no longer welcome at her friend Yvonne's house. Worst of all, she's confused and resentful, because her parents have never discussed their anti-apartheid work in front of her, never explained anything to her—they've treated her like a baby. (And in some ways she *is* one. When the police take Diana away, Molly whimpers, "Mummy, please don't go.")

In her cell, Diana hoists herself up to look out the high, barred window and sees the city traffic outside. And we feel her horror at being trapped. Yet she's ladylike and stiff when she's taken in for interrogation; her thick, curly dark hair is neat, her jaw set, her mouth firmly lipsticked. The daughter is just about the opposite. Molly, as Jodhi May plays her, is undefined in a lovely, almost plain, yet softly glowing way—like the young Peggy Ann Garner in "Jane Eyre" and "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." Molly has been raised to respect blacks, and she's sensitive enough to appreciate what she has taken in from her parents. She has an eager mind, and we get glimpses of what she learns, what she thinks. Menges, with his camera, is her co-conspirator: he peeks into things, he's open to moments of revelation. She's his fresh, young pair of eyes, looking at Yvonne's buxom blond mother, who's all kissy-kissy, and seeing that the woman is good-hearted but weak, and afraid of her husband. And the camera records Molly's perceptions of the ugliness of apartheid. She wants to join in the fight against it, yet that fight is also her competitor. In prison or out, her mother is not all there for her. When Molly needs her mom, she bashes her head against a principled person. The theme of the movie is the conflict between fighting injustice and what we owe to our families—or, more poignantly, a young girl's pain at the loss of her mother and father, though she knows the reasons for it.



Jodhi May's performance seems just about faultless—never precocious, never forced. Molly is a kid who's required to grow up fast, and has a rough time of it, but her difficulties never go out of scale. And Barbara Hershey does well by the British-South African accent and gives a creditable, honorable performance. If something is missing from what she does, it may be partly because Menges looks at Diana as if she were a person in a documentary; he seems content with the script's outside view of her. And—what's more central—Hershey's conception is too narrow. Watching Diana is like looking at a series of newspaper shots of Ethel Rosenberg. Molly might think that this public Diana was all there was, but for the movie to have real dramatic power Diana needs to reveal to us what her young daughter can't see. I know I'm asking a lot—a great actress, one who could have helped us find out how Diana's involvement in the struggle became her life, and what she was like before she set her jaw. When Diana, who has been released from prison but is under house arrest, learns that Solomon, the black activist, has been tortured and killed, she boldly appears at his funeral, flanked by her mother and by Molly. No doubt we're supposed to see that she now accepts her daughter as a sentient human being. But we also see that she's willing to return to prison and shatter her family. And we never penetrate the sources of her political flamboyance. A woman who loves humanity so much that she has only a small corner of her heart left for her children has to be something more than rigid and reserved; we never get to her substance.

But the movie itself has substance. At the funeral, the faces of the black mourners—and especially Elsie's grief—are like found art. Here—and elsewhere—Menges achieves the kind of documentary beauty that tricks your subconscious: you feel you're watching the real thing. The cinematographer Haskell Wexler has sometimes done this, but his directors held on to the image—turned it into a still. Menges and his lighting cameraman, Peter Biziou, and his editor, Nicolas Gaster, pass over the images so fleetly that you don't even have time to exclaim or to

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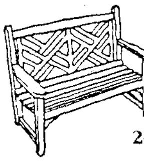

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retain them—all you have is the emotion.

Menges is a wonderful moviemaker, with a deficiency. It isn't a matter of craft; it's that he doesn't trust us. Throughout the movie, the treatment of the whites is balanced: even Diana's interrogator (David Suchet) has conflicting feelings about her and is upset when she's abused. But there's no conflict in the blacks: they're clean and loving. It's the old movie quirk of making it appear that oppression is good for the soul. (What's behind it seems to be the fear that if the oppressed are presented as less than noble the audience will think they're getting what they deserve—will somehow blame them for their oppression.) And at the end Menges violates the mother-daughter story in order to tell us what he's already shown us: that apartheid is obscenely cruel. At the funeral, when the minister makes a defiant speech, and the crowd, including Diana and Molly, raise their fists and chant back and forth *"Amandla! Awethu!"* (Power! Is Ours!), and the police arrive by car and helicopter and start firing tear gas, it makes us feel hollow. We know we're meant to see that the Roths are united with each other and with the blacks. We know we're supposed to be raising our fists with theirs. And the film's radiant intelligence slips away—to be recalled, luckily, when we leave the theatre.

"LADY IN WHITE" is a ghost movie with an overcomplicated plot, but it has a poetic feeling that makes up for much of the clutter. And its amateurishness often adds to its effectiveness—gives the movie a naïve power. The amateurishness helps you to open your imagination to it. (There's nothing slick to repel you.) The picture was written and directed by Frank LaLoggia, who also composed the score; the location shooting was done in the upstate New York town of Lyons, near Rochester, where LaLoggia was born, and the first two million of the five-million-dollar budget was raised from four thousand investors in the area, many of whom appear in the crowd scenes. The movie is an elaboration of local legends, LaLoggia's childhood memories, and his fantasies of the supernatural. It's a piece of Catholic Americana with a Disney-Spielberg ingenuousness and shafts of horror.

Lukas Haas, the dark-eyed child from "Witness," is the star. As the nine-year-old Frankie Scarlatti, who dreams of his dead mother, he has a quizzical expression much of the time, and those eyes widen to perfect circles. It all starts on Halloween, 1962, in the fictional town of Willowpoint Falls, when a couple of prankish schoolmates lock Frankie in the school cloakroom and he sees the ghost of a little girl who was murdered by a serial killer. Nothing happens that you haven't seen before, but the boy's rapt belief in his visions lends credibility to the events. In an underdeveloped way, you get a sense that the horrors that beset him relate to his mother's having died—that the story has psychological roots. And there are touches that charm you: the piles of candy corn in the window of the Kandy Kitchen; the pack of dogs that chase after bicyclists but are turned back by a nun's basilisk glare; a jack-o'-lantern left burning in a schoolroom until Frankie blows it out; a scary moment when he's in bed with lighted candles all around, and an ancient madwoman who leans over to kiss him is suddenly yanked away from behind by the killer. And there's endearing, giggly tomfoolery between Frankie and his older brother (Jason Presson). LaLoggia puts on a good show. He has an affection for Maxfield Parrish effects and for such devices as having the little-girl ghost, who's searching for her mother, find her, and then having them both turn into shooting stars flying Heavenward. The editing is patchy, and LaLoggia lingers on actors in a way that exposes their limitations (and his inexperience), but little Lukas Haas has no problem. He loves acting so much that when he's miming spooked terror he's tickled to be doing it. He gives himself the shivers, and probably grins when the director calls for retakes.

—PAULINE KAEL

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SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Kalamazoo* (*Mich.*) *Gazette*]

SEATTLE—A $3.69 billion jet order received by Boeing Co. demonstrates that the airplane manufacturer's reputation has been unhurt—and may even have been helped—by recent air safety incidents, industry analysts said Monday.

An Aloha Airlines incident in which part of a Boeing 737's fuselage came off during a flight over Hawaii was called "a positive, not a negative, for Boeing" by Judith L. Comeau, an aerospace industry analyst with Goldman Sachs & Co. in New York.

DANCING

She Who Dances

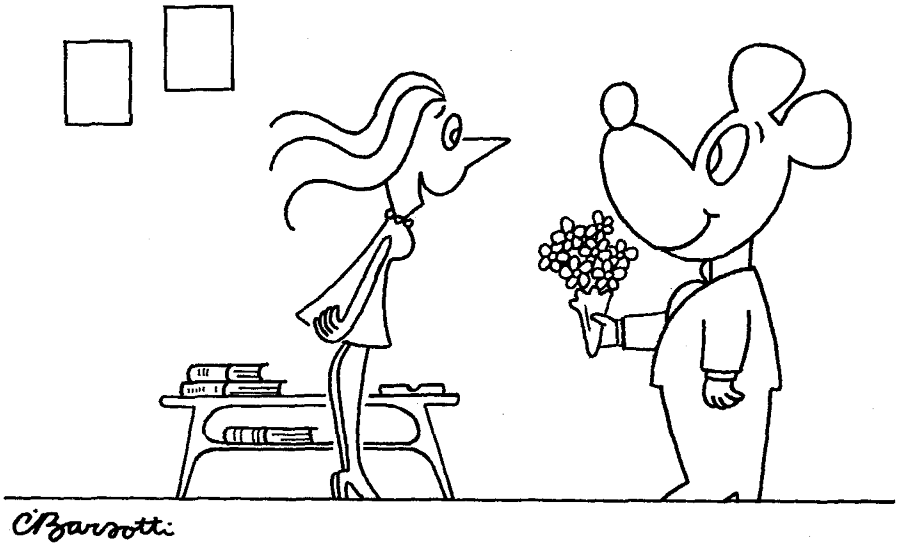
MORE good news from *glasnost*. Altinay Assylmuratova, of the Kirov Ballet, one of the most glorious and original dancers of our day, and Farukh Ruzimatov, the Kirov's latest male star, came from Leningrad to make their New York débuts at the Met at the end of May. Though their reputations were established separately, they are frequently paired and, while Assylmuratova really needs a taller and broader partner to offset her own grandeur, they look good together. Indeed, with their jet-black hair, dark complexions, exotic cheekbones, they may be the most glamorous duo in ballet today. He will be twenty-five this month; she is twenty-seven.

Assylmuratova's fame had long preceded her. This is the ballerina who in 1982 became immediately celebrated in the West with her appearances during the Kirov's two-month season in Paris, and who was subsequently featured, though poorly filmed, as the company's rising star in the TV documentary "Backstage at the Kirov." When the Kirov made tours of North America in 1986 and 1987, New York balletomanes travelled to catch her in Trenton, at Wolf Trap, in Glassboro, wherever she might be dancing—rather as, just over a hundred years ago, the balletomanes of St. Petersburg, according to Alexandre Benois, used to go out to the city's suburbs to catch performances by the Italian star Virginia Zucchi. And, just as Zucchi was then invited to appear with the Maryinsky, so now Assylmuratova has come to town. Would that I could extend the parallel and write of how she has worked here with a latter-day Marius Petipa and will stay as guest artist of American Ballet Theatre for seasons that will change the city's view of ballet; certainly Assylmuratova is the kind of dancer who redefines the whole landscape of dance. As it was, she was here for just two performances, in a role she already knows from Leningrad. May she return, both with the Kirov and as guest artist with American companies, to dance in other roles.

The parts that Assylmuratova and Ruzimatov danced were those of Nikiya and Solor in the full-length ballet "La Bayadère." Nikiya is the leading temple dancer (bayadère), who is the noble warrior Solor's covert love, and who dies at the instigation of Gamzatti, the Rajah's daughter, to whom Solor becomes betrothed; Nikiya later appears to Solor in his opium dream as queen of a realm of classical dancing, which he then enters to be reunited with her. The scene is the celebrated Kingdom of the Shades, nineteenth-century ballet's greatest vision scene, often performed out of context; in the Kirov staging, it brings the ballet to a close. Since Assylmuratova's performance of Nikiya in this excerpt was probably the most talked-of event in the Kirov's 1986 tour, it was a brilliant move by A.B.T. to invite her to appear in its own "Bayadère," which was staged in 1980 by the ex-Kirov ballerina Natalia Makarova. And yet the nature of the role is such that I was left feeling that an evening of Nikiya gives us both too much and not enough of Assylmuratova.

The ballet could be retitled "The Life and Love of a She-Devil." Nikiya is not a helpless victim of Solor's inconstancy. In one scene, she tries to stab Gamzatti with a dagger; in another, dying of a snakebite, she proves too proud to accept an antidote to the venom, after realizing that Solor is faithless. She forgives him in the Shades scene, but it is he who seeks her pardon. Makarova's production, which collapses the first three acts of Petipa's grand scheme into three smoothly linked scenes of a single opening act, also provides a new version of the ballet's final act (excised from Russian stagings for nearly seventy years). In this, Nikiya's ghost interrupts Solor's wedding to Gamzatti and invokes the gods to honor his vow of eternal love to her; the temple duly crumbles, killing all; and Nikiya wins Solor in the hereafter of eternal love—regardless of his singularly unimpressive performance as a great lover in the hereunto. Although this act was new to Assylmuratova and Ruzimatov, they performed it authoritatively, giving a particularly urgent account at the second performance. Assylmuratova, however, had already conceived her Nikiya within the Kirov version of the ballet; her radical interpretation of the Shades scene brings the ballet to such a fitting climax that it needs no sequel. The decisive wrath that propels her appearances in Solor's dream is already larger than life; she is an ice-and-fire claimant of him, dancing with an ardent hunger even after they have plainly become reconciled. Our sense of story may be satisfied by watching the dénouement after this, but not our sense of drama.

There's another way in which Nikiya is a great role for Assylmuratova in theory but not in practice. To Petipa, creating the ballet in 1877, Nikiya must have been the latest in a line of meaty heroine-as-dancer



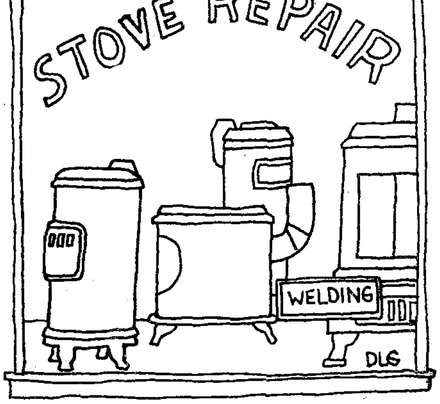
"My girlfriend said you were cute, but, gosh, she didn't say how *cute."*

parts. There are plot resemblances between "La Bayadère" and the two great ballets d'action of the eighteen-forties, "Giselle" and "Esmeralda," which were staples of the St. Petersburg ballet repertory. In the first place, the hero of all three ballets vacillates between his love for a working-class girl and a noble fiancée, and the lower-class heroine, in her unhesitating devotion to him, steadfastly repulses the affections of another man. More significantly, Giselle is dance-crazy and rises from the grave as a Wili, a dance siren, while both Esmeralda and Nikiya dance for their living and find themselves obliged to dance in celebration of the very betrothals that are breaking their hearts. Andrew Porter wrote last week of the symbolic role of Orpheus, the hero as musician. These three roles are the nearest that classical ballet comes to an equivalent. Each heroine is seen to dance her emotions, to dance despite her emotions, to be revived or transformed by dance. (The three ballets are connected by choreography as well as by scenario: "Esmeralda" includes virtual quotations from "Giselle," and "La Bayadère" makes references to both.) The Kirov today does not, I believe, dance a complete "Esmeralda" (though I have seen the ballet danced by Leningrad's second ballet company, the Maly), but the ballet's greatest episode, the pas de six in which Esmeralda must dance at the betrothal of her lover, remains as a jewel in the Kirov ballerina repertory. Assylmuratova has given sublime accounts of this excerpt (Arlene Croce has described movingly in these pages performances of it in 1982 and 1986), and she is also an exceptional Giselle; I saw her dance the role this January in Paris.

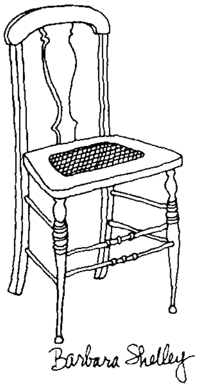
Giselle and Esmeralda (in the complete ballet) embody the idea of "To dance, to live": they make their first entrances dancing. But Nikiya enters walking slowly; and in Act I's second scene she is confined to mime. Furthermore, the episode in which she must dance for Gamzatti's betrothal to Solor never rises to the heights of Esmeralda's; neither dance nor life means half as much to her. Assylmuratova does make much of the brief sunburst of hope when Nikiya is given a basket of flowers that she believes to have come from Solor: the tempo accelerates and the dance vocabulary widens, while Assylmuratova's fierce precision grows yet more marked. Still, this is just standard ham beside the wavering defiance and brio of her Esmeralda. When Nikiya is dead, she reaches new dance status; but no further dramatic points are made of her will to dance or not to dance.

Performing this patchy role, Assylmuratova never ceased to act as if her whole being were involved in every moment. What makes this vitality so thrilling is the variety of her playing—and its economy. There's nothing tentative; there's no excess. And then there is the face. In that first, walking entrance, Nikiya's face is veiled; she advances slowly toward the High Brahmin, as if in fealty. Nikiya faces front; the Brahmin lifts the veil; the melody reaches a higher level; she stands still. Opening her eyes as if freed from a cocoon, Assylmuratova just looks up and out into the theatre, calmly addressing destiny. Though her head is small, the exceptionally wide jaw perfectly answers the breadth of her shoulders and hips; and the face is all taut planes, animated by the burning dignity of her expression. It is one of the century's greatest stage faces; her use of it is haunting. Having gazed into the theatre, she turns her head into profile to set her unflinching, cool regard upon the High Brahmin: no wonder he recoils, overwhelmed.

The two Kirov dancers brought their own costumes and their own ways to everything in the first two acts. To characterize the bayadère of Act I, Assylmuratova walked and danced with an emphatically arched waist, clearly revealed by her bare midriff. Her waist and the gorgeously tapering rib cage are as good to behold as everything else about her, but the retracted pelvis is something I don't care for. Although I believe she employs it here as a character effect, it is one not uncommon among Kirov classical dancers. Ruzimatov has it in all he does, so that he seems barrel-chested; with it he extends most arabesques to head height. This is Kirov style as deformed by Béjart. It seems as if Assylmuratova's classicism might have the integrity to survive occasional forays into the Franco-Belgian mode—in most roles her radiantly erect carriage is an essential of her glory—but Ruzimatov's whole technique has been diluted and perverted by it. I believe that he does have an original talent. He takes the stage with an air and with energy; his Tartar cheekbones, lips, long flowing hair, and small waist and hips all encourage comparisons with Nureyev. But he doesn't have the turnout or the spine that gave Nureyev's dancing, for his first sixteen or so years in the West, such incandescence. Ruzimatov, with his lithe impetuosity, his sureness onstage, is a star. But when he danced in "Giselle" and "Swan Lake" with the Kirov it was easy to see that the legwork of the less flamboyant Alexander Lunev and Sergei Vicharev, who danced in the classical divertissements, had far more power and finish; and Ruzimatov drove the point home by being the only current Kirov Albrecht or Siegfried to interpolate an extra male solo in each ballet's first act. The Béjart distortion of classical technique threatens to afflict other Kirov dancers; we can only hope that the arched waist Assylmuratova exhibits in "La Bayadère" remains an occasional device.



In 1874, the Danish ballet master August Bournonville, visiting St. Petersburg, complained to Petipa of the senseless acrobatics that cluttered every ballet he saw; according to him, Petipa agreed, saying that these irrelevancies were included to satisfy the local demand for spectacular effects. I can't help feeling that in "La Bayadère" Petipa was moving toward solving this problem—by making spectacle dramatic. The big third scene of A.B.T.'s first act, with its processions and dances to celebrate Gamzatti's betrothal, may be compared to the triumphal scene in Verdi's "Aida." The resemblance between the two works goes further, and may well be deliberate. Only a few months after the première of "La Bayadère," "Aida" was staged in St. Petersburg with choreography by Petipa; it's likely that he had been studying the opera while preparing his ballet. Just as the triumphal scene immediately brings substance to Amneris' threats to Aida, so the magnificence of Gamzatti's betrothal (greatly modified though this scene has been over the years—and, in A.B.T.'s present version, much reduced) demonstrates all the imperial power that threatens the bayadère and her love for Solor. All Nikiya can do is dance; and then in the Kingdom of the Shades scene Petipa presents her true reply. It is like nothing in "Aida" or any other opera; it bears little resemblance to any earlier ballet we know of. Beside it, the other scenes of "La Bayadère" look engagingly dated. Dance isn't complex here as emotional drama, but never before had it been so grandly complex as structure—a drama of forms. This is Nikiya's kingdom, her pomp, her ceremony.



Does this notion that the Shades scene is Nikiya's answer to Gamzatti sound fanciful? Not to me when I contemplate the performance that Assylmuratova gave this May. Here she was, dancing with the inflexible ferocity that Arlene Croce described two years ago. (Her supported pirouettes have the speed but none of the strain that I had observed in them in previous years; it would appear that each Kirov danseuse has to work out her own pirouette technique, and that Assylmuratova is evolving hers.) Her stern enunciation of each academic step, with a strong sforzando attack, became powerfully expressive. Though she did all she could with the rest of the ballet, only here, in the Shades scene, could New York begin to discover her awesome originality and clarity. Perhaps her most startling passage was in the zigzag of temps-levé lifts, to which she brings huge and buoyant force. The sequence is related to the smaller, faster, lower, charging arabesque-voyagée lifts in "Giselle," which Assylmuratova injects with similar edge and vehemence. I have never seen a Giselle more varied or scorchingly lucid than hers, and there were two moments when that fabulous face added astonishing thrust to the drama. The first, curiously, was after Giselle's death in Act I. Ruzimatov, kneeling beside Assylmuratova, lifted her head in his hands, and her face seemed to stare hard back into his, as if delivering the prophecy that, according to Anton Dolin, bygone Giselles used to mime with their dying breath: "You will come to me when I am dead." The second occurred in one of Giselle's solos in Act II while Albrecht was resting from his dance labors. Bending low over Ruzimatov where he lay, Assylmuratova simply let him see her face—inscrutable, serene. Then she danced away, with those gestures of "Follow me! Follow me!" which so seldom make sense. Be sure that they made sense to the Albrecht of Ruzimatov. Not only is Assylmuratova a great Giselle, she's an unfathomable one. Throughout the dances of Act II, one hardly saw any conflict between her love for Albrecht and her nature as Wili. Those arabesque-voyagée lifts: was she dancing in his arms to lend her energies to his as he flagged, or was she rushing on with such energy to help exhaust him further? We never knew.

In the winter season in Paris, Assylmuratova danced several nineteenth-century roles other than Nikiya and Giselle—the "Esmeralda" pas de six, a variation amid the Grand Pas from "Paquita," Odette-Odile in "Swan Lake," and Medora in "Le Corsaire"—and two Béjart items. I journeyed back and forth to catch these performances, and my head was full of her all winter. This is the impact a great ballerina always has, and today it's an impact that almost no other dancer is making in the ballets of the last century. The illumination that Assylmuratova brings to these works reminds me again and again of the genius of Maria Callas in nineteenth-century opera. I say this in full awareness that the cry "the Callas of the dance" has been raised before, usually to hail a blood-and-guts histrionic performance in which the dancer in question has torn her emotions to tatters; and the comparison has meant little, since Callas was often more refined—more delicate or severe—than other sopranos. The wellspring of her artistry was the music: no singer has shown a more profound grasp of the architecture of a role, of the relevance to the whole of every quarter note and every marking. For these reasons, the only dancer

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**New York Woman*

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who has previously reminded me of Callas is Suzanne Farrell. Like her, Farrell has always been led by the music to reconceive afresh each role she has inherited, and has performed with myriad different "voices." Assylmuratova's appearances at A.B.T., with the disfiguring orchestrations and embellishments made to the Minkus score by John Lanchbery, and with a conductor new to her, didn't display the full range and subtlety of her musicality. And though it's important to note that she takes much of her dancing's tone and variety from the music, that's not enough to explain her. Hers is an intense musico-dramatic impulse, creating an entirely new character in each part. You feel that she could justify some of the most surprising aspects of her Nikiya, in the way that Callas explained her reading of a line in "Anna Bolena" by saying simply, "Because she is a queen," or her mezza voce on the word "Uscitene" in "Rigoletto" by observing, "She says 'Go,' but she means 'Stay.' " By such insights does a Callas, a Farrell, an Assylmuratova brand a moment into our memory. But their impact goes beyond rendering details unforgettable, and beyond expanding our notion of specific roles. Each of these rare artists affects our thinking about her entire art, making us see connections and possibilities in it we had not hitherto imagined.

Of the three, Assylmuratova is, alas, the most restricted. I wish for the sake of all the Kirov's ballerinas that there were more of the nineteenth-century roles extant, that their music, in most cases, were better, and that some of them could be revived more effectively. The company's 1987 recension of "Le Corsaire" is a trivial hotchpotch, with a score concocted from music by no fewer than five composers (Adam, Pugni, Delibes, Drigo, Oldenburgsky). As Medora, Assylmuratova played enchantingly in all three acts of this froth, but what a dreadful waste of her. She made a far more potent impression in her variation in "Paquita"—dazzlingly pure as she greeted the theatre in piqué arabesque, ravishing in a diagonal of filigree pas de cheval, ideally matched to the celesta accompaniment. (It's the equivalent of Callas singing the "Bell Song" from "Lakmé.")

As Odette-Odile, she rose to the full level of the music-drama of "Swan Lake": here was the most rewardingly novel conception of the double role since Makarova's, and it was more accurate in its musical timing. In the lakeside scenes, Assylmuratova's face was, like Fonteyn's in the same scenes, a mask—cheeks and mouth tensely immobile, only the eyes animated. The drama kept changing: she was a hunted creature who loves her huntsman; an inviolate priestess; an imprisoned creature longing for release; a queen who relents. All this was danced with her thrilling juxtaposition of detail and amplitude. The adagio of Act II was phrased in a way diametrically opposite to her adagios in the "Bayadère" Shades scene; here she was "slow within a slow tempo" (the way Callas said she liked to phrase), and yet the great duet was packed with narrative suspense. She did the same for the Black Swan adagio; I have seen no Odile more varied—in turn voluptuous, austere, diamantine, chaste—and always in response to the specifics of the score.

It is moving to consider the emergence of so vital a dance artist as this within the traditions of Leningrad. Assylmuratova is the most innovative classical ballerina from Russia we have seen since Makarova, but she doesn't resemble Makarova or anyone at the Kirov I've seen. Her chief teacher at school was Inna Zubkovskaya, a ballerina who, although she was said to be past her prime when the company first toured the West, in the sixties, is still remembered here as a great Lilac Fairy, and who made a deep impression on some London observers with her Odette-Odile. Today, Assylmuratova's coach is another former ballerina, Olga Moiseyeva, who was never seen in New York. Yes, the Kirov has resources of which we hardly know. It is not altogether reassuring, however, to think of Assylmuratova returning home to polish further her pirouettes and her nineteenth-century repertory and to tackle the slices of Vinogradov and Béjart baloney that come her way. The climate at the Kirov encourages its dancers to give overly studied performances. No one there is more spontaneous than Assylmuratova, but in her Nikiya and other roles there were passages that appeared too deliberate. The Kirov may visit New York next year. If it does, the next chapter of the Assylmuratova story will be known here. Her future affects the fate of a repertory.

—ALASTAIR MACAULAY

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Gaza

Are its inhabitants being "subjugated" by the Israelis?

If that mythical man from Mars were to appear today, he might believe that Gaza — that tiny strip of land wedged between Israel and Egypt, and home to about 650,000 Palestinian Arabs, is the flash point of the world. There are daily banner headlines in the newspapers and extensive coverage on television newscasts. Howling mobs of teenagers, armed with bricks and Molotov cocktails, confront and defy Israeli security forces. Inevitably, people get hurt and die. The U.S. public is uncomfortable and bewildered.

What are the facts?

■ In 1922, together with the rest of Palestine, Gaza was entrusted to Britain, as a League of Nations mandate, committing them to create a Jewish homeland in Palestine. But they created the Kingdom of Trans-Jordan, to the east of the Jordan River, 77% of the original country. In 1947, the U.N. offered a partition plan for the remainder, to be divided into a Jewish and an Arab state. Gaza was to be part of the Arab state. The Jews agreed to the partition. The Arabs refused. No Jewish state, however minuscule, could be allowed on "sacred Arab soil". On the day that Israel declared its independence in 1948, five Arab armies invaded the new state. The newly founded state of Israel, rather than dying at its birth, defeated the invading armies. Jordan, however, was able to occupy Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the old city of Jerusalem. Egypt occupied Gaza. Their administration lasted for 19 years. It ended with the 1967 Six-Day War, when Israel routed the Egyptians and Jordanians in defensive response to Colonel Nasser and King Hussein's aggressions. During these years, the Palestinians voiced no demand for self-determination. The subject matter, then as now, was not Israel's "occupation", but rather Israel's existence.

■ During the 1948 War of Jewish Liberation, many Arabs fled from their homes to Gaza for what they expected to be a short sojourn. Because, exhorted by their leaders and by blood-curdling broadcasts, they were urged to vacate Palestine so as not to interfere with the invading Arab armies. They would be able to return very soon, to recover their homes and their property — and that of the Jews.

■ Things didn't turn out that way 40 years ago. Gaza became one of the most densely populated spots on earth. The inhabitants could not go to Egypt, nor would any other Arab country admit them. And why not? Because it served the political purposes of the Arab nations to leave these poor people in the pitiful condition in which they find themselves — still refugees, still living in squalid camps with their children and grandchildren, 40 years after their flight. The Arab nations could easily relieve the population pressure and the despair in Gaza by participating in and assisting with the programs of Israel and international organizations for the absorption and economic development of the refugees. They won't do that, and it doesn't look as though they ever will. They wish to keep the wound festering. What is the ultimate goal from which the Arabs have never deviated? It is the dismantling and the "Lebanonization" of the State of Israel.

■ What could the Israelis do to mitigate the situation? Not much more than they are doing now. Under Israeli administration, and under their policy of open borders, Gazans can freely move between the "strip" and Israel, "West Bank", Jordan, and anywhere else that they might be allowed to travel. The political and personal liberties that Gazans enjoy, their standard of living, level of education, social and public health services are incomparably higher than ever before. 60,000 Gazans work in Israel. Apart from the dole of the world, these jobs are the main income of the population — the economy would totally collapse without them. Can Israel "walk away" and relinquish this area? It is impossible, because the PLO would immediately re-establish military bases and make them launching pads for attacks against Israel's main cities, only a few miles away. That's what happened daily under Egyptian administration before 1967.

Gaza is a tragedy — people are in misery and young men are dying. Like all other problems dividing Arabs and Jews, this too could be settled by good will and direct negotiation. The 1978 Camp David Accords provide the framework for such negotiation and for establishment of autonomy for Palestinian Arabs. The PLO totally reject Camp David. Their acceptance would relieve the plight of the Palestinian Arabs and assure their rights, as well as safeguard Israel's security and existence.

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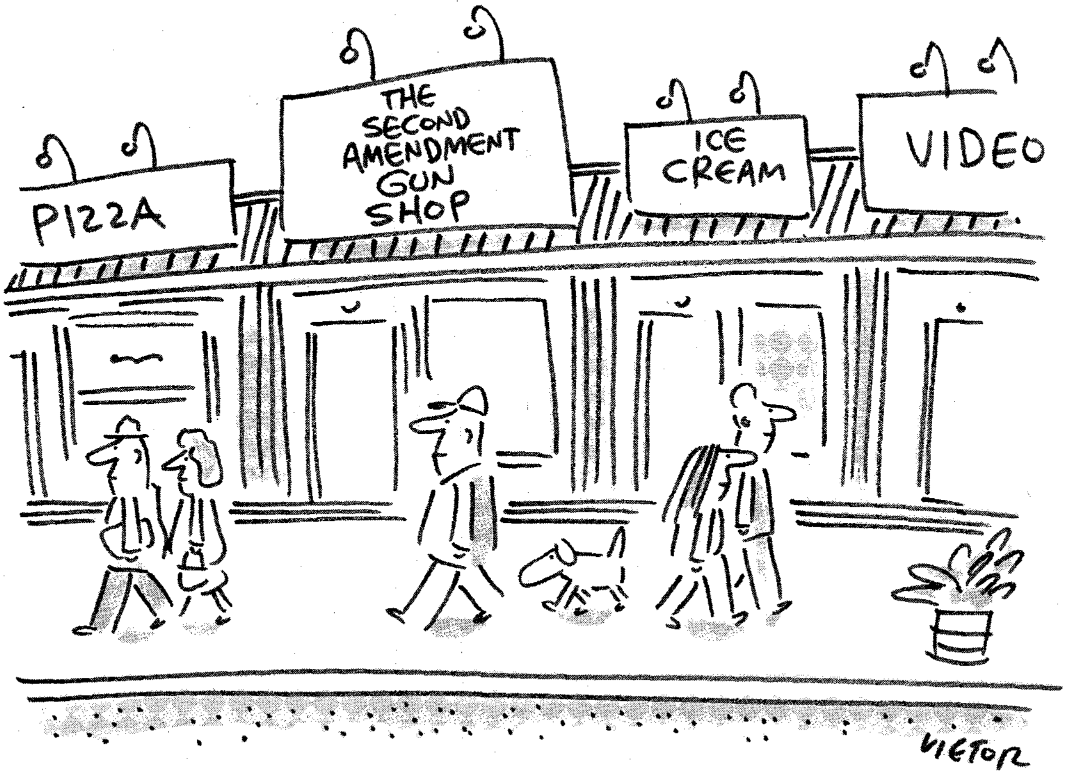
AROUND CITY HALL

RAW

Mayor Edward Koch held his most recent town-hall meeting with some of his constituents—his hundred-and-twenty-sixth such meeting in his ten and a half years in office—on May 19th. This was a month to the day after the New York Democratic-primary vote, which marked the end of a campaign that is widely considered to have been a damaging event for the city (where most of the campaigning took place, since most of the state's Democrats live here) and a disaster for the Mayor. As the long national primary campaign moved on to other states, the precise numbers in New York may have dimmed in the minds of those living elsewhere, but they continue to be neon-bright among pol-watchers here. Massachusetts' Governor Michael Dukakis, whom Koch did not support, took the state by two hundred and ten thousand votes, or fifty-one per cent of the total, and the Reverend Jesse Jackson, whom the Mayor attacked day after day as a candidate whom Jews would be crazy to vote for and as a liar, fraud, and coward—a man whose policies, if he were to make it to the White House, would bankrupt the nation in three weeks and leave it militarily defenseless in six—won thirty-seven per cent and carried Koch's own city by six thousand votes. Tennessee's Senator Albert Gore, whose total was ten per cent, had rejoiced at the word that he was the primary choice of New York's famously popular Mayor. "I was happy," he said at the April 14th City Hall press conference when the endorsement was announced. The good news had been conveyed to him that morning by means of a mayoral phone call while he was in flight to the city. Gore had been so happy, Koch said, that over the phone the Mayor "could feel the plane jumping up and down."

In all, the Senator from Tennessee spent something approaching a million dollars on the New York campaign, three-quarters of it reported to have gone to David Garth, who is also the Mayor's media adviser. After the endorsement, Koch campaigned with Gore vigorously—on occasion so vigorously that he seemed to elbow the Senator out of camera range as he made one point or another against Jackson. Despite all this mayoral help, Gore's final percentage of the vote was only nine-tenths of a per cent higher than his ranking in a poll published the day after Koch's endorsement. Possibly reflecting disapproval of Koch's rancorous campaign tactics, a Washington *Post*-ABC poll just before the primary vote reported that, after seeing Gore's campaign commercials, including one featuring the Koch endorsement, twenty-two per cent of New Yorkers polled said they would be more likely to vote for the Tennessee Senator, and twenty-nine per cent said they would be less likely to vote for him. At the primary's end, Gore had to contemplate the possibility that in his next senatorial campaign the blacks in his home state, who had previously given him their overwhelming support, might well hold against him Koch's savage attacks on Jackson, which Koch had made purportedly in Gore's political interest. The situation would be even more perilous if Jackson—with whom Gore had been on good terms before he threw in his lot with Garth and Koch—were to campaign against him. On Primary Night, after acknowledging the depressing results, the Tennessee Senator, looking rather grim, left his hotel—the Inter-Continental, on East Forty-eighth Street—and drove across town to the Sheraton Centre, on West Fifty-third, where Jackson was staying. It wasn't a journey to Canossa, exactly; still, the Senator went out of his way to pay a visit to and discuss various matters of mutual concern with a man his recent ally, the Mayor, had denounced as someone who, as President, would put the country in imminent danger.

Meanwhile, Gore's million or so dollars were gone, and he had established himself in the public mind as a hapless innocent who had been flummoxed by wily city slickers. In Neil Simon's 1970 movie comedy "The Out-of-Towners," which can be seen from time to time on late-night television, a young Midwestern couple arrive to spend a day or two here, expecting to have a delightful and rewarding time in the big city. By the time they leave, the husband has been beaten up after being mistaken for a roving rapist. Later, he's accused of being a child molester. An apparently good-hearted stranger who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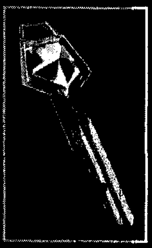

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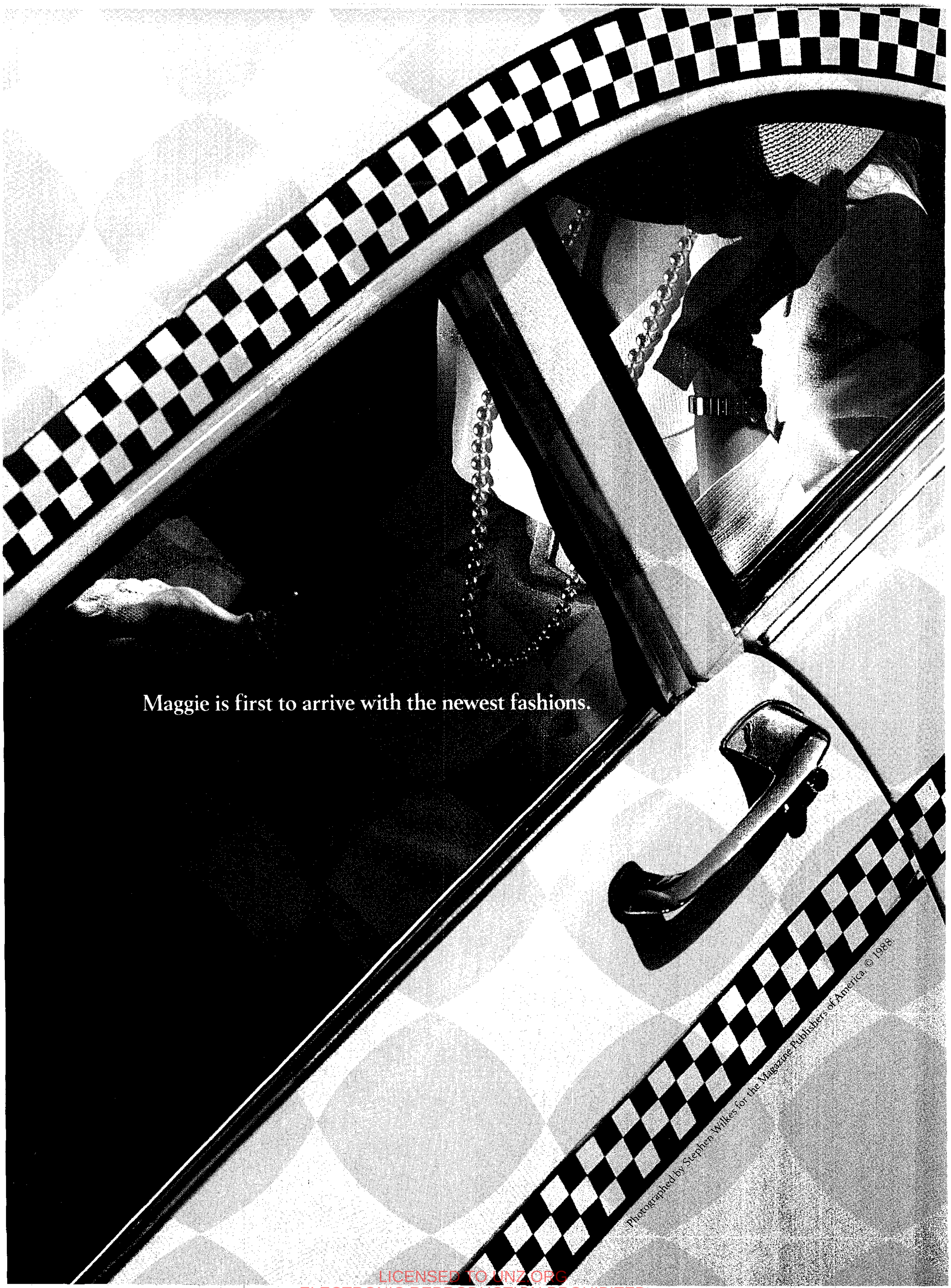

Maggie is first to arrive with the newest fashions.

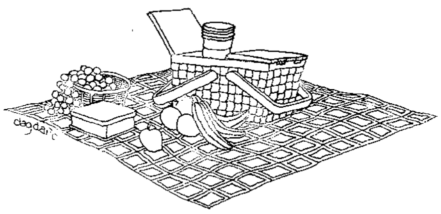
Photographed by Stephen Wilkes for the Magazine Publishers of America. © 1988 offers to help the couple turns out to be a mugger and goes off with all their money. A car they are riding in is taken over by hijackers, who dump them in Central Park, and they're forced to spend the night there and are robbed again. When another helpful stranger, an official travelling in a limousine, gives the husband a ride, he's knocked around and dumped out once more, after the car is attacked by demonstrators who disapprove of the official's politics. Leaving town, the visitors understandably feel lucky to have escaped with their lives. Some local residents have wondered if, all these weeks after the New York primary, Senator Gore would by now be able to see some humor in "The Out-of-Towners."

BECAUSE of the negative response of many New Yorkers to the Mayor's performance in the Presidential primary, some of the people who attended his May 19th town meeting were on hand to see whether the presumably daunting outcome would affect the Mayor's demeanor—whether he would seem in any way chastened. (He did not.) Since this was his hundred-and-twenty-sixth town meeting and the sessions are scheduled according to community-board districts, he had now held at least two meetings in each of the fifty-nine districts of his five-borough domain. The May 19th visit was his third to Manhattan Community Board 6, which stretches from Fourteenth Street to Fifty-ninth Street and from Lexington Avenue to the East River. It is heavily white and middle class, and the residents' response to the Mayor was expected to be sympathetic. Koch often points out that—as he says was not true of his immediate mayoral predecessors, Abraham Beame and John Lindsay—the middle class has a friend at the Koch City Hall.

In town meetings elsewhere which follow the traditions of the New England town meetings held early in America's history, all citizens who come may have their say, and officials present then explain why they've done one thing and not done another. Such events may go on for many hours, until everyone present has had a chance to be heard. Koch's town meetings aren't like that. He always arrives at 7:30 P.M. and leaves at nine sharp. Members of the audience are allowed to ask questions, but if they try to make speeches he cuts them off. He points to those who may question him. Early in his first term, after he was given a hard time in a poor black neighborhood in Brooklyn, he asked a court to allow him to screen those who wanted to attend these exercises in democracy. Eventually, the court turned him down, but militant types stopped coming anyway, and the meetings are rarely unruly. New Yorkers who do turn up—including those from the least affluent neighborhoods—tend to have similar concerns: crime, schools, clean streets, zoning, parks, parking problems. (A few years ago, at a town meeting in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section, which is usually thought of as an area of the truly disadvantaged, a resident's preface to a question was "Not many people in our block have three cars, but some have two.") The city's homeless, who surely have questions for City Hall, hardly ever come, possibly because no one tells them about the meetings or because they believe that with the Mayor able to shut off questioners it would do them no good to attend.

Koch begins each town meeting with a mayoral speech, and he may later call on those of his commissioners who are present; their graph-and-pointer presentations then also cut down on the time available for ordinary citizens to have their say. Still, in the past he has usually been careful to leave enough time so that most citizens who attend have some sense that they or some of their neighbors have been given a fair chance to participate. More often than not, members of the audience have given Koch a nice hand at the end of a meeting—especially after community-board leaders remind them to be grateful to the Mayor for having taken time out of his busy schedule to join in this evening of mutual enlightenment on the city's problems.

About three hundred people attended Koch's May 19th town meeting, which was held in the handsome St. Vartan's Cathedral—an Armenian church on Second Avenue north of Thirty-fourth Street. It began with the introduction of appointed and elected officials who were present, including a City Council member for the area, Carol Greitzer. Miss Greitzer is an old friend of the Mayor's, from the days when they were co-district leaders in Greenwich Village. Nevertheless, she rose to tell him that she had read with concern statements that, according to that morning's *Times*, he had made at a meeting of the American Institute of Architects. He had complained that certain "idiots," adding that "some of them are on the City Council!," took the position that Manhattan's big real-estate boom would have happened without the extensive tax abatements his administration has handed out. In the same speech to the architects he had said that members of the state's highest court, the Court of Appeals, who had issued a ruling sympathetic to the homeless which offended him, were not "reasonable, rational people." Much of his opening speech at the town meeting dwelt on how some of his admirable plans for the city had been thwarted by other, small-minded elected officials. Before he threw open the floor for audience participation, he said, "If you have a question and don't like the answer, that's it!"



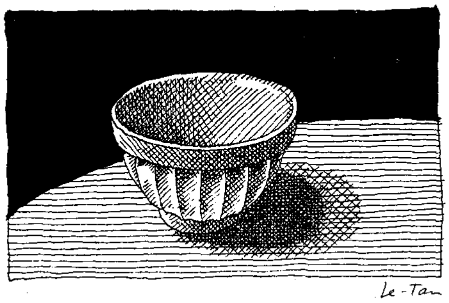
During the hour-and-a-half town meeting, the give and take was quite limited; only about eighteen minutes was taken up with the audience's questions. It seemed that criticism of the Mayor's excessive talkativeness in the primary had only increased his determination to keep others in a room with him from getting more than a few words in edgewise. He showed no sign of being taken aback, or even of paying much attention, when a questioner wondered why a substantial piece of city-owned property in the area had to be sold for luxury housing and could not continue to serve as a resource for hundreds of homeless men and a hospice for AIDS patients. This position flatly countered a favorite mayoral stance, which is to emphasize the unattractiveness of the homeless as neighbors (in the *Times* that morning he had mentioned their public "defecating" and "urinating," references to bodily functions having become a mayoral preoccupation in recent months) and then to denounce the selfishness of New Yorkers who fight against sharing the burden of having them live nearby. Answering questions at the meeting, Koch went off on extended tangents about long-past events or what he portrayed as atrocities committed against him in areas of the city far from Community Board 6. He explained how bad things had been in the city when he took office and how New York was now "a modern miracle," discoursed on the comparison between the 1987 Wall Street crash and the one in 1929, explained the municipal-bond-rating system, and went over with those present his winning percentages in his three mayoral elections. He answered one question at such length and at such a remove from the subject that the questioner, told he was entitled to a follow-up, said he could no longer remember what he'd asked.

Members of the audience grew restive. When he offered to explain the workings of the community-board system to them, they shouted "No! No!" When he discussed his opposition to commercial rent control in terms of the price of neighborhood bakery goods staying high even if the bakery's rent went down—a point he'd made to City Hall reporters, going as far as to send a member of his staff to the Upper West Side to buy an array of pastries which he offered to the reporters in evidence—somebody at the town meeting called out, "What's that got to do with it?" He told the audience that it had no choice but "to listen to me," and that statement was followed by a chorus of boos. After he listed the tax abatements the city had granted NBC to keep it in the city and asked "Wasn't it worth it?" the answer was "No! No!" The Mayor's response was "I can't argue with you, because you're *wrong*." A man in the audience said he'd heard that the Mayor had said, "New Yorkers are wonderful. They'll put up with anything!" The man's question was "Wanna bet?" At one point, the Mayor told one of his more vocal constituents, "I've taken enough from you, and we're not taking any more."

It's hard to imagine that many other heads of large government bodies in this country treat their constituents in this fashion, but, apparently convinced that New Yorkers will put up with anything, the next day the Mayor's office passed the word around at City Hall that the meeting had gone well. At 9 P.M., Koch had announced abruptly that the meeting was over, and had started for the door. That set off a chorus of boos. "Boo, boo, boo!" the Mayor booed back. As he moved on toward the door, one member of the audience trailed after him saying, over and over, "These meetings are worthless. He doesn't listen," and calling out to him, "Why don't you listen?" A large white man in a lumber jacket kept shouting, "You can't keep treating people the way you tried to treat Jesse Jackson!" But the Mayor didn't boo back this time, having already got into his car and been driven away.

THE events of the town meeting did seem to have one message: even in areas of the city which are relatively free of the fierce racial conflicts that Koch's primary attacks on Jackson are said to have made worse, the patience of New Yorkers with his often high-handed—if often entertaining—performance as mayor is wearing thin. No one could fairly argue that week, however, that his contemptuous attitude toward his constituents varied according to race and class. When he appeared on May 21st at a block-and-neighborhood conference of the Citizens Committee for New York City, at which the main speaker was The Reverend Calvin Butts, of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, Adam Clayton Powell's old pulpit, the Mayor's tone as he took questions was no different from what it had been at the meeting at Community Board 6. "That question is easy to answer, because everything you said is *wrong*," he told a woman who complained of his failure to rehabilitate city-owned housing. After a band of South Bronx residents booed him over his plan to close a firehouse in their neighborhood, New York's Mayor responded, "Boo, boo to *you*, too!"

What with one local event or another, the impression seems to have been getting around that as an invited guest Koch may present certain behavioral hazards. On May 23rd, Daniel Patrick Moynihan's formal announcement that he was a candidate for a third term in the United States Senate was followed later in the day by a gala fund-raiser at the Grand Hyatt Hotel. Most prominent New York Democrats were on hand, including Governor Mario Cuomo, who called Moynihan "a consummate senator and consummate New Yorker." The Mayor was not there. When Moynihan's campaign spokesman was asked about this, he said, with a shrug, that he didn't know whether Koch had been invited or not. When Moynihan was asked at the dinner whether he wanted the Mayor's endorsement, he said, after a moment, "I am not choosy."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IN the history of places, as in the history of people, there are events that, although they are formally over, don't fade from the mind. Instead, they remain vivid presences, by which other happenings are measured or put in perspective. ("Naturally, compared with . . .") Everyone can think of examples: Watergate, or, on the local scene, the fiscal crisis of the mid-nineteen-seventies, when this city almost went down the financial tubes. Even figures who play very minor roles in such events may find that the roles go on their permanent records, locking them in, no matter what they do in later life. The gathering and sorting out of the lore of what really happened when becomes a small industry. It is possible that this year's Democratic Presidential primary campaign here may turn out to be such a classic event. Many weeks after it ended, Koch is still pointing out in newspaper columns, op-ed pieces, and letters to the editor that the perils Jackson posed to America and to Israel gave him no choice but to denounce Jackson as he did. He concedes that his voice could have been a bit less strident ("Next time I'll take voice lessons!"), but insists that his responsibilities as a mayor required him to alert the public. He has compared his role to that of Paul Revere in 1775. The permanent record will show that early last month he had to sit through a speech by Governor Cuomo at the annual Frederick Douglass awards dinner of the New York Urban League, in which Cuomo recalled the primary differently, remembering the attention focussed on "one candidate . . . Jesse Jackson" and "the phenomenon of his success," and describing that success as "a great cry for empowerment by a people fighting for the right to be judged on their merits."

Meanwhile, black and Jewish leaders have been holding joint meetings at which they are seeking ways to heal the deep divisions left by the primary. Democracy Project, led by the former Democratic senatorial candidate Mark Green, sponsored a meeting last month called "Blacks and Jews After Koch vs. Jackson: Toward Reconciliation." Such reconciliation is of critical importance here, because, as Green pointed out, the city has "the greatest concentration of Jews and blacks of any place in the world." (In 1975, City Council President Paul O'Dwyer suggested that Americans elsewhere were willing to stand by and let New York go bankrupt "because they see it as a black and Jewish town.") The sentiment of most of the New Yorkers who were on hand for the Democracy Project meeting was that the city's only hope was to replace the divisive Koch with another mayor in next year's municipal election. The degree to which the Mayor's conduct in the primary—which John White, the former National Democratic Chairman, called "as vicious as I've ever seen in a political campaign" and Willie Brown, the Speaker of the California State Assembly, declared to be "an embarrassment to the human race"—distressed his constituents showed up in a poll taken the afternoon of the primary: sixty-two per cent of New Yorkers, many of whom may, of course, decide in the months ahead that he's not so bad after all, did not want him to run again.

"THE way New York is shown will keep newcomers away," the encyclopedic Motion Picture Guide says of "The Out-of-Towners." Certainly the impression of the city that the primary left not only with the unfortunate Senator Gore but with the other candidates and the members of the national press (who pronounced it variously "the most fractious" and "the most divisive" of the primaries) was also no boon to future local tourism. Of course, out-of-town reporters tend not to be keen on New York anyhow: the columnist Mary McGrory, who is based in Washington, went as far as to complain that the women here "wear shiny raincoats even if it isn't raining." Many national reporters had not had any extended exposure to the public persona of the Mayor, and some of them appeared to be depressed by the experience. "This is the month when the rest of America has to pay for New York City's being the principal headquarters of the television networks," wrote the columnist Mark Shields, also based in Washington. "Because of TV, the Mayor of New York City becomes a national celebrity. . . . And that's why the rest of us are subjected relentlessly to the vintage whine of Koch." It was a source of local gratification, of course, that the primary here was acknowledged to be a truly major event. "New York is the big casino," said the Washington columnist Jack Germond. At Jesse Jackson's headquarters in the Sheraton Centre, Jackson said jubilantly, as the returns came in on Primary Night, "We've won the multicultural capital of the Western world!" Slightly amending the city's official song, Dukakis told his supporters at *his* victory celebration, "If we can make it here, we can make it anywhere." The next morning, he said that it was here that the reality of what was happening in his life suddenly hit him. He and his wife had been marching up Fifth Avenue in the April 17th Salute to Israel parade: "A gorgeous day. Trees flowering in Central Park. People waving at us, we're waving back." And he had asked himself what he and his wife were doing there. "We're running for President here. Oh, God."

Unfortunately, what many Americans elsewhere saw while the television lights followed some local performers, and particularly the Mayor, only reinforced their impression that this city is full of loudmouths constantly at each other's throats over racial issues. The danger is that when some of the city's severe problems require special congressional attention the recollection of such scenes will not be helpful. The investment banker Felix Rohatyn told Joyce Purnick, of the *Times*, that in Washington on Primary Day "the image of the city was raw" and "it had very nasty undertones." And Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel, who is not only the highest-ranking local black member of Congress but, as the House deputy whip and third-ranking member of the Ways and Means Committee, the most powerful of all the city's representatives, said, "We've just lost a lot of respect in Washington because of Koch."

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iticians here during the primary was particularly conspicuous because Dukakis and Jackson treated each other with a civility rarely seen in the politics of the five boroughs. Although Jackson turned much more contentious later in the primary season, the closest he came to a real attack on the Massachusetts Governor here was to point out that Dukakis hadn't spent much time in New York's black communities. This allowed Dukakis to say, with a smile, that, for that matter, he wasn't aware of Jackson's having spent any time at all in the Astoria section of Queens, which has a larger concentration of people who, like Dukakis, are of Greek heritage than any other place outside Athens. Early in the primary here, Gore, under what was assumed to be Garth's direction, sharply attacked Jackson and called Dukakis too "scared" to do the same, but a couple of days before the vote he was saying such things as "The Mayor is speaking for himself" and "I have no personal basis for questioning the honesty of one of my opponents," the latter remark being made after the Mayor called Jackson a liar. On one occasion when Koch, campaigning with the Senator on a street corner, had been blasting Jackson's candidacy, using names like Arafat and Farrakhan in hoarse counterpoint, for what seemed half an hour straight, Gore quietly shook the Mayor's hand and then got into his waiting limousine and took off.

"GOODBYE, N. Y. (& PHEW!)" was the headline over a post-primary *Daily News* story by Adam Nagourney on the reaction of the national press to the New York experience. He reported that among the objectionable qualities of local citizens which the press had discovered (or been reminded of) was shameless pushiness. One example was the Primary Night performance of City Comptroller Harrison Goldin. He had endorsed Dukakis only five days before the vote and had made no significant contribution to the campaign effort. Nevertheless, at Dukakis's victory celebration at the Park Central Hotel, on Seventh Avenue and 56th Street, Goldin, a slight but determined figure, maneuvered himself through the crowd so that the next morning's newspaper photos showed him at the big winner's side.

Goldin's appearance at the Park Central came an hour or so after Gore's pilgrimage to wait on Jackson at the Sheraton Centre. Historically, Gore's was not the first hasty Primary Night trip across Manhattan by a Democratic politician intent on cutting his losses. In 1982, when Koch ran against Cuomo for the Democratic nomination for governor, the Mayor was considered a shoo-in: he'd been forty points ahead in the late-winter polls, as he has since frequently mentioned at City Hall in order to demonstrate how unreliable polls can be. Although his lead gradually diminished somewhat, nearly all polls still showed him way ahead on Primary Night, and a victory party was laid on at the Sheraton Centre, with Goldin, a Koch supporter, prominent in attendance. As the returns came in, however, it became clear that there had been a major miscalculation. It was Cuomo, across town at the Halloran House, on East Forty-ninth Street, for whom a victory celebration was in order. As the winning candidate, standing on an improvised stage, began a joyful speech to his followers, the crowd was astonished to see Comptroller Goldin pushing his way across the stage to Cuomo's side in the glare of the television lights. As he was just about to lean over and kiss Matilda Cuomo, strong men intervened.

Impractical types often assume that politicians knock themselves out to pile up votes in the hope of reaching the hearts and minds of the people. Sometimes, as in the case of the odd and ill-starred alliance between Koch and Gore, the young Southern Baptist, it is because they also have other items on their agendas. After Gore's seven victories on Super Tuesday, he had not won another state, and in order to qualify for federal election funds he had to win twenty per cent of the votes here: that was the reason for his all-out New York effort. "It was a fiduciary strategy," noted Norman Adler, a local political consultant. Also, in order to be eligible to choose some of the special delegates at the Democratic Convention in Atlanta, Gore had to have won fifteen per cent of the primary vote. Despite his big push in this state, he fell far short in both departments. The Mayor's agenda item was to be chosen as a Convention delegate, and if Gore had done well here that could have been arranged. Throughout the national-primary campaign, the Mayor had insisted that Cuomo would be the eventual Democratic nominee, the man the delegates would have to turn to in Atlanta. It was evident that he expected to be in the middle of things, with the television lights on him as he helped bring this about. However, he told reporters disconsolately on April 5th, it now seemed improbable that, being uncommitted, he would be chosen as a delegate. It looked as if the Mayor would miss the big party. On April 10th, Cuomo finally announced that he would not accept a draft. The next day, the Mayor said he would endorse Dukakis or Gore. He may have chosen Gore as a favor to Garth, or perhaps out of a suspicion that the Massachusetts Governor, who knows his way around big-city politics, would never let the Dukakis campaign here become a Koch sideshow. On the day Koch endorsed Gore, he told reporters, "I hope I'll be chosen a superdelegate at the Convention, because that's the only way I'll get there." Now his only chance of getting to Atlanta would be for Jackson or Dukakis to make sure he was invited—hardly a likely prospect, even if it might have occurred to Dukakis that he owed the Mayor a deep debt of gratitude for *not* having endorsed him.

KOCH is now pointing out that he wouldn't have been able to go to Atlanta anyhow, because of conflicting travel plans. Actually, there was no conflict, because his other trip is scheduled to begin the day the Convention ends, on July 21st. On St. Patrick's Day, John Cardinal O'Connor urged "hundreds of thousands" of Irish-Americans to join him in a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Knock, in the Irish Republic, to pray for an end to the violence in Northern Ireland. The next day, Koch, acknowledging what he interpreted as a summons, told reporters that he had promised the Cardinal to join the pilgrimage.

While the Mayor is getting ready to use his talents as a peacemaker in other jurisdictions, his continued explanations of why he had to behave as he did in the primary have on occasion led him to suggest that the problem was not that he expressed his moral outrage on a matter he felt deeply about but that other, less courageous and responsible politicians should be subject to heavy criticism for *not* having spoken out on painful international issues. Surely, he has often pointed out, it would have been appropriate for Turkish-Americans to confront Dukakis, as a Greek-American, about his "perceived position" on Cyprus—an opportunity for confrontations of great ugliness that New Yorkers were spared in the primary. After the Mayor's statements that Jews would "be crazy" not to be against Jesse Jackson, Representative Rangel said of Koch, "Who named him king of the Jews?" Koch immediately denounced this question as "an insult to all Christians, especially Catholics." He insisted that Rangel's words were "a reference to the title posted derisively above Christ's head on the cross by the Romans," and wrote, in the *New Republic*, "And yet there was not a single condemnation of Rangel by anyone other than me. Is it unfair to ask why?" Koch may have forgotten that Rangel is a Catholic. So far, however, Koch's good friend the Cardinal has not said a condemnatory word in this matter.

There was another local episode with heavy racial overtones last month. The minister Louis Farrakhan spoke at a Queens restaurant and a group of militant Jews, understandably bitter over his anti-Semitic rhetoric, planned to demonstrate against him. Koch, in the role of man of peace, issued a statement urging that Farrakhan be allowed to exercise his First Amendment rights. Apparently, his plea worked better than he had planned. The protest was called off, and the appearance went off without raucous confrontation. A week later, in a column in the *Post*, Koch complained that he had expected that "a large number of public officials—white and black" would denounce Farrakhan, but they had not. Now he was "faced with a moral dilemma," he said. "The deadly virus of bigotry and racial hatred is gaining strength. . . . Shall I hold back my outrage for fear of being called divisive? Or shall I speak out?" Farrakhan, who was a power in the New York black community over twenty years ago, is now said to be entertaining the idea of moving back to the city and establishing a new mosque here, which would bring ample opportunities for expressions of moral outrage at close quarters from both sides. As ever in the Koch era in this city, the political ramble ain't restful.

—ANDY LOGAN

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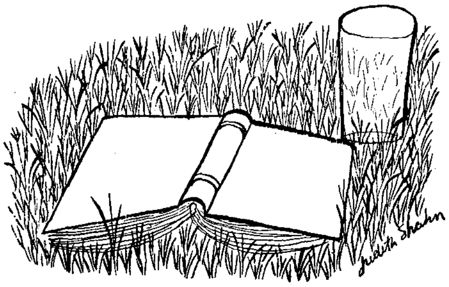
BOOKS

In Dispraise of the Powers That Be

IT is sometimes urged upon American authors that they should write more politically, out of a clearer commitment or engagement or sense of protest. Two foreign novels, one by a Chilean and the other by a Nigerian, demonstrate that having a political subject does not automatically give a novel grandeur, urgency, or coherence. "Curfew," by the Chilean José Donoso (translated from the Spanish by Alfred MacAdam; Weidenfeld & Nicolson; $18.95), takes place in 1985, in a crowded time span of less than twenty-four hours bridging the wake and the funeral of Pablo Neruda's widow, Matilde. The occasion collects a number of varied friends and admirers—Mañungo Vera, a folksinger returned from twelve years in Europe; Judit Torre, a blond, aristocratic revolutionary who looks like the young Virginia Woolf; Fausta Manquileo, a matronly literary figure of distinction; Don Celedonio Villanueva, her husband and a literary figure of perceptibly less distinction; Juan López, called Lopito, a former poet and present drunkard and abrasively obnoxious hanger-on; Lisboa, a Communist Party zealot; Ada Luz, his girlfriend and a docile handmaiden of the late Matilde Neruda; and Federico Fox, a corpulent cousin of Judit Torre's and the only significant character who actively works with the ruling Pinochet regime instead of hating and resisting it.

Pinochet (who is never mentioned in the novel's text) came to power in 1973, in a bloody coup that ousted and killed President Salvador Allende, so by 1985 the dissidents have had time to go into exile and return, to be imprisoned and released, to grow middle-aged in their youthful fury and frustration, to lose faith and make ironical accommodations and die of natural causes. Lopito says, "All of us have retired from the political scene, even though we keep telling ourselves that the people united will never be defeated when for more than ten years they've had us more defeated than I can imagine, Mañungo. This is total defeat. . . . A bomb here, another there, but they don't do anything, like swearing by nonviolent protest or violent protest, or the opposition, or the people united, et cetera. They broke our backs, Mañungo."

Pablo Neruda, the triumphant embodiment of Chilean culture and left-wing conscience, "returned to Chile to die of sadness." Now his widow, Matilde, whom he had nicknamed "La Chascona, the wild woman . . . because of her tangled mop of hair"—Matilde, who had been "a young, desirable woman of the people, as juicy as a ripe apricot," who "took long, wine-soaked siestas with the poet"—has died in a Houston hospital, after receiving last rites and confiding to Ada Luz that she wants a Mass said at her funeral. The suppression of this request—by Lisboa, because the presence of a revolutionary priest at the graveside would detract from Communist domination of the ceremony—is the main political thread wound around the funeral. The main cultural thread is Federico Fox's acquisition of control over Neruda's valuable papers and letters, in exchange for his removal of bureaucratic roadblocks in the way of establishing a Pablo Neruda Foundation. The main romantic thread is the coming together again of Judit Torre and Mañungo Vera, who had first romanced in their student days. The principal moral event, I suppose, is Mañungo's decision to stay in Chile, with his seven-year-old French-speaking son, after his round-the-clock experience of life under the regime. In his youth, Mañungo was a rock star, a "guerrilla singer . . . possessed by the potency of his guitar-phallus-machine gun;" his career, pursued since the coup in America and Europe, has been lately bothered by a "softening of his politics" and a chronic tinnitus in his left ear, a subjective sensation of noise that he identifies as "the voice of the old woman"—a certain wheezing sound made by the sea on the coast of Chiloé, his native island—calling him home.



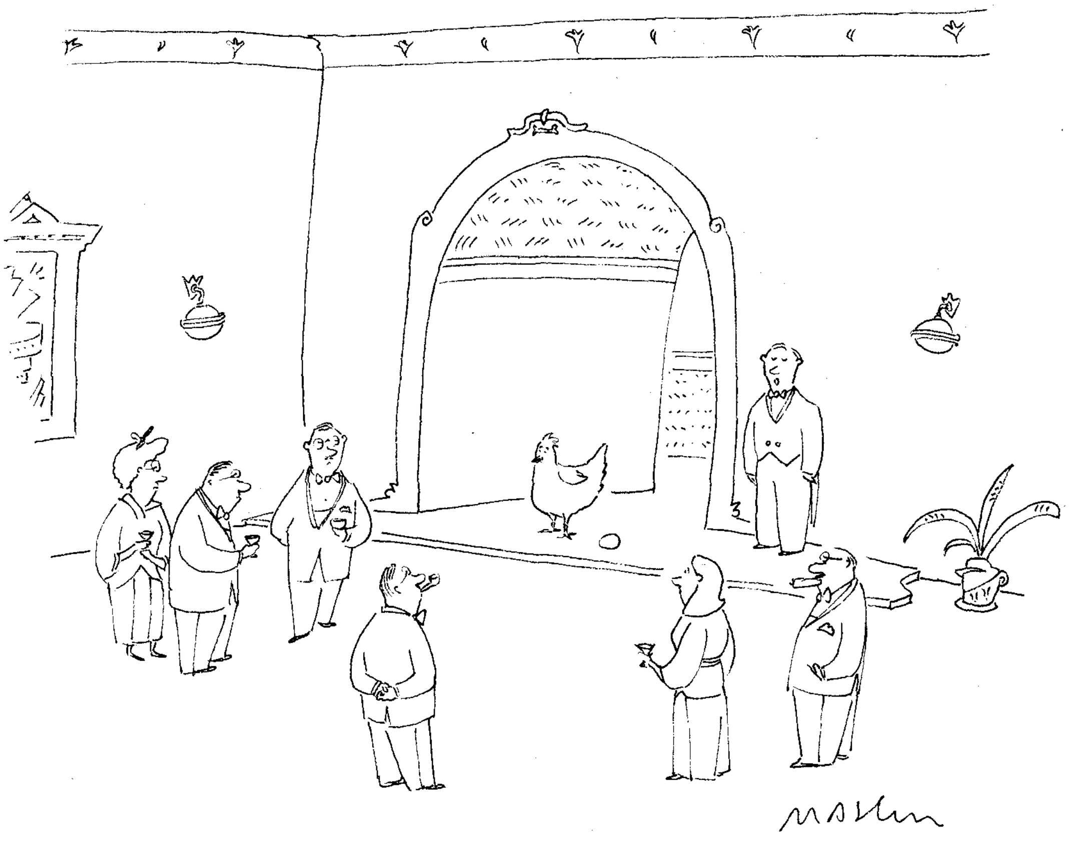
Among these many—too many—threads, the most interesting psychological one traces Judit Torre's peculiar form of political and erotic deadness, induced by a traumatic episode when she was being held for questioning with some other members of her shadowy little group of anti-regime women. Tied and hooded and naked, she hears in her cell the other women being tortured and raped; but *her* torturer merely tells her in his nasal voice, while he puts his warm moist hand on her knee, to shout as if she were being raped. She remembers:

> I waited for his hand to touch me again, my skin waited to be caressed by that viscous, tepid hand that never went further although the nasal voice whispered, Shout more, as if you were enjoying yourself, as if you wanted more, as if I were hurting you but you wanted more, and I shout my lungs out howling like a bitch because I'm reaching a shameful pleasure I'd never felt before, not even with Ramón [her lover, a slain resistance leader]. Shout, shout, he repeated, and I call for help because his whisper threatens me if I don't shout, and I shout with terror at myself, because in this totally unerotic situation I shout my shame at my pleasure while in the other cells my friends are howling like me, but because of tortures different from the torture of being exempted from torture. . . . I didn't shout because of the tragedy of the other women, I didn't take part in the feast of that majestic collective form, from which the soft hand excluded me in order to satisfy God knows what fantasies, this impotent monster who demanded I shout with greater and greater conviction without knowing that my shouts of terror and pleasure were real.

This moment of feigned torture evidently constitutes Judit's supreme orgasm and forms the novel's most intimate and meaningful vision of the relation between the regime and its enemies. It also warrants revenge. Judit is given a pistol by her women's group and goes forth in the night to find and slay the impotent torturer whose "complex humanity" robbed her of solidarity and unqualified revolutionary purpose: "Sensitive, the bastard with the nasal voice. His sensitivity tore away my right to hatred and revenge." This loss is cause, in the murky atmosphere of contemporary Chile, for murder.

"Curfew" packs a baggage of Dostoyevskian ambition which its action and conversations do not quite carry.

Judit seems not so much tormented as whimsical, in the way of wellborn beauties. The novel in Spanish was titled "La Desesperanza" ("Despair"), but the English title refers to a section of the narrative which shows Judit and Mañungo wandering the "green ghetto" of an upper-class Santiago neighborhood during the five hours of curfew, from midnight to five. The curfew, to judge from the number of people they encounter and noisy incidents that take place, isn't very effectively enforced. With her feminist pistol Judit shoots not her impotent torturer/savior but a skylight and a little white bitch in heat who has attracted a disgusting crowd of nocturnal dogs. This eerie section, called "Night," in which the hiding, sometimes sleeping couple haunt the empty streets and merge with the vegetation, is the one effortlessly magical passage of the novel. The hard-breathing prose evokes a dreamlike atmosphere: "On the sidewalk, in their pale clothes, their arms around each other, hidden by plants that were so strong they looked carnivorous, Judit and Mañungo resembled inhabitants of a strange universe which barely needed the flow of love and sleep." Latin-American writers have a way of seeing their major cities as desolate and powerful, as wastelands of a natural grandeur—one thinks especially of Borges' Buenos Aires but also of Vargas Llosa's Lima, Cabrera Infante's pre-Castro Havana, and the Buenos Aires meticulously traversed in Humberto Costantini's "The Long Night of Francisco Sanctis." Donoso here does something like that for Santiago.



"Ladies and gentlemen, the chicken, and, in a related development, the egg."

• •

Elsewhere, however, his will to significance generates too much sticky, tangled prose. "The only sure way to eliminate his demons was to eliminate himself, to drown in the slow green waters of the Cipresales River that mirrored the vertigo of the air tangled with the vines of madness; waters in which the tops of the oaks and elms sank, and out of whose lazy current emerged trunks of tortured pewter, bearded with moss and covered with a cancer of lichens and fungus." Just across the gutter of the book, a shorter sentence also numbs the mind: "Five years ago, Bellavista seemed immersed in the anachronistic anorexia of oblivion." The translator, perhaps, should share the blame for such heavy-handed conjurations as "Sartre, with whose words he had fertilized the Chiloé dirt from which he'd sprung" and "She gave him only the scrap of her body, which she did not succeed in relating to herself, leaving Mañungo outside the tangle of her feminine failure." Donoso's touch has lost lightness and impudent ease since "The Obscene Bird of Night," written during the democratic rule of Eduardo Frei and published in 1970, the year Allende took power. In "Curfew," the dominant metaphor—a mythical " 'ship of art,' the *Caleuche*, which was manned by a crew of wizards"—fails to float. The symbols in the background of the book —Carlitos, the toothless lion in the Santiago zoo; Schumann and his attempted suicide in the Rhine; the floods and fogs and witchcraft of Chiloé—have more life than the foreground. The links between history and the novel's character disorders seem forced: "Nadja [Mañungo's former lover]'s coldness was gratuitous, an aesthetic, an experiment with her own limits and the limits of others, while in Judit it was a vertiginous destiny that someone else, or perhaps history, had established." Woolf-like Judit and Mañungo with his "rabbitlike smile" are rather pale and wispy posters to be blazoned with such portentous words as "the incarnation of the despair the current state of affairs was pushing them to" and "lives with no meaning more complex than the simplifications wrought by obsession." Most unfortunately, the novel's climax of political violence befalls a character, Lopito, so repulsive, verbose, adhesive, and tiresomely self-destructive that the reader is sneakily grateful when the police do him in. The surge of indignation and sympathy that the text indicates should greet his demise does not come. Lopito makes a poor martyr.

Jacobo Timerman wrote in these pages seven months ago, in wholehearted praise of "Curfew," that in it Donoso "reveals that even those who fight against the dictatorship may be

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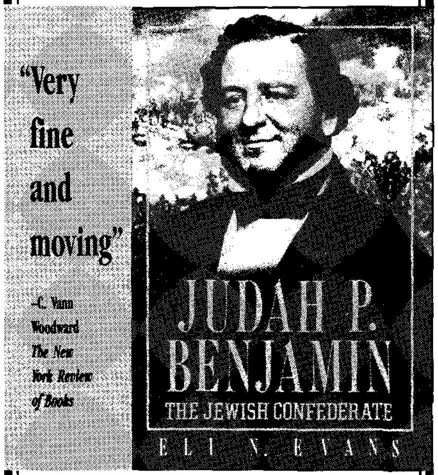

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cowards and antiheroes. Most important of all, he shows that not everything in Chile is clear—there is also confusion and despair. . . . No individual act of political protest is more telling than the sad lives that Chileans are forced to lead." Perhaps in Spanish the novel is more persuasive, less wordy and diffuse and slack, than in English; but in any translation the unhappy revolutionaries must quarrel and drink and seethe and drone in a political vacuum. Donoso, who returned to Chile in 1981 after an absence of eighteen years, generously credits the personnel of the regime with "human complexity," and perceives that the anti-regime forces can sink into "a hatred of all for all." In his exposition, however, the regime has little face and less philosophy, and those who oppose it have no dream or memory of good government. How things came to this claustrophobic pass is not explained, nor is a way out indicated. What human virtue we see resides in the oldest characters, the two venerable writers, Fausta and Don Celedonio, survivors from a more gracious time; in the last chapter, they are taking care of the novel's children, since nobody else will.

IN Chinua Achebe's "Anthills of the Savannah" (Doubleday; $16.95), too, a fine writer's spirits and prose appear to have been dampened by the politics of his country. The novel's country is called Kangan, its capital Bassa, and its drought-stricken rebellious region Abazon, but Achebe's native Nigeria and his painful identification with the Ibo cause in the Biafran war supply the blood that flows through his fantasy nation. The sorry condition of contemporary Africa is his subject; drought and the situation of women have been added, as major African concerns, to those of official corruption, regional division, and the continuing legacy of colonialism. Like "Curfew," though not nearly as long, and relatively offhand in its manner, "Anthills of the Savannah" seeks to encompass too much. The author's first novel in twenty-two years, it shows signs of piecemeal composition and interrupted inspiration. Jaggedly told, from a multiplicity of viewpoints, it quite lacks the purposeful narrative flow of Achebe's masterpiece, "Things Fall Apart;" its voices fitfully range from poems and myths to cocktail gossip, from almost unintelligible dialogue in West African patois ("You think na so we do am come reach superintendent. Tomorrow make you go contravene His Excellency for road and if they ask you you say you no know am before") to equally opaque flights of literarese:

> It was perhaps the strong, spiritual light of that emergent consciousness that gave Elewa, carrying as it turned out a living speck of him within her, this new luminosity she seemed to radiate which was not merely a reflection of common grief which you could find anywhere any hour in Kangan, but a touch, distinct, almost godlike, able to transform a half-literate, albeit good-natured and very attractive, girl into an object of veneration.

In some sentences, the words accumulate like sandbags being piled by a weary worker:

> Before his voice had impinged on my thoughts I had temporarily withdrawn into them while physically appearing to attend to the Commissioner of Works struggling overconscientiously with an almost casual comment from General Lango that our highways break up even as they are being laid unlike highways he had seen in Europe and America and even Kenya.

Nevertheless, from the fractured telling a number of truths about Africa emerge. African educated élites are smallish, and power struggles can involve old friends. The three main male characters—Ikem Osodi, the crusading editor of the *National Gazette;* Chris Oriko, its former editor and now the government Commissioner for Information; and Sam, now called His Excellency, the President of Kangan—were classmates, disciplined and influenced by the same English masters at a colonial institution called Lord Lugard College. As Chris remembers those days, "Ikem was the brightest in the class. . . . Sam was the social paragon. . . . He was the all-rounder . . . He never failed once in anything. Had the magic touch. And that's always deadly in the long run. He is paying the bills now, I think. And if we are not lucky we shall all pay dearly. How I wish he had gone to Medical School which had been his first ambition. But he fell instead under the spell of our English headmaster who fought the Italians in Abyssinia in 1941 and had a sword from an Ethiopian prince to prove it. So Sam enrolled in the first school cadet corps in the country and was on his way to Sand-

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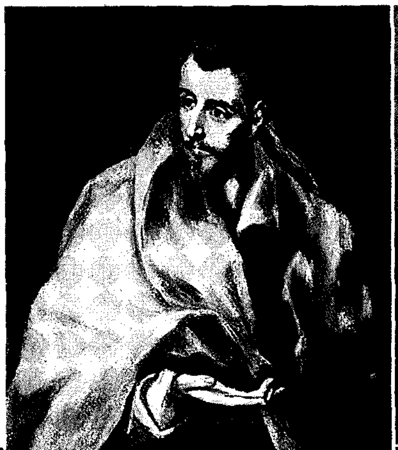
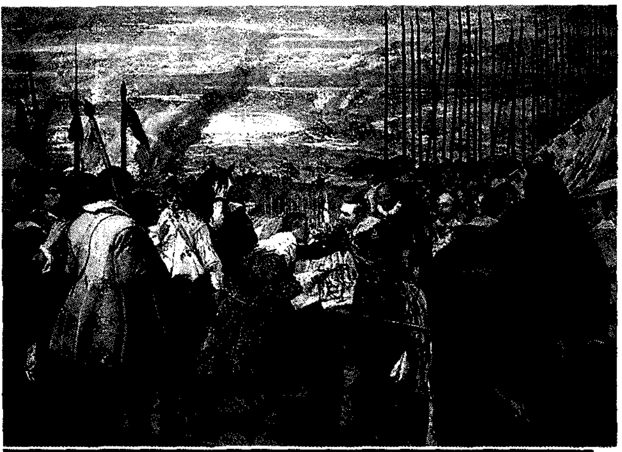
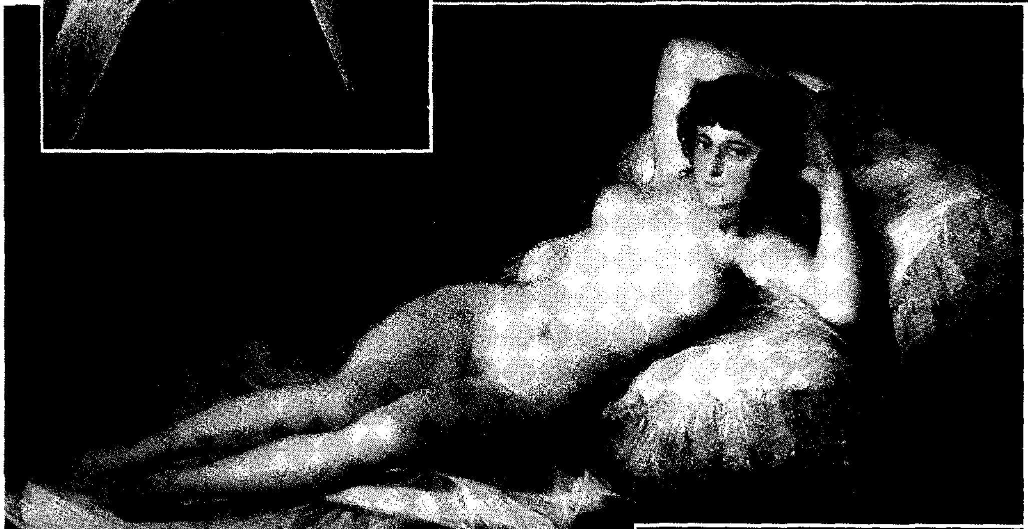


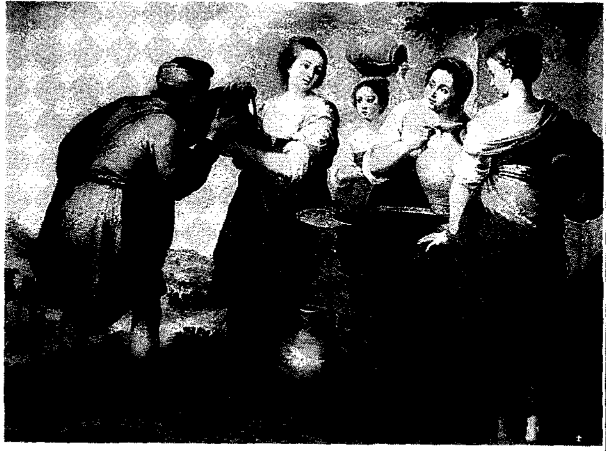
El Greco
"Santiago El
Mayor"



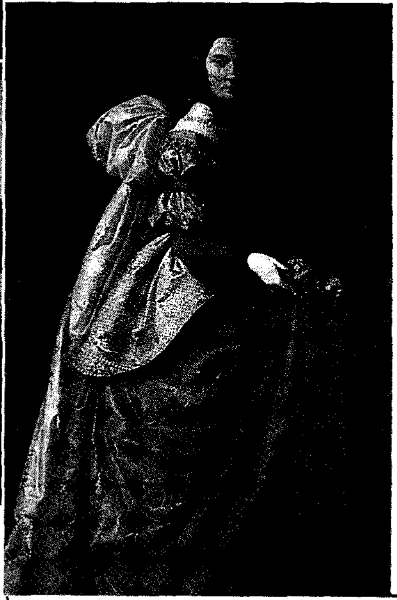
Velázquez
"La Rendición
de Breda."



Goya
"La Maja
desnuda"



Murillo
"Rebeca
y Eliezer"



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hurst." The military proved to be the post-colonial path to power, but Sam has kept in touch with Chris and Ikem, and shared some of his power, uneasily. Chris explains, "Ikem may resent me but he probably resents Sam even more and Sam resents both of us most vehemently. We are too close together, I think. Lord Lugard College trained her boys to be lonely leaders in separate remote places, not cooped up together in one crummy family business."

If African government is a "crummy family business," it is also a chancy raffle. The author states, "In the absurd raffle-draw that apportioned the destinies of post-colonial African societies two people starting off even as identical twins in the morning might quite easily find themselves in the evening one as President shitting on the heads of the people and the other a nightman carrying the people's shit in buckets on his head." To those whom the caprice of the raffle has favored, "the people" are a distant reality, idealized and avoided. The President declines to meet with delegates from drought-stricken Abazon, and Chris's flight by bus into this province becomes a redemptive immersion in the suffering masses. He reflects, "The kind of people—local bourgeoisie and foreign diplomats—who sidle up to you at cocktail parties to inform you that Bassa was not Kangan are the very ones who go on behaving as though it was. Why? Because, like the rest of the best people, they have never travelled by bus out of Bassa on the Great North Road." Embarked on the dusty vast plains, coached in talking pidgin and evading policemen, Chris rejoices as "the ensuing knowledge seeped through every pore in his skin into the core of his being continuing the transformation, already in process, of the man he was." A parallel transformation, more ardently than convincingly described, is that of Ikem's lower-class mistress, Elewa, into a pregnant "object of veneration" and a Madonna of national hope. The realer woman in the novel is Chris's lover Beatrice Okoh, a government official who has undergone the ineluctable ordeal of education and urbanization.

Though Sam, the dictator, is depicted as a schoolboy, his decline from good intentions into tyranny is barely sketched, as if Achebe expected us intuitively to understand the logic whereby an African government deteriorates, in a modern national setting, into graft, a blinding obsequiousness, and the panicky fiats of a power-holder who holds his power in the dark. No ideal of public service or noblesse oblige shelters high office from the rule of rapacity; everything devolves to the demonstration and retention of status. Chris, pondering the political intricacies of secretaries putting their bosses on the line to other bosses, wonders "why everything in this country turns so readily to routines of ritual contest." An anachronistic old man who administers the healing kola-nut ritual tells his little audience of coup survivors, "We have seen too much trouble in Kangan since the white man left because those who make plans make plans for themselves only and their families." Such a moral is more apt to be embraced by white men than by the black administrators and intellectuals of Africa's many independent states, and Achebe deserves credit for facing the fact, however obvious it is, that post-colonial Africa has been no paradise. He seems more bemused and depressed than indignant and, like Donoso in *his* political misery, offers as guide only a fond look back at the past, fetching up a gracious figure or two from the old, displaced hierarchies. Though a number of deaths occur in "Anthills of the Savannah"—with a casual suddenness somehow more grievous than Lopito's strenuous dying—the end effect is not claustrophobic but strangely lively. Life, life persisting and seeking new combinations, is what emerges from the near-cryptic shuffle of scenes, reminding us that Kangan, whatever it fails to be, is a collection of people, hopeful people. The kola-nut ritual asserts, "If something pursues us we shall escape but if we pursue something we shall catch it." The novel takes its title from a phrase in a long prose poem of Ikem's: "like anthills surviving to tell the new grass of the savannah about last year's brush fires."

—John Updike

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Mormon women always wear dresses to Sunday meetings. However, no woman will be refused admittance if she is wearing a pant suit. Most men wear ties, but it is not required.—*Booklet published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, California Oakland Mission.*

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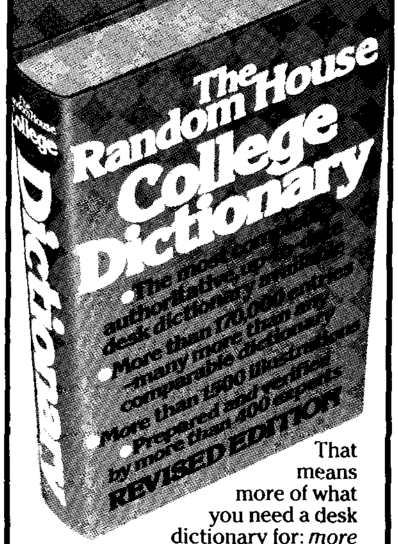
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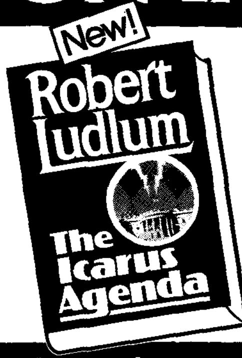

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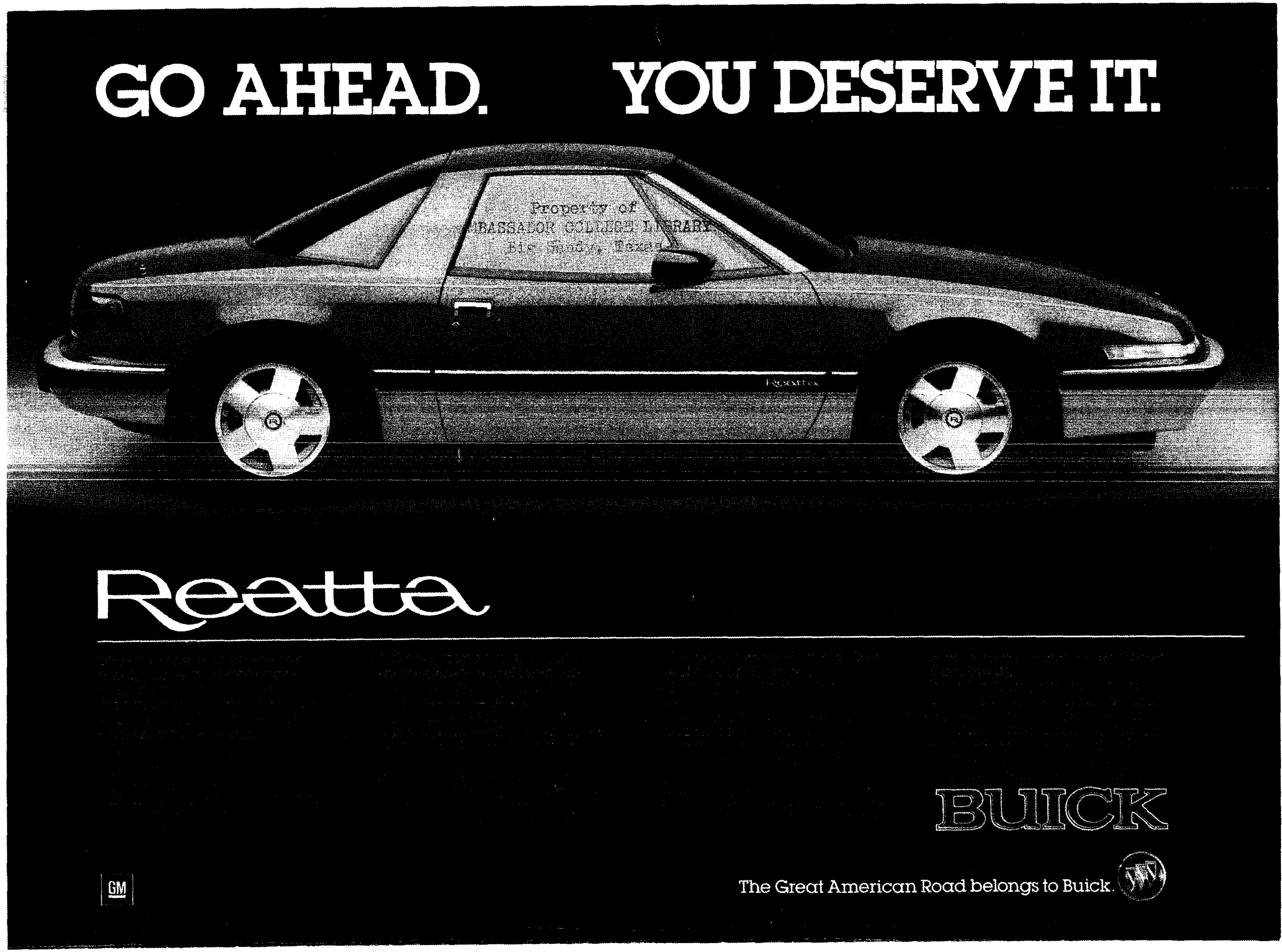
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